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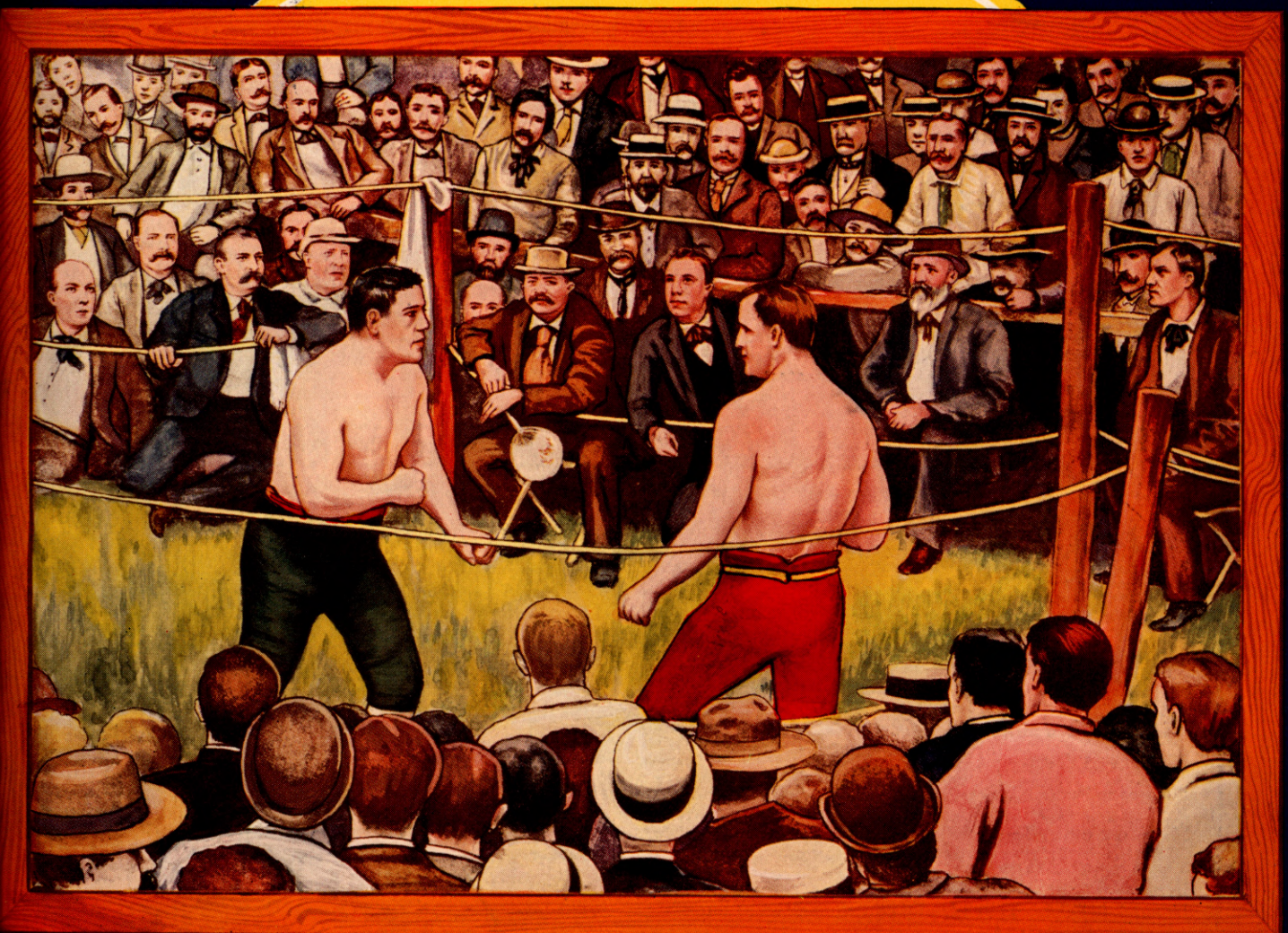

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The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XII JULY, 1933 No. 6

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In Our Next Issue

The Hit of the Year. The one number of "The Ring" that every fight fan will want to save. Many full pages of photographs of the Schmeling-Baer and Sharkey-Carnera battles. Action photographs taken at the ringside, the kind that you will want to save for your scrapbook.

In addition, special features covering every phase of these big heavyweight mills, written by "The Ring's" staff of experts. Analytical stories such as you won't find in other magazines or in the newspapers, will have an important place in the August "Ring".

The Irish race gained the fistic spotlight last month, by adding another champion to its long list of world title holders, in Jimmy McLarnin. This great sock artist tells how proper eating has enabled him to reach the top of the pugilistic ladder. Perhaps, if you follow him closely in his article, "Eat correctly", you too, may benefit by his experiences.

A new feature—a page devoted to interesting letters from our readers, hundreds of whom communicate with our Editor monthly, some offering constructive criticism, some panning, some praising and many giving sidelights of famous encounters of the past that have held the Editor's attention. He thought, that perhaps you, too, might like to read some of these and, starting with the August number, he will print those which in his judgment merit publication.

Wrestling still holds sway in many parts of the country. In England and in Australia it is now one of the leading attractions in sports. Those whom are wrestling fans, would do well to follow the stories by A. D. Phillips, "From Milo to Londos", the "News of the Mat World," by "Tex" Austin and the special articles of the leading figures of to-day.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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CARNERA *Tells*

Italian Giant's Rise to Fistic Heights Reads Like an Horatio Alger Tale

BOXING, from its earliest stages, had its giants, but only a few were able to reach the charmed circle. The day after Primo Carnera arrived in New York to start training for his heavyweight championship fight with Jack Sharkey, I invited him into the editorial offices of THE RING, where, for almost an hour, he viewed with amazement the prints, paintings, cartoons and photographs of renowned fighters. Then, when he was all het up, there was placed on display before him about a hundred photographs of himself, pictures that told the tale of his rise—from rags to riches.

There were some taken when he made his first appearance in France under Leon See in a public workout. Others that showed him in his first professional fight. Still others that carried him down through three years of campaigning through Europe and almost every part of the United States where fights are permitted.

Primo eyed the collection in wonderment and then, seeing a huge oil painting of Jack Dempsey on the wall, a painting standing six feet high, he remarked:

"When you get one like dat of me?"

"As soon as you win the heavyweight title," I replied.

Primo looked at me, and then, without batting an eye, he snapped back:

"Then you get busy now. I be de champeen soon."

"You're pretty confident," I remarked.

"Sure. Why not? I know much since I last fight Sharkey. I learn much, and dis time I beat him. You make a painting when I win?"

I not only promised Primo that I would, but I also told him that, if he succeeds in carrying off the crown, I'll present him with a beautiful championship belt, the same kind that I've given to Schmeling, Sharkey and other title-holders.

Primo looked about him and, on display in the window of The Ring Book Shop, he saw the handsome, solid silver, thirty-seven-pound belt that was awarded by the sportsmen of London to Charley Mitchell when he fought a thirty-nine-round draw with John L. Sullivan, and, not quite grasping the significance of my last remark, he thought that I would give him the Mitchell belt. With an eagerness such as would be displayed by a lad treated to something he deeply appreciated, Carnera took up the Mitchell trophy, placed it around his waist, and said:

"I tank you. I take it now."

"No! No!" I was quick to reply. "That's not the belt you'll get." It was with considerable argument that I could induce the Venetian giant to return the valuable trophy to me.

There was a lesson behind the actions of Primo during his long stay in my quarters. I was able to make a closer study of the man than I had ever had an opportunity to do before, and I observed that this chap, who is called a physical freak, is a most intelligent fellow, with a deep knowledge of art and an exceptional liking for paintings and prints. A rather unusual boy, this "Italian Monster," a giant with a most likeable personality and an eagerness to learn. That's why he has made such headway in his chosen profession, despite the many set-ups that have been fed him, and that's why he is destined to go a long way in his career, even if he is whipped by Sharkey in their coming championship fight.

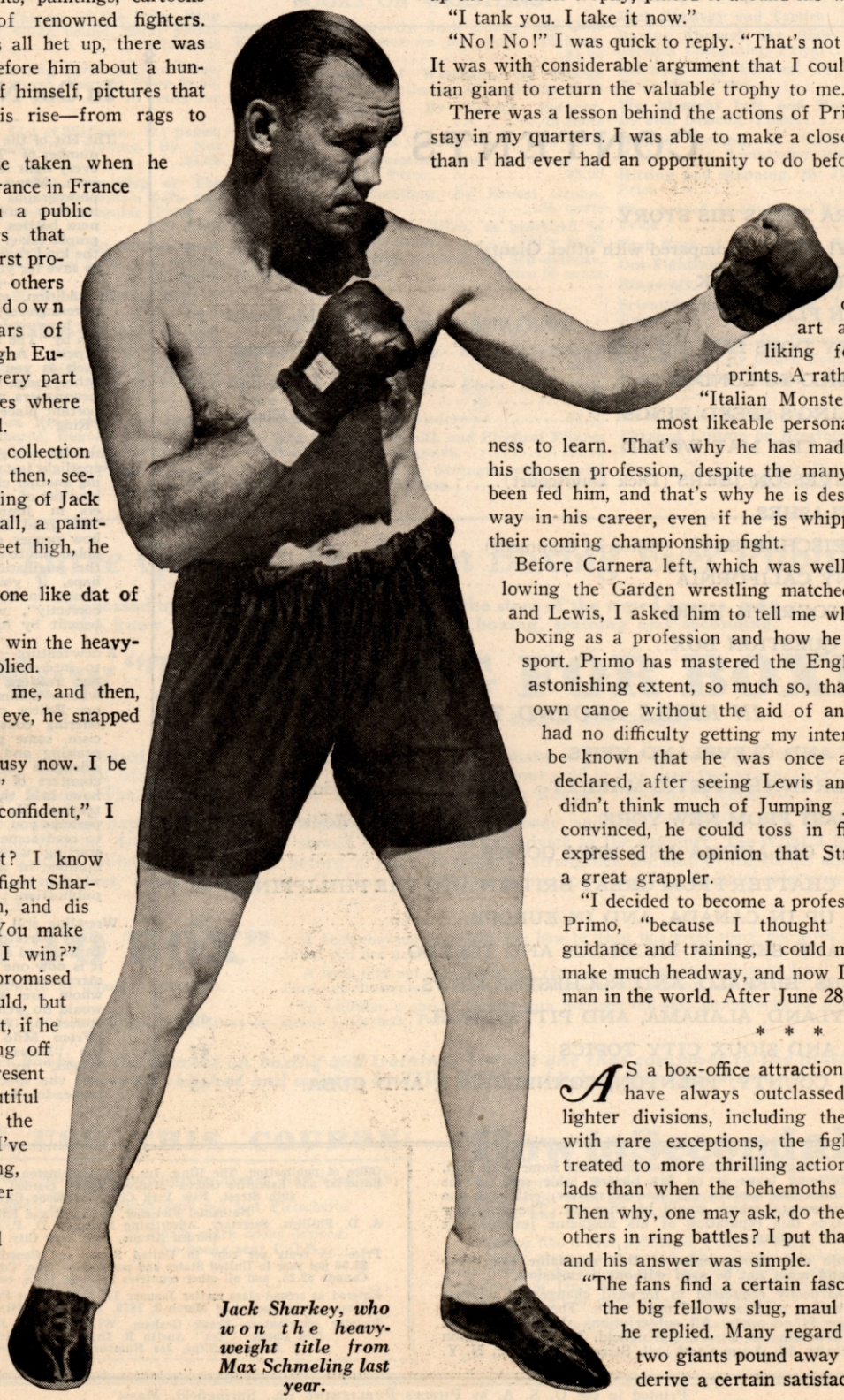
Before Carnera left, which was well past midnight following the Garden wrestling matched between Savoldi and Lewis, I asked him to tell me why he had taken up boxing as a profession and how he came to enter the sport. Primo has mastered the English language to an astonishing extent, so much so, that he can paddle his own canoe without the aid of an interpreter, and I had no difficulty getting my interview. Primo let it be known that he was once a wrestler and he declared, after seeing Lewis and Savoldi, that he didn't think much of Jumping Joe, whom, he was convinced, he could toss in fifteen minutes, but expressed the opinion that Strangler Lewis was a great grappler.

"I decided to become a professional fighter," said Primo, "because I thought that, with proper guidance and training, I could master the sport and make much headway, and now I am the second best man in the world. After June 28, I will be the first."

* * *

AS a box-office attraction, giants in pugilism have always outclassed the boys of the lighter divisions, including the title-holders; yet, with rare exceptions, the fight fans have been treated to more thrilling action among the lighter lads than when the behemoths have been on view. Then why, one may ask, do the giants outdraw the others in ring battles? I put that query to Carnera, and his answer was simple.

"The fans find a certain fascination in watching the big fellows slug, maul or jab each other," he replied. Many regard it as fun to watch two giants pound away at each other. They derive a certain satisfaction from watching



Jack Sharkey, who won the heavyweight title from Max Schmeling last year.

His STORY

By THE RING EDITOR

the Goliaths of the ring crash their huge fists against the body, and it is that, Carnera pointed out, that draws them in at the gate. His conclusion was a proper one.

Take, for example, what happened on the occasion of Carnera's first public appearance in America. He was ushered into Stillman's Gymnasium in New York City for his initial workout, and it not only took him almost ten minutes to get into the building, but despite the fact that an admission fee of fifty cents was charged that day, the gymnasium was packed to the doors and the police reserves had to be called out to check a riot.

Was it because he was a great fighter that they flocked in droves to that gymnasium? No. It was the novelty of seeing a giant perform. It was the expectation of viewing a modern mastodon and seeing him crash his training partners to earth that brought out that throng. And so it is the world over. A giant built abnormally, as is Carnera, broad of shoulders, with a chest expansion that no other fighter of recent years has displayed, huge arms, hands that have a spread of twice that of the average person, a neck far beyond the usual, and feet that require a size twenty shoe are certain to arouse public curiosity, and that's exactly what he has done. From the earliest period of ring history, down to the present day, the outstanding heroes of the prize ring were not the men whose avoirdupois exceeded normalcy, but there have been exceptions, and Primo is the biggest exception.

* * *

WITH his 6 feet, 5¾ inches, and his 260 pounds, he has proved a greater attraction than any of his predecessors, and only because there is something about Primo's physical build that makes him a freak, compared to others. And that's his greatest selling asset. When he came here, his managers made certain that they would not exploit his fighting ability for, candidly, he had none. They realized that. It was "the Freak" that had to be sold to the public, and they handled the job well.

They were wise in the methods of ballyhoo and they took advantage of his physical make-up to exploit that. A "Man-Mountain," the "Modern Goliath," the "Venetian Gondolier," the "Mastodon"—those and other expressions were used to impress upon the public the fact that Carnera was not an ordinary human being. The result? The shekels flowed in and, in less than two months, he had earned fifteen thousand dollars for himself where, only a few months previously, he was unable to earn ten cents.

Carnera worked with a circus before he became a fighter and his managers utilized the circus ballyhoo to perfection. He became a circus attraction and drew throngs wherever he went.

The lure of the giant in the field of pugilism has persisted since boxing first made its appearance. In the intensive search for a heavyweight champion, the imagination of the seeker is fired by mere size on the part of the prospect. Years ago, so far back as 1742, the British, through James Figg, scouted all over England to find a heavyweight who could take the measure of the first Venetian Gondolier, who was discovered by the Earl of Bath in Italy. The Venetian was brought to England, where he and his backer issued a defi to lick any Englishman.

Primo Carnera, the giant Italian.

The story of his battle with Bob Whittaker, chosen to uphold English prestige, is given considerable space in the history of English boxing. It also has frequently been repeated in Italy and, when the American sports writers dubbed Carnera the "Venetian Gondolier," they had in mind the Italian who had opposed Whittaker.

Only a few years ago, when the white race was hunting for a white hope to take the crown from Jack Johnson, a flood of giants came forth, but of the entire number, only three—Luther McCarty, Arthur Pelky and Jess Willard—showed any fistic ability. McCarty was killed by Pelky, who, from that time, took a tumble, and Willard alone survived. He later became the heavyweight champion. Then when Jack Dempsey hit the toboggan, every fight manager of note hunted through the "sticks" for a giant who could take the measure of the Manassa Mauler and, when Tunney retired, the same quest was resumed. Never in the history of modern boxing have so many giants entered the field of fisticuffs as now. And of those, almost all are foreign, with Carnera leading the field.

* * *

HE was born in the little village of Sequals, near Venice, on October 25, 1906, and, being the first child, his parents decided to call him Primo, the Italian word for first. His father, Santa, had married his housekeeper, Giovana, and they still reside in the quaint old town, where Primo has purchased a house for them. There are two other boys in the family, but he is the tallest. His mother is only of medium height, and how he attained his tremendous growth is a mystery his family will never be able to solve. Like his father, who was one of the best mosaic workers in Sequals, Primo was trained at an early age to follow in his footsteps. And, like other boys, he was a mischievous lad in his youth and never hesitated to show his fighting spirit in harmless village escapades.

His parents, especially his dad, were art lovers, and it was their intention to see their first-born become a famed artist. But the income senior Carnera had from his mosaic work was insufficient to feed five persons, so Primo was put to work to help.

He was hired out first to a cabinet-maker, and at the early age of eight years, he was forced to become a "child of the world," by giving up the best and most cherished years of his life—his youth—in the interests of the family. He worked many hours for only a few cents a day, at a period of life when other children were romping about, enjoying God's fresh air and building up their bodies

with healthy play. Yet, working at such an age didn't seem to harm him. As a matter of fact, while other boys were adding only inches to their height and ounces to their weight, Primo was coming along in leaps and bounds. In one year, he had gained four inches and thirteen pounds. When he was eleven, his physical appearance was that of a lad of eighteen.

He was still engaged as a cabinet apprentice and he liked the work. In fact, he was told on several occasions that he had the soul of an artist, because he put everything he possessed into what he was doing. And to this day he follows that same plan. He looks upon his present vocation as an art, and he put the same energy into training for a fight that he did when he was a lad at work. It is such love for one's work that brings certain success.

* * *

SEQUALS is a very small place, and as Primo's physique made it difficult for him to play with the children of his age, he became restless and decided to leave home and seek work elsewhere. At the age of twelve, when other boys were at school, he was on his way to France. He offered himself out as a cement-mixer and a bricklayer and at times as a mosaic worker, for he knew enough about each to get by. In fact, he was an excellent hand at mosaics—for he had studied that under his father's direction and had often helped him at home.

At the age of fourteen, he was virtually a full-fledged man. Already he had seen considerable country and he wasn't afraid to face the world in quest of food. He had two big hands and a terrific appetite—something he still possesses—and he made those hands feed him. The travelling was difficult and, as he had no shoes, his feet often blistered. At times he went without food for a day or more, but he invariably caught up the following day when he landed some kind of an odd job.

One day he was travelling through a village, looking for work, when along came a troupe that he later learned was touring southern France. This travelling wrestling booth stopped in the village for several days to give exhibitions and, as Primo had landed a job, he put aside sufficient to pay for his meals and board and had enough left to pay for an admission to the wrestling show.

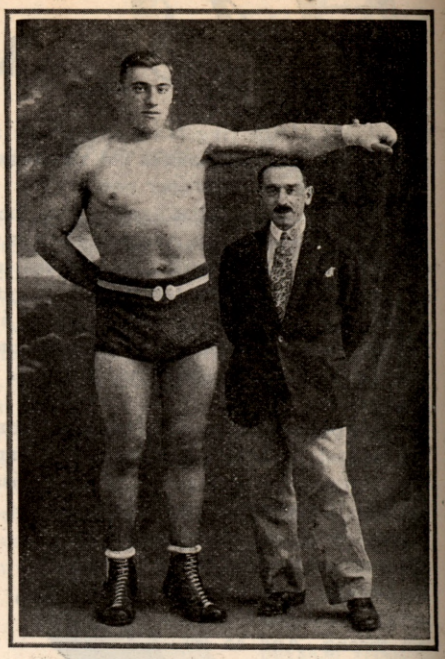
He was thrilled by what he saw. They had a strong man in their group whom he envied. Primo's eyes were bulging from his head. How he wished that he could duplicate his feats of strength! He was simply entranced!

* * *

THERE was one man among the spectators who had been watching him closely, said Carnera. He read in Primo's face what he was thinking about and, just before the strong man finished his act, the stranger drew closer to Carnera.

Then came the wrestling act. Again Primo was thrilled. Soon the gentleman who had been watching him asked if he liked the match. Primo replied in the affirmative. Then he asked how Carnera would like to become a strong man and a wrestler.

Primo says he laughed and replied that he would enjoy it very much, but that he had never wrestled before and didn't think he could make any headway. But his new found friend kept telling him how easy it was to be a strong man and a wrestler when one enjoyed such a physique as his, and wound up by saying:



Carnera and Leon See, the man who piloted him into a fistic career.

"You can easily do as well as he, and just think, you won't have any worries about food or a place to sleep! You'll travel with the circus and get plenty to eat."

That was all he had to say to get Primo into line. When the performance was over, in company with the man who had spoken to him, Carnera walked over to the manager. Primo was highly nervous, but found the manager a kind fellow, who not only gave him a hearing but asked him to show his muscles and then quizzed Primo on his age and his occupation.

He refused to believe that Carnera was not quite seventeen, for he was a grown-up man and as hard as nails from his years of labor and travelling.

"So you want a job as a wrestler?" he inquired. "Well, you've got nice muscles and look strong. I think you'll do." And so Carnera joined the circus.

* * *

FOR more than a week, Carnera was not permitted to engage in wrestling. All of his performances were in raising heavy weights, boys and men, and doing other strong-man stunts. But he was also being taught how to wrestle and, when the circus started out on the second week of the tour, Primo was given the task of engaging all challengers. Twice an afternoon and twice a night, he had to face five challengers, making ten a day.

The work was tough, but he enjoyed it. Even though he knew little about the sport, other than what he had seen, the men whom he was to face feared him because of his strength and physique. Psychologically, he had them licked before they got on the mat, and that certainly helped some.

They were travelling through a village in southern France when the owner of the circus called his troupe together and told all hands that that would be their last day with the circus. He explained that he couldn't carry on without funds and that there was not sufficient intake to pay for the daily expenses. So there was Primo, again stranded. He had neither work nor any prospects of getting any job.

He joined hands with another of the troupe and trudged along the road, seeking whatever they could find. For days they had no luck and then they decided to part, each to shift for himself. And it was while shifting thus that Dame Fortune smiled on Carnera. A good fairy touched him with her wand and he found himself once again in possession of a bed and a meal when he wanted one.

The fairy wand was in the hands of a famous French heavyweight fighter, a man called *(Continued on page 36)*

It wasn't always like this with Primo. Now he feasts on the best in the land where only four years ago he hadn't enough to buy a square meal.

BIG BOY!

Sharkey-Carnera Match Brings Back Stress on Size and Weight

By NAT FLEISCHER

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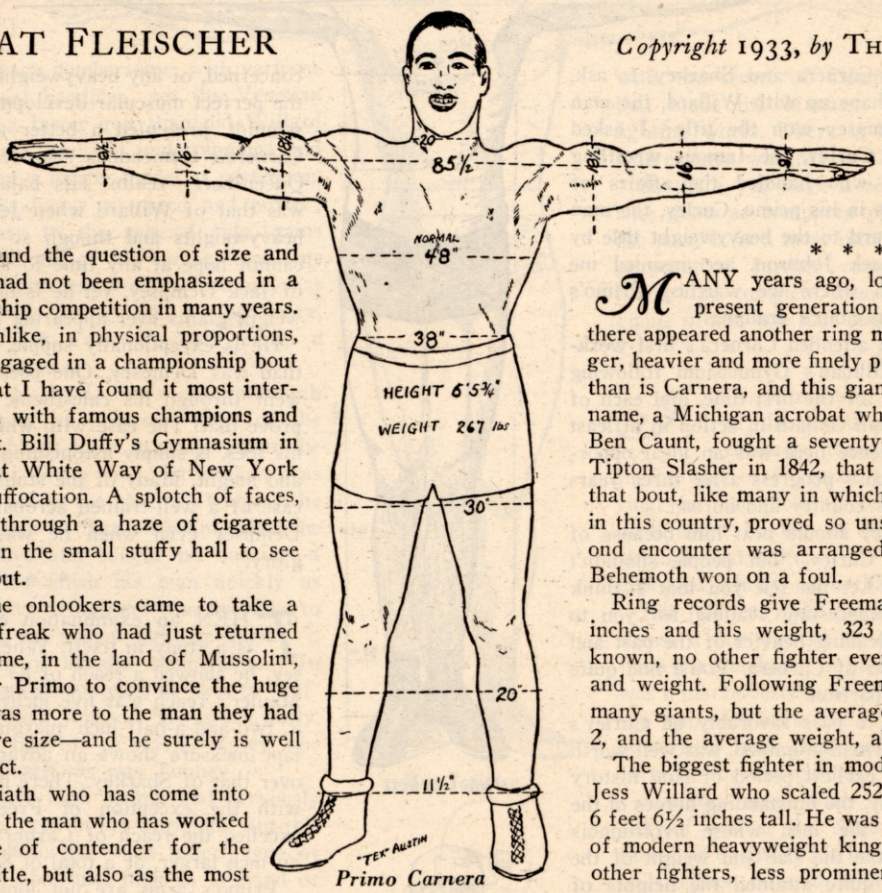
IN the Jack Sharkey-Primo Carnera match, the boxing followers of the world have found the question of size and weight stressed as it had not been emphasized in a heavyweight championship competition in many years.

The Italian is so unlike, in physical proportions, any fighter who has engaged in a championship bout in the last century, that I have found it most interesting to compare him with famous champions and contenders of the past. Bill Duffy's Gymnasium in the heart of the Great White Way of New York City was packed to suffocation. A splotch of faces, looking rather pasty through a haze of cigarette smoke, was gathered in the small stuffy hall to see Italy's idol in a workout.

Though most of the onlookers came to take a peep at the physical freak who had just returned from a trip to his home, in the land of Mussolini, it didn't take long for Primo to convince the huge gathering that there was more to the man they had come to see, than mere size—and he surely is well equipped in that respect.

Physically, this Goliath who has come into prominence not only as the man who has worked himself into the rôle of contender for the world's heavyweight title, but also as the most tremendous fighting hulk seen in a modern ring, is a physical freak, if ever there was one.



Primo Carnera

* * *

MANY years ago, long before any of the present generation of writers was born, there appeared another ring monster, a man far bigger, heavier and more finely proportioned, physically, than is Carnera, and this giant, Charles Freeman by name, a Michigan acrobat who was taken abroad by Ben Caunt, fought a seventy-round battle with the Tipton Slasher in 1842, that ended in a draw. And that bout, like many in which Carnera had engaged in this country, proved so unsatisfactory that a second encounter was arranged which the American Behemoth won on a foul.

Ring records give Freeman's size as 6 feet 10 inches and his weight, 323 pounds. So far as is known, no other fighter ever approached that size and weight. Following Freeman, the ring produced many giants, but the average size was only 6 feet 2, and the average weight, about 220.

The biggest fighter in modern fistic combats was Jess Willard who scaled 252 pounds and who was 6 feet 6½ inches tall. He was the tallest and heaviest of modern heavyweight kings, but there have been other fighters, less prominent, who have equalled

Measurements of Heavyweight Champions and Giants of the Roped Square, Compiled from Official Weighing-in Records.

	Jess Willard	Primo Carnera	James J. Jeffries	James J. Corbett	Bob Fitz-simmons	Tommy Burns	Jack Dempsey	Gene Tunney	Jack Sharkey	Max Schmeling	Frank Moran	Jack Johnson
Height	6 ft. 6¼ in.	6 ft. 5¾ in.	6 ft. 1½ in.	6 ft. 1 in.	5ft. 10½ in.	5 ft. 7 in.	6 ft. 1½ in.	6 ft. 1½ in.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 1¼ in.
Weight	252 lbs.	267 lbs.	225 lbs.	184 lbs.	172 lbs.	179 lbs.	191 lbs.	192 lbs.	205 lbs.	188 lbs.	203 lbs.	222 lbs.
Reach	83 in.	85½ in.	76½ in.	73 in.	71¾ in.	74½ in.	78 in.	77 in.	74½ in.	76 in.	78 in.	74 in.
Chest (Normal)	46 in.	48 in.	43 in.	38 in.	41 in.	40 in.	42 in.	42 in.	40½ in.	43 in.	44 in.	37½ in.
Chest (Expanded)	49½ in.	54 in.	48½ in.	42 in.	44 in.	43¾ in.	46 in.	45 in.	45½ in.	47 in.	47 in.	42¾ in.
Waist	35½ in.	38 in.	35 in.	33 in.	32 in.	33 in.	33 in.	34½ in.	34½ in.	33¼ in.	34 in.	36 in.
Biceps	17½ in.	18½ in.	16 in.	14½ in.	12 in.	14¾ in.	16¼ in.	14½ in.	14½ in.	16 in.	16 in.	16 in.
Neck	17½ in.	20 in.	18¼ in.	17 in.	15 in.	16 in.	16½ in.	17 in.	17 in.	17½ in.	17½ in.	17½ in.
Wrist	10 in.	9½ in.	7¾ in.	6½ in.	7½ in.	7¼ in.	9 in.	9 in.	7¾ in.	8 in.	8¼ in.	10½ in.
Calf	17½ in.	20 in.	17 in.	14½ in.	13½ in.	16½ in.	15 in.	15½ in.	16 in.	16 in.	15½ in.	15 in.
Ankle	10½ in.	11½ in.	10 in.	8¼ in.	8½ in.	8½ in.	9 in.	9 in.	10¼ in.	10 in.	9 in.	9½ in.
Thigh	26 in.	30 in.	25 in.	21 in.	20 in.	22 in.	23 in.	22 in.	24¾ in.	23½ in.	22½ in.	22½ in.
Fist	14 in.	14¾ in.	13½ in.	12¾ in.	12½ in.	12 in.	11¼ in.	11½ in.	12¾ in.	12 in.	13 in.	14 in.
Forearm	14 in.	16 in.	13½ in.	11½ in.	11½ in.	13 in.	14½ in.	13½ in.	15¼ in.	12¾ in.	12 in.	14½ in.

Some of these giants reached the contender class but failed in their quest for titular honors. Others never got near the top.

	Bombar-dier Billy Wells	Fred Fulton	Jose Santa	George Godfrey	Vittorio Campolo	Luis Firpo	Ernie Schaaf	Max Baer	Roberto Roberti	Young Stribling	Salvatore Ruggirello	Phil Scott
Height	6 ft. 3 in.	6 ft. 5½ in.	6 ft. 6½ in.	6 ft. 2½ in.	6 ft. 6½ in.	6 ft. 2½ in.	6 ft. 2 in.	6 ft. 2¾ in.	6 ft. 3¾ in.	6 ft. ¼ in.	6 ft. 3 in.	6 ft. 2 in.
Weight	186 lbs.	227 lbs.	247 lbs.	234 lbs.	222½ lbs.	224 lbs.	208 lbs.	204 lbs.	224 lbs.	186½ lbs.	204 lbs.	205 lbs.
Reach	79½ in.	83½ in.	83½ in.	77½ in.	82¼ in.	79¼ in.	73 in.	80¾ in.	79½ in.	74 in.	77 in.	80½ in.
Chest (Normal)	44 in.	42 in.	46 in.	41 in.	39½ in.	44 in.	42½ in.	43 in.	42½ in.	38¾ in.	43 in.	39¾ in.
Chest (Expanded)	46 in.	48 in.	52 in.	44½ in.	43¾ in.	48½ in.	47 in.	46½ in.	46 in.	42½ in.	47 in.	42¼ in.
Waist	34 in.	35 in.	38 in.	32 in.	34 in.	36½ in.	33 in.	34 in.	35 in.	33 in.	30¾ in.	35 in.
Biceps	14½ in.	14 in.	16½ in.	23½ in.	12½ in.	13½ in.	16 in.	14 in.	14½ in.	14¾ in.	15¼ in.	13¾ in.
Neck	17 in.	18½ in.	21 in.	17¾ in.	16¾ in.	17½ in.	17 in.	18½ in.	17¾ in.	16½ in.	17½ in.	16½ in.
Wrist	7¼ in.	8½ in.	9 in.	8 in.	8 in.	8½ in.	8½ in.	8¾ in.	9 in.	7¼ in.	8¾ in.	8 in.
Calf	17 in.	18½ in.	15¼ in.	15 in.	15½ in.	18 in.	16 in.	16 in.	16½ in.	14½ in.	15¾ in.	16 in.
Ankle	8½ in.	12 in.	11 in.	10 in.	9½ in.	9½ in.	10½ in.	10 in.	10½ in.	9 in.	10¾ in.	10 in.
Thigh	22 in.	26 in.	29 in.	29½ in.	25½ in.	23¾ in.	25 in.	23 in.	28½ in.	22 in.	22¾ in.	23½ in.
Fist	13½ in.	13½ in.	14 in.	14¼ in.	9½ in.	13½ in.	13 in.	14 in.	14½ in.	12¾ in.	14½ in.	10¾ in.
Forearm	12½ in.	14¾ in.	14 in.	13 in.	12¾ in.	11½ in.	15 in.	13 in.	14¾ in.	13½ in.	14¼ in.	13 in.

him in height and almost in weight. Jose Santa, for example, is 6 feet 6½ and Vittorio Campolo is 6 feet 6½, but he lacks many pounds from equalling the weight of either Willard or Carnera.

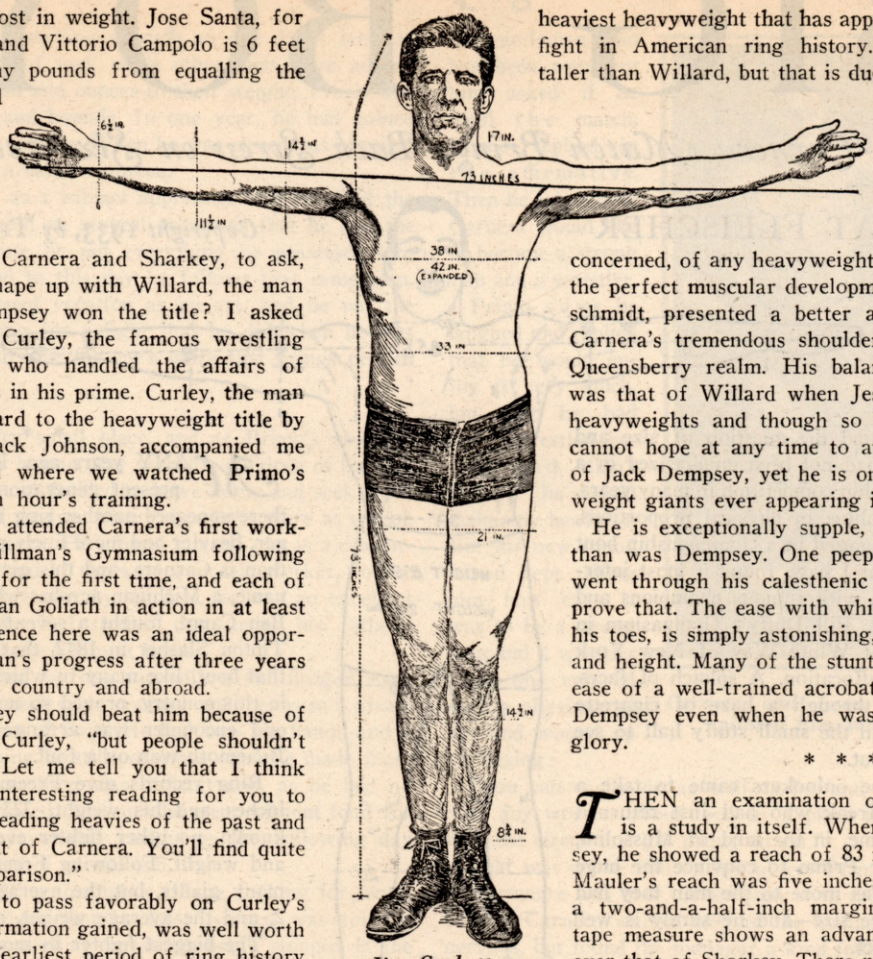
* * *

THEREFORE it is most natural, in this story of Carnera and Sharkey, to ask, how does the Italian shape up with Willard, the man from whom Jack Dempsey won the title? I asked this question of Jack Curley, the famous wrestling and boxing promoter who handled the affairs of Willard when Jess was in his prime. Curley, the man who had brought Willard to the heavyweight title by matching him with Jack Johnson, accompanied me to Duffy's gymnasium where we watched Primo's movements through an hour's training.

Both Jack and I had attended Carnera's first workout in America at Stillman's Gymnasium following his arrival in this city for the first time, and each of us had seen the Venetian Goliath in action in at least half a dozen fights, hence here was an ideal opportunity to gauge the man's progress after three years of campaigning in this country and abroad.

"I think that Sharkey should beat him because of his experience," said Curley, "but people shouldn't underrate the Italian. Let me tell you that I think it would make most interesting reading for you to get the charts of our leading heavies of the past and compare them with that of Carnera. You'll find quite a story in such a comparison."

And so we decided to pass favorably on Curley's suggestion and the information gained, was well worth the trouble. From the earliest period of ring history down to the present day, the outstanding heroes of the prize ring were not the men whose avoirdupois exceeded normalcy. Note the size and weight of the mastodons who never quite attained the heights of glory, and compare them with the doughty figures of their conquerors.



Jim Corbett

Charles Freeman, the Michigan Colossus, weight 323 pounds; height, 6 feet 10 inches.

Then as we glance down the line we come across the following giants of the squared circle:

Isaac Perrins, the Tipton Slasher, 260 pounds, 6 feet 6 inches.

Primo Carnera, the Italian Gondolier, 267 pounds, 6 feet 5¾ inches.

Jean Petit, the French Titan, 6 feet 4 inches, 266 pounds.

Jess Willard, the Pottawatomie Giant, 6 feet 6¼ inches, 252 pounds.

Matt O'Baldwin, the Irish Hercules, 6 feet 7 inches, 240 pounds.

Tom Tring, the Carlton House Porter, 6 feet 5 inches, 252 pounds.

George Godfrey, the Keystone State Goliath, 6 feet 2½ inches, 234 pounds.

Vittorio Campolo, the Argentine Behemoth, 6 feet 6½ inches, 223 pounds.

Jose Santa, the Portuguese giant, 6 feet 6½ inches, 247 pounds.

* * *

WILLARD, for his fight with Dempsey, scaled 245 pounds and stood 6 feet 6¼ inches in his bare feet as against 187 pounds for Dempsey who was only 6 feet 1½ inches. For almost all of his fights, Carnera has scaled from 252 to 267 pounds, making him the heaviest heavyweight that has appeared in a championship fight in American ring history. Carnera looks to be taller than Willard, but that is due to his broad shoulders and tremendous chest.

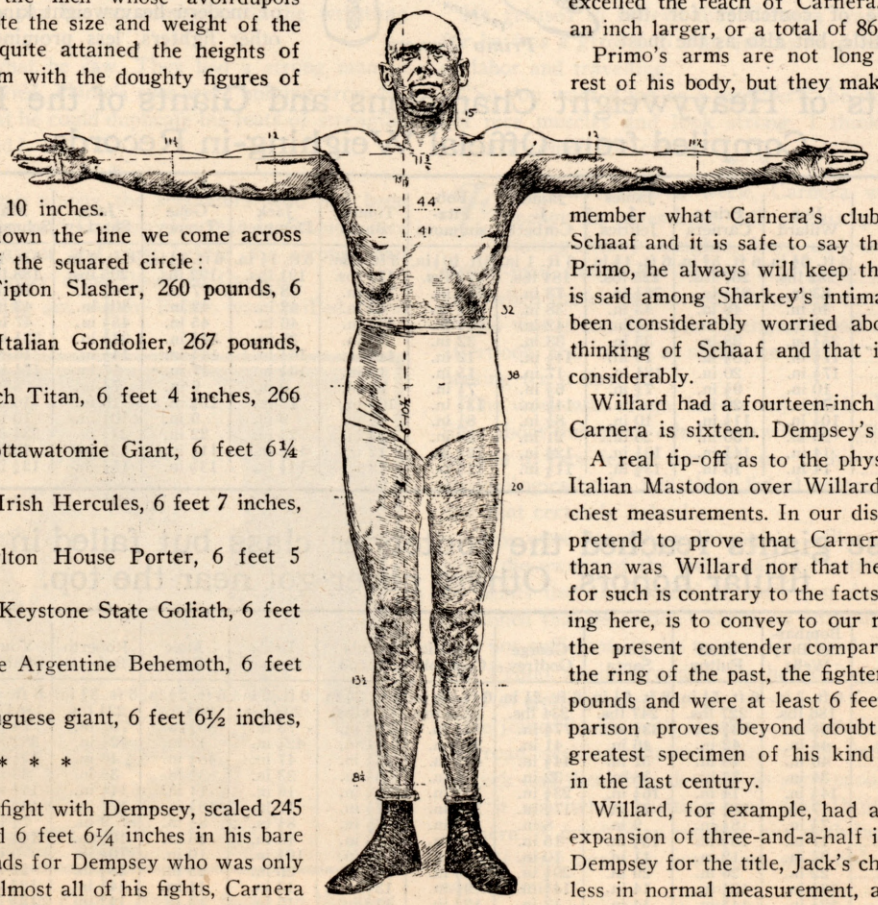
The Italian has the most beautifully proportioned back, so far as muscles are concerned, of any heavyweight of modern times. Only the perfect muscular development of George Hackenschmidt, presented a better appearance in the ring. Carnera's tremendous shoulders had no equal in the Queensberry realm. His balance is far better than was that of Willard when Jess was the king of the heavyweights and though so big a man as Carnera cannot hope at any time to attain the tigerish grace of Jack Dempsey, yet he is one of the fastest heavyweight giants ever appearing in a ring.

He is exceptionally supple, more so in some ways than was Dempsey. One peep at the Venetian as he went through his calesthenic drill, was sufficient to prove that. The ease with which he bends in touching his toes, is simply astonishing, considering his weight and height. Many of the stunts he performs, with the ease of a well-trained acrobat, would be difficult for Dempsey even when he was at the height of his glory.

* * *

THEN an examination of Primo's great reach is a study in itself. When Willard faced Dempsey, he showed a reach of 83 inches and the Manassa Mauler's reach was five inches less. But Carnera has a two-and-a-half-inch margin on Willard and the tape measure shows an advantage of thirteen inches over that of Sharkey. There never was a heavyweight with the exception of Freeman who equalled or excelled the reach of Carnera. Freeman's reach was an inch larger, or a total of 86½ inches.

Primo's arms are not long in comparison to the rest of his body, but they make far weightier human clubs than those possessed either by Dempsey or Willard. Fight fans well remember what Carnera's clubs did to poor Ernie Schaaf and it is safe to say that when Sharkey faces Primo, he always will keep that in mind. In fact, it is said among Sharkey's intimate friends that he has been considerably worried about that. He keeps on thinking of Schaaf and that is certain to upset him considerably.



Bob Fitzsimmons

Willard had a fourteen-inch forearm, while that of Carnera is sixteen. Dempsey's was 14½.

A real tip-off as to the physical superiority of the Italian Mastodon over Willard, may be found in the chest measurements. In our discussion here we do not pretend to prove that Carnera is a greater fighter than was Willard nor that he is a physical marvel, for such is contrary to the facts. What we are attempting here, is to convey to our readers an idea of how the present contender compares with the giants of the ring of the past, the fighters who scaled over 200 pounds and were at least 6 feet tall, and such a comparison proves beyond doubt that Carnera is the greatest specimen of his kind brought into the ring in the last century.

Willard, for example, had a 46-inch chest with an expansion of three-and-a-half inches. When he fought Dempsey for the title, Jack's chest showed four inches less in normal measurement, and expanded he added four inches to it.

The Italian has six inches on Dempsey and two on Willard, normally, and expanded he shows the remarkable expansion of six inches—something the greatest fighters of all times were never able to equal.

* * *

EXAMINATION of Carnera's legs show the anchorage cumbersome, with varicose veins as an additional handicap, yet the Venetian Giant can travel at a faster gait than did Willard at his best. Dempsey's beautiful underpinnings and those of Gene Tunney, a master model of perfection, undoubtedly were conducive to speed and power; yet Carnera, contrary to the general rule, gains almost as much speed out of his cumbersome legs as does the average light-heavyweight. Dempsey has only a fifteen-inch calf, Tunney half an inch more, and Willard, 17½. But Carnera's calf shows a measurement of 20 inches.

Thus we see that in the Italian's case, although he is abnormally built, he possesses most of the assets of our best fighters. Even in temperament, he is more ideally fitted for a ring battle than was Willard or Jeffries; but in the case of Dempsey, he differs from the Italian in that once unleashed, he was a tiger who gave and sought no quarter—a battler who sought to finish his man quickly as opposed to the majority of fighters who first like to work themselves into the proper fighting spirit.

Carnera is a man of likeable temperament. In both training and in actual contests, he likes to "kid" his opponent, as did Jack Johnson. He is not surly, as was Willard, nor tigerish, as was Dempsey, nor all wrought up in himself, as was Tunney.

Dempsey was always high strung and nervously tensed to an extreme, even in his workouts. But this style was ideal for him, the "man killer" type of fighter. Men of such abnormal hulk as Willard or Carnera, would find a ferocity of speed such as Dempsey showed in his attacks, not quite feasible of attainment yet Carnera has mastered speed, and moves about with considerable agility.

* * *

GIANTS like Carnera and Willard figure to get the best results by fighting in a straight, stand-up stance. This makes their chins not so easy to hit because the target is too far up or away; yet Sharkey solved that problem in their last fight by getting under Carnera's guard, and he intends to do the same in their coming battle. If he does, he is most likely to stop Carnera.

If Carnera can develop real defensive skill, his enormous arms would make ample protection for the body and the mid-section. Carnera proved this against Ernie Schaaf and against Jose Santa and will do the same in his bout with Sharkey.

Carnera's stance is far more natural than was that of Willard. It also is an easier stance and therefore Carnera appears the better boxer. There can be no doubt that, at this stage, Carnera is a better boxer than was Jess Willard when he fought Dempsey.

The Italian, under proper tutelage, has developed a fine left, a jab that caused Sharkey considerable trouble in their last encounter, and that rocked the head of Ernie Schaaf time and again in their fatal bout. Primo also has a fine right uppercut which, with the club-like hands, makes it quite effective. He uses this often on the back of an opponent's head and when it lands, it does much damage.

There is nothing magnetic about the looks of Carnera. In fact, his facial expression in the ring shows abnormality. Compare his facial expression with the scowl of Dempsey—the magnetic scowl that made the Manassa Mauler the talk of the fighting world. There is humor in Carnera's eyes, where there was fire in Dempsey's look.

So there you have a résumé of the present day ring giant as compared physically with masters of the past. It is a most interesting study and, for the purpose of further comparison, I am herewith listing the complete measurements of the greatest giants of the last half century.

* * *

IT is interesting to note that most giants of the roped square have had little to commend them except size and strength. In the case of Freeman, the first Mastodon of the ring, he had nothing but those. He knew very little about boxing or fighting, but possesses the strength that ordinarily is part of an acrobat and he depended wholly upon that.

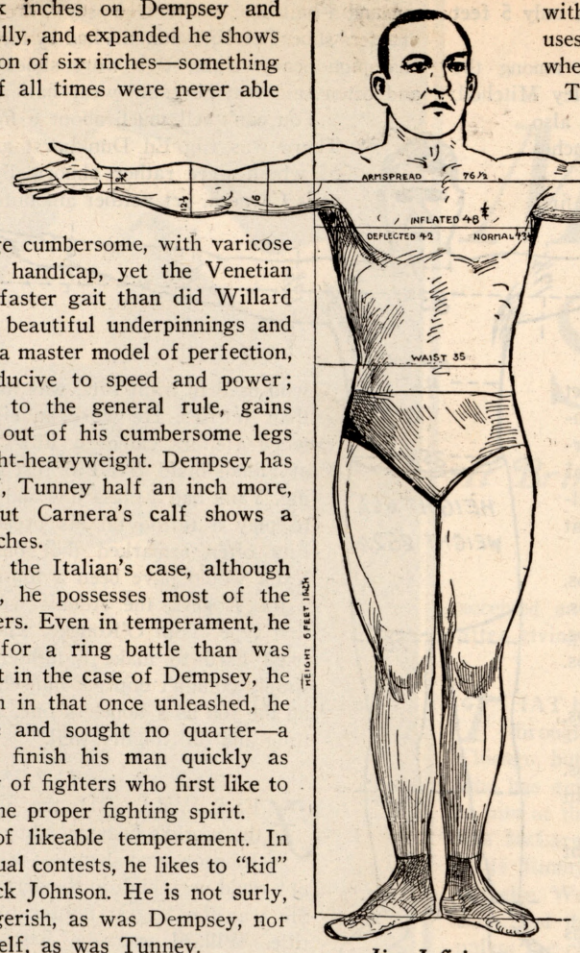
Jim Jeffries, while physically a phenomenon, possessed a fair amount of science. Considered solely from the standpoint of physical construction, Jeffries was a marvelously built fellow. Likewise, Jack Johnson who with his 6 feet 1¼ inches, his 74-inch reach, powerfully built chest and 222 pounds made him a form fit for the sculptor.

Standing more than six feet in his stockings, Jeffries was at the same time so heavily proportioned as to dwarf his height. A more symmetrically built fighter, other than he and Gene Tunney, never got into the ring. Fitzsimmons ran all chest and arms. His body and legs were small and he looked more like a freak than does Carnera in the oppositely built direction. While his great weight and large limbs rendered his movements comparatively slow, yet Jeffries was by no means loggy. On the contrary, he moved with considerable rapidity and had excellent judgment in time and distance. Jeffries was a master of the left hook which it is said he learned from Corbett; and in addition Jeffries could clout like the best of 'em.

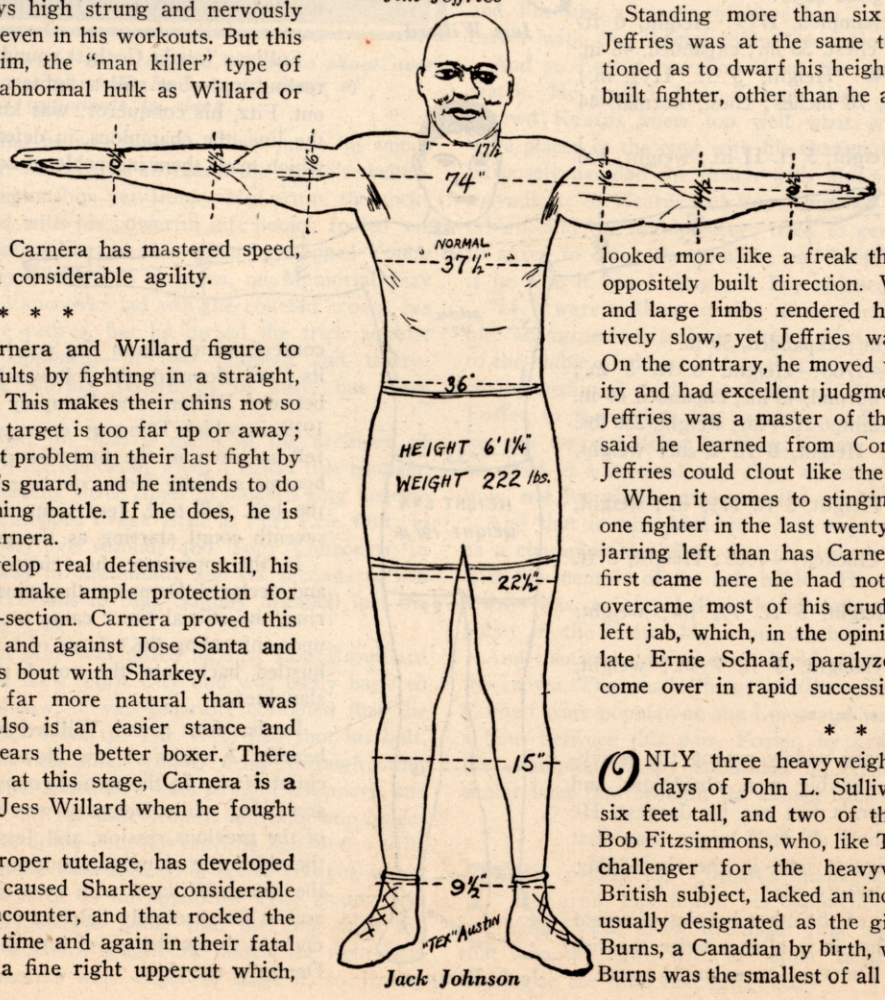
When it comes to stinging jabs, there was only one fighter in the last twenty years who had a more jarring left than has Carnera. When the Venetian first came here he had nothing. In two years he overcame most of his crudeness and developed a left jab, which, in the opinion of Sharkey and the late Ernie Schaaf, paralyze the body when they come over in rapid succession.

* * *

ONLY three heavyweight champions since the days of John L. Sullivan have been less than six feet tall, and two of them were foreign born. Bob Fitzsimmons, who, like Tom Heeney, the present challenger for the heavyweight crown, was a British subject, lacked an inch and a half of what is usually designated as the giant class; and Tommy Burns, a Canadian by birth, was only 5 feet 7 inches. Burns was the smallest of all heavyweight champions.



Jim Jeffries



Jack Johnson

Jack Root, who received the title from Jeffries, was only 5 feet 10 inches and scaled only 160 pounds.

Tom Heeney like Root, Burns and Fitz, ranks among the "shorts," as Tom is only 5 feet 10¾ inches. Charley Mitchell, who engaged in a draw with John L. Sullivan, was also a heavyweight "pigmy." He was only 5 feet 9 inches and seldom weighed more than 160 pounds.

The first giant of the ring was James Figg, first English champion, who won the title in 1719.

John L. Sullivan, proclaimed by old timers as the "Greatest of the Great," weighed 196 pounds and was 5 feet 10½ inches tall. The tallest and heaviest of foreigners to engage in a championship bout prior to Carnera's appearance, was Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, who was three inches shorter than Willard and tipped the beam at 216 pounds when at

Jack Root—Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 165 lbs.
Charley Mitchell—Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 160 lbs.
Tom Heeney—Height 5 ft. 10¾ in. Weight 196 lbs.
Peter Jackson—Height 6 ft. ½ in. Weight 196 lbs.
Peter Maher—Height 5 ft. 11¾ in. Weight 196 lbs.
Gus Ruhlin—Height 6 ft. 2 in. Weight 182 lbs.
Tom Sharkey—Height 5 ft. 8½ in. Weight 180 lbs.
Kid McCoy—Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 160 lbs.
Joe Choynski—Height 5 ft. 11¾ in. Weight 162 lbs.
Philadelphia Jack O'Brien—5 ft. 10½ in. Weight 160 lbs.
Georges Carpentier—Height 5 ft. 11½ in. Weight 175 lbs.
Luis Firpo—Height 6 ft. 3 in. Weight 216 lbs.

Here are a few comparisons with the champions and topnotchers of by-gone days:

Figg—First known champion, 1719: Height, 6 ft. ½ in., weight, 195 lbs.; chest, 33 in.; expanded, 48 in.

Jack Broughton—1740: Height, 5 ft. 11½ in.; weight, 196 lbs.; reach, 78 inches; chest, normal, 44 in.; expanded, 47 in.

Tom Cribb—1811: Height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 206 lbs.; chest, normal, 43 in.; expanded, 47 inches.

Daniel Mendoza—1788: Height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 160 lbs.; chest, normal, 45 in.; expanded, 50 in.

Richard Humphries—1788: Height, 6 ft. 3 in.; weight, 225 lbs.; chest, normal, 45 in.; expanded 49 in.

Ben Brain—1791: Height, 6 ft. 4 in.; weight, 230 lbs.

Isaac Perrins—1789: Height, 6 ft. 2 in.; weight, 220 lbs.

Jem Belcher—1805: Height, 5 ft. 11½ in.; weight, 182 lbs.

Hen Pearce (Game Chicken)—1805: Height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight 175 lbs.

Jem Mace—1870: Height, 5 ft. 9½ in.; weight, 160 lbs.

Tom Sayers—1860: Height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 152 lbs.

* * *

FEET and bulk vary widely among the heavyweights. Of all the big men, champions and contenders, Carnera's feet are the largest. He wears a shoe that is half an inch larger than that worn by Santa, the biggest man in the ring today. Carnera's shoe is size twenty-one.

Compare that to some of the other heavies of recent years and you'll find that it is almost twice the size of the average. Gene Tunney, for example, wore a ten-and-a-half size, while Dempsey wore only a nine and three-quarters shoe. Bob Fitzsimmons had by far the smallest feet of any champion heavyweight. Bob wore shoes of size six-and-a-half, and often said that he could wear half a size less if he had to.

You can't tell much about a fighter by measurements. There was Big Ed Dunkhorst and Herr Plaacke, both of whom were rather abnormally built physically, just as is Carnera, yet neither amounted to much. Of the real giants since Fitzsimmons' day, other than Willard, Carnera stands out as the best. Yank Keeney, a heavyweight who used to train Fitz, was much broader and bigger than Jeffries. He wore an eighteen-inch collar, and when visitors came to Fitz's camp, they marvelled at Yank's build. Yet Fitz just toyed with him in training. Yank had a glass jaw and Fitz found it necessary to play a tattoo on his breadbasket to keep going. Fitz often remarked that only for the glass jaw, Yank would have been a top-notch heavyweight.

Joe Rogers, the Adonis wrestler, was another of that type. Tom O'Rourke, who handled Joe's affairs, tried hard to make a fighter out of him, but Joe simply couldn't untrack himself. After O'Rourke gave up the job as a hopeless one, Rogers turned to wrestling and did mighty well.

* * *

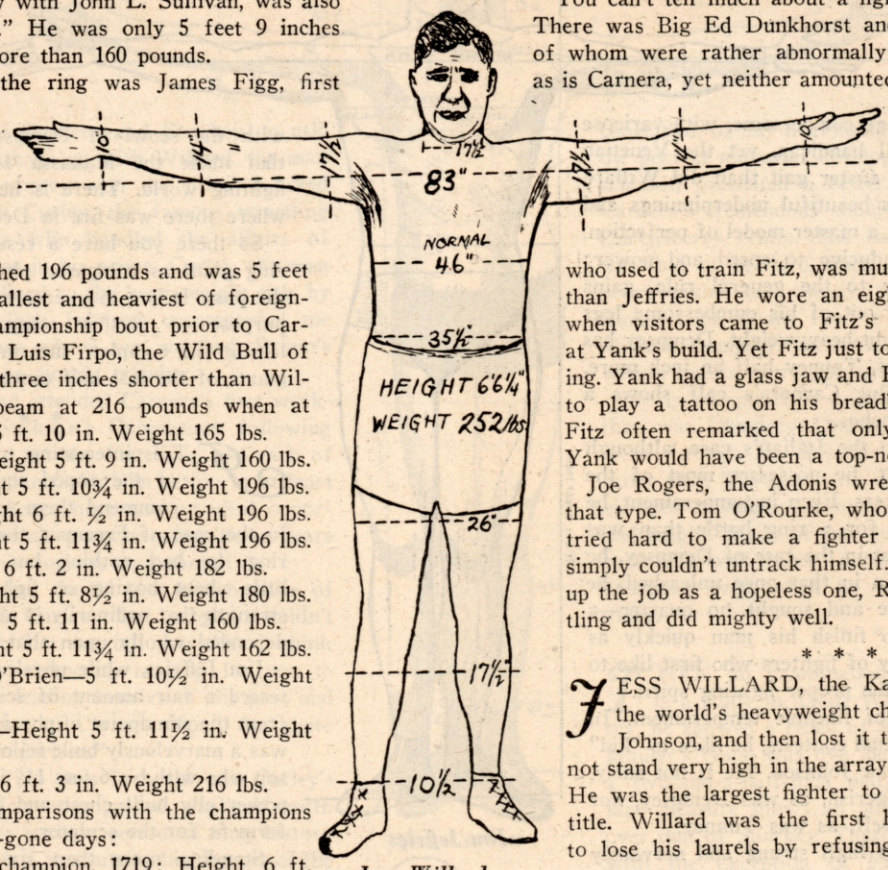
JESS WILLARD, the Kansas giant who took the world's heavyweight championship from Jack Johnson, and then lost it to Jack Dempsey, does not stand very high in the array of holders of the title. He was the largest fighter to hold the heavyweight title. Willard was the first heavyweight champion to lose his laurels by refusing to come out of his corner.

Sullivan fought Corbett round after round, bleeding, reeling, cut—but still a fighter. Corbett was knocked out. Fitz, his conqueror, was knocked cold. All down the line, the champions, in defeat, received knockouts which made them incapable of continuing. But Willard achieved the doubtful distinction of going out of the picture while sitting in his corner.

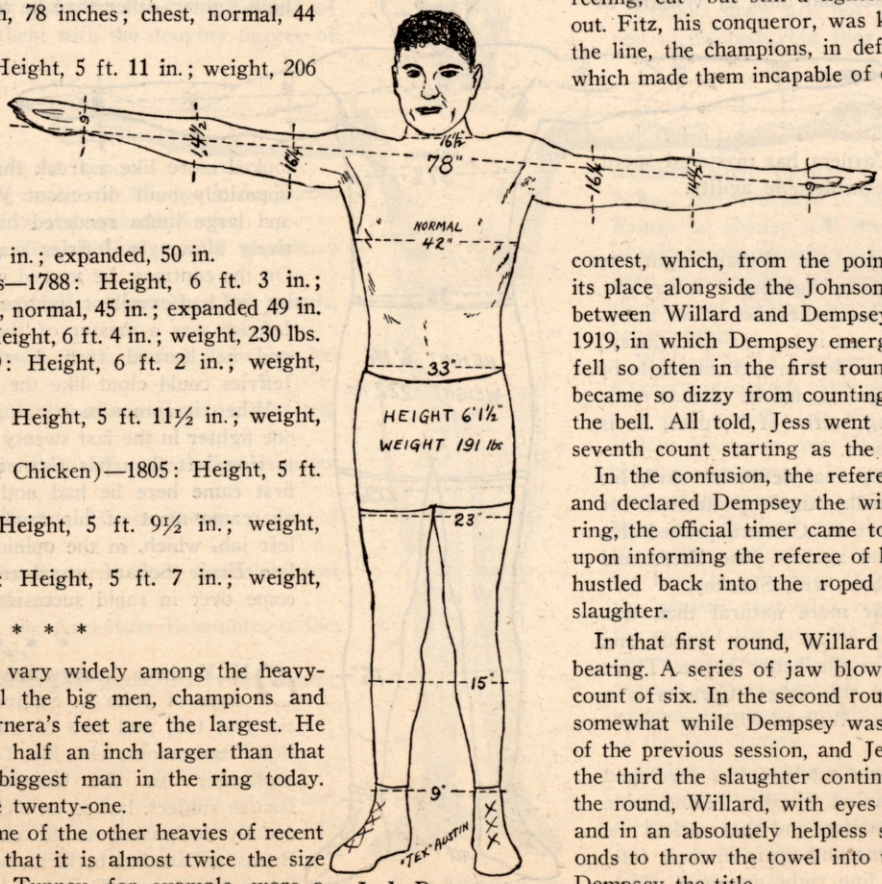
A heavyweight contest, which, from the point of punishment, takes its place alongside the Johnson-Burns battle, was that between Willard and Dempsey at Toledo on July 4, 1919, in which Dempsey emerged the winner. Willard fell so often in the first round that Referee Pecord became so dizzy from counting that he failed to hear the bell. All told, Jess went down seven times, the seventh count starting as the gong sounded.

In the confusion, the referee counted Willard out and declared Dempsey the winner. As Jack left the ring, the official timer came to Willard's rescue, and, upon informing the referee of his error, Dempsey was hustled back into the roped square to resume the slaughter.

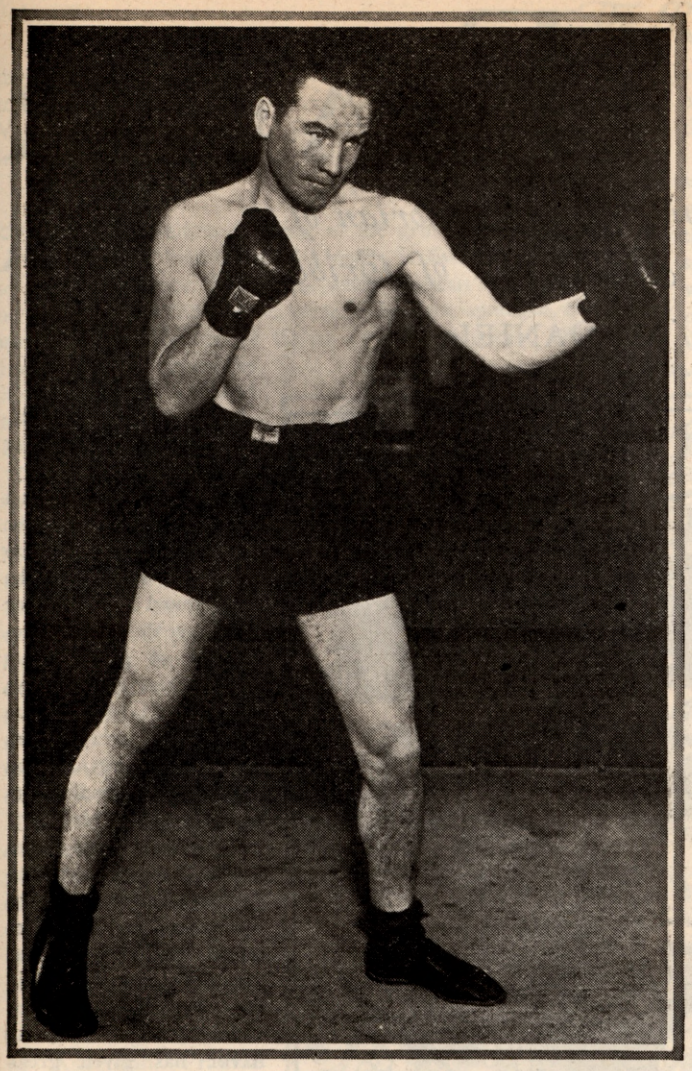
In that first round, Willard received an unmerciful beating. A series of jaw blows sent Jess down for a count of six. In the second round, Willard recuperated somewhat while Dempsey was tired from the effects of the previous session, and Jess held his own, but in the third the slaughter continued, and at the end of the round, Willard, with eyes closed, mouth bleeding, and in an absolutely helpless state, permitted his seconds to throw the towel into the ring, thereby giving Dempsey the title.



Jess Willard



Jack Dempsey



Jimmy McLarnin, with right hand cocked, ready to shoot over the k.o. wallop with which he has put many of his opponents to sleep.

The McLarnin SOCK

It Brings World's Welterweight Title Back to the Irish Race

THEY said that he was through. They made his opponent an odds-on-favorite to retain the world's welterweight championship, yet Jimmy McLarnin, the socking Irish lad with his powerful left hooks, fooled 'em all by attaining the goal of his ambition when he stopped Young Corbett III at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, on Memorial Day eve. Not only did the Vancouver lad win the coveted crown, his one big aim before he retires, but he turned the trick against a supposedly strong opponent—in two minutes and thirty-seven seconds. Not a world's record to be sure, but close to it.

His great feat earned for him a niche in the archives of Fistiana, for the time of the knockout when a world title changed hands has been bettered only three times in modern ring history. Joe Gans, back in 1902, stopped Frank Erne at Fort Erie, Ont., in the record time of forty-five seconds and Tony Canzoneri, in 1930, put Al Singer away in one minute and six seconds to win the lightweight title. Previous to that, Sammy Mandell lost the same title to Singer in 1.46.

When McLarnin last year was pitted against Lou Brouillard at the Polo Grounds of New York City and was badly battered by the Worcester southpaw, it was generally conceded that the little trip-hammer clouter from the Far West had shot his bolt. There was considerable talk about Jimmy being through; that he intended to get married and didn't want to fight any more, and other such reports. But all the time Jimmy had only one objective—he wanted to settle down—but not until he had won a title.

It was with that in mind that McLarnin set to training again and accepted Benny Leonard as an opponent. True Benny was a veteran who had no business going into the ring with the youthful Irishman, but Leonard sought the match, the fight fans wanted it and the promoters were eager to stage it, so Jimmy accepted and stopped the retired, undefeated lightweight king after giving him a terrific beating.

* * *

THAT bout convinced McLarnin that he was far from being through. He had many offers to fight in New York and Chicago, but he was not interested. Pop Foster, the old warrior who has guided Jimmy from the time the little Irish boy came to him at the age of fourteen, turned down fabulous offers. He, like McLarnin, wanted only a championship match.

"If Jimmy can't get the champion, then we don't want anyone else. We know we can beat any fighter in the welterweight class, and there's no further inducement for Jimmy to continue unless the championship is at stake. He wants to win that title and I'm just as eager to have him round out his spectacular career with the championship," said Foster.

And so Foster travelled about the country seeking a titular match. He trailed Jack Kearns from state to state, but the shrewd Kearns knew too well what would happen if Jimmy were placed in the ring with his champion, Jackie Fields, and he purposely avoided the match with McLarnin. For several years a syndicate of Kearns and Ray Alvis has been trading the welter crown, and the manipulators tried to get Foster and McLarnin to agree to enter the combine and keep the title in the family if he won it, but Jimmy and Pop refused.

"If I were willing to sign away part of Jimmy or to enter into an agreement to have Jimmy fight none but boys belonging to the stable of the syndicate that now controls the welterweight championship, I could get Jimmy a championship match," said Foster to the writer last summer at Long Beach. "But that's not my way of doing business. Jimmy and I have never been involved in a crooked deal since we started and we won't begin now, not for all the money in the world."

And that is why McLarnin was kept on the sidelines so far as a championship affair was concerned. He wouldn't play ball with the mentors of the title holder. He would agree, only as he always has, to play ball with the fight fans. Honesty was the policy of the Foster-McLarnin combine.

And then came the Corbett-Fields match and Corbett annexed the crown. That made things a little easier. Both McLarnin and Corbett were popular on the Coast and with the cry growing for a bout between this pair, Foster, by granting the demands of the champion, finally succeeded in getting for McLarnin the titular bout that brought the crown back to the Irish race.

* * *

THE protest of Corbett's managers, to the effect that McLarnin had fouled his opponent three times by having one hand locked about the upper rope and delivering the blows that won the fight, with the other, must be ignored. There is nothing in the rules that calls such *(Continued on page 34)*

FOREIGN FLAVOR

Jack and Primo Remind Ring Historian of International Fights Since Days of Cribb

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

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It was on November 10, 1884, that John L. Sullivan stopped John M. Laflin in Madison Square Garden in three rounds. The combat between the American champion and the "Professor" ended ignominiously for the latter.

As this is another year of heavyweight championship strife, the boxing follower who makes a study of the background and history of the virile sport is reminded of great fights and fighters of the days that have gone. The Sharkey-Carnera match has focussed attention on other international fights of heavyweight history.

From the days when Black Richmond went to England to fight the best over there, and then seconded the Virginia Negro, Molyneux, in his two fights with Tom Cribb, the international flavor has given great zest to fighting, and it is a happy development that 1933 stresses it again.

Since Jack Dempsey won the title from Jess Willard, foreign contenders have been given the preference over native-born sons in the choice of opponents for the Kings of Fistiana. Tex Rickard was first to see the benefit of making a heavyweight championship match an international one when he imported Georges Carpentier to face Dempsey and, since then, the foreigners have ruled the roost.

Since that memorable day at Boyle's Thirty Acres, New Jersey, where the Manassa Mauler put the Frenchman away in the fourth round, the challengers who received recognition in titular matches were Tom Gibbons, Luis Angel Firpo, Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Tom Heeney and Max Schmeling, and now comes Primo Carnera. Thus it will be seen

that, from 1921 to 1933, four foreigners received an opportunity to win the crown and one succeeded—Schmeling—and, with the Venetian Giant opposed to Sharkey this year, that makes five invaders on the list as against only three Americans.

* * *

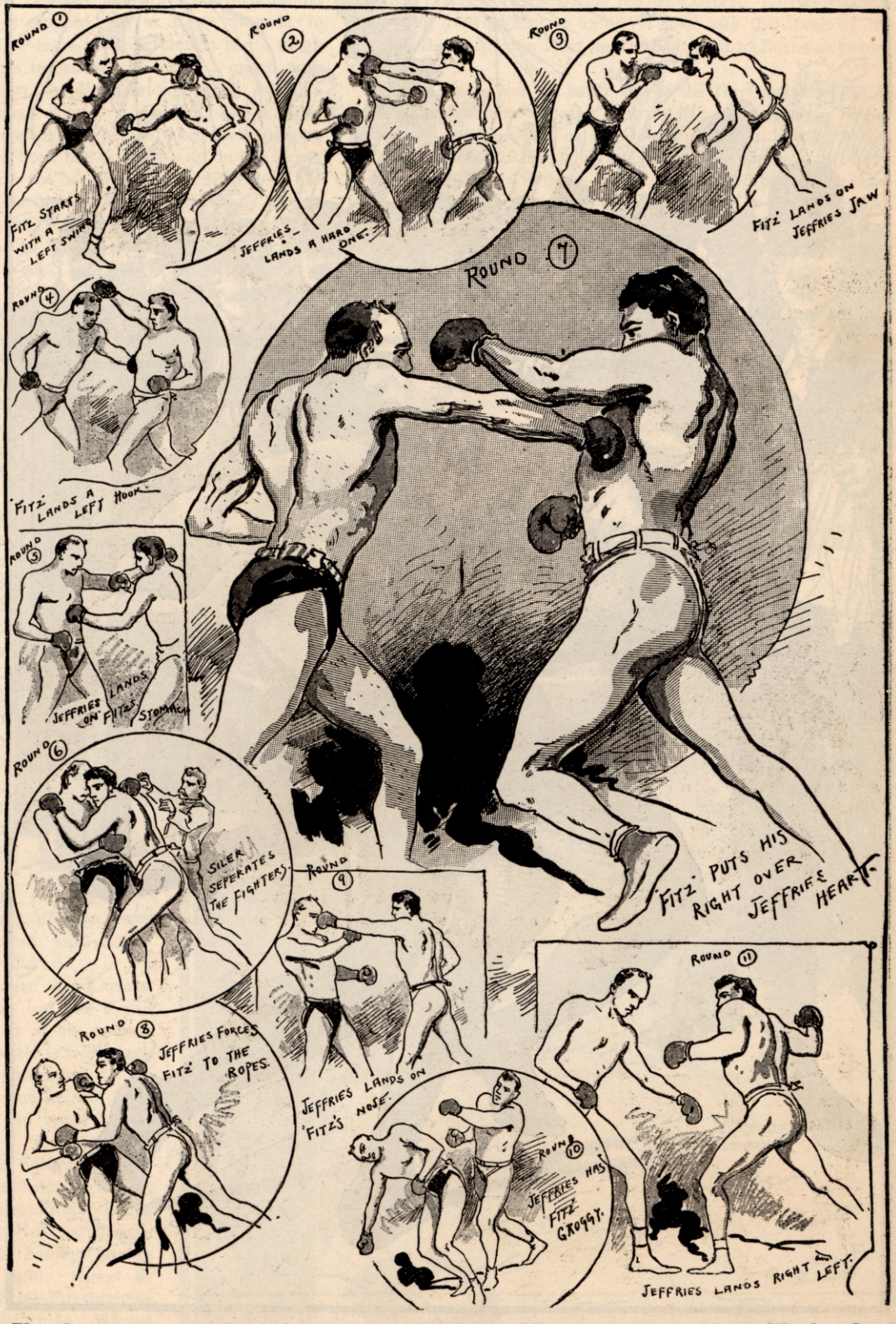
THAT, in itself, is evidence of the growth of boxing into a world-wide institution. No longer is fisticuffs a sport only of the English race. Years ago, when Sullivan was at the helm, or when Corbett and Jeffries were in the fistic spotlight, the mere mention of a German, an Italian or an Argentinian challenger for world heavyweight honors would have evoked a hearty laugh from followers of pugilism.

But times have changed and with the change has come a realization that boxing has spread to the four corners of the globe. In fact, when one considers all classes of pugilism, he finds that the foreign element predominates in several in the matter of top-notch fighters. Take the flyweight section, for example. There we find Midget Wolgast, an American youth of Italian parentage, at the head of the class, and then follows down the line among the ten leading contenders Jackie Brown, Ginger Foran and Mickey McGuire, all English; Velentin Angelman, Praxille Gyde, Frankie Genaro, Giovanni Savo, Herbie Hill and Etienne Mura. Half of that list is composed of boys who do not know a word of English.

That's what makes boxing so interesting—the fact that it has, in recent years, actually become the sport of nations where, a few years back, it was primarily an English athletic activity. I do not intend in this little review to go into details about the match between Sharkey and Carnera, which will be a matter of history soon after this issue comes off the press, but suffice it to say that, if ever a foreigner had an opportunity to bring the heavyweight crown abroad, as did Max Schmeling, Carnera has that now.

In the matter of weight, he is by far the heaviest heavyweight since the American giant, Charley Freeman, went to England in quest of fistic laurels almost a century ago. In height, he is just an inch shorter than Jess Willard, who beat Jack Johnson for the title, and is almost four inches shy of the tremendous height of Freeman.

In speed and knowledge of the fighting game, he is, at this stage of his career, the fastest giant that has appeared on the pugilistic horizon in half a century. Primo knows more about the intricacies of boxing than did Willard when he fought Dempsey for the crown. Hence it will not be a raw, freak novice who will face Sharkey at the Garden Bowl, and it won't be any walkover for Mr. Sharkey, either, even if he does score a knockout. Carnera has a chance, and a mighty good one, to bring to the

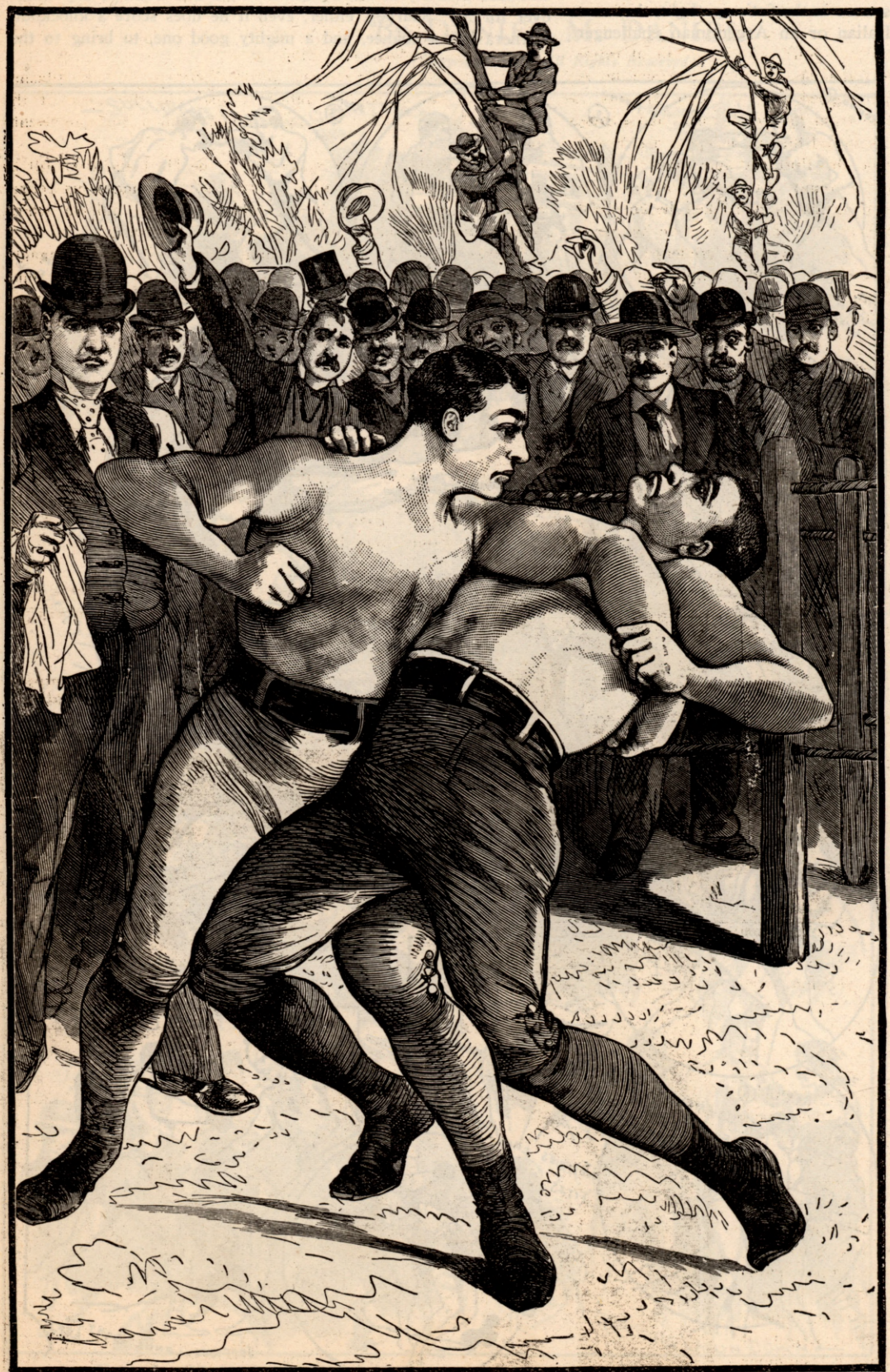


The above is an artist's ringside conception of the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons bout at Coney Island on June 9, 1899, in which Ruby Robert was stopped in the eleventh round.

land of Mussolini the heavyweight championship, and he cannot be held cheaply either by Sharkey or the critics.

* * *

UNTIL Carpentier came to the front as a challenger, not a foreigner faced a champion in a titular battle from the days of John L. Sullivan to 1921. Contrary to stories that have appeared from time to time to the effect that Fitzsimmons was the first foreigner to fight for the championship under Marquis of Queensberry rules, such was not the case. When Fitzsimmons stopped Corbett with the famed solar-plexus blow at Carson City in 1897, Ruby Robert was an American citizen. He was born at Cornwall, England, and developed his wonderful fighting prowess in Australia, but he had sworn allegiance to Uncle Sam a few months before his battle with Corbett and thus fought under the Stars and Stripes.



When Jake Kilrain was sent to the ground by John L. Sullivan in the seventy-fifth round of their memorable battle at Richburg, Miss., on July 8, 1899, it ended the last bare-knuckle fight for the heavyweight championship, with the Boston Strong Boy the victor.

Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney and Sharkey first saw the light of day in America. Tommy Burns, who fought his way to the top after Jeffries' retirement and now owns a cabaret in New York's white light district, was a Canadian. Until Tunney beat Dempsey at Philadelphia, no championship had been won on a decision. All were gained or retained on a knockout.

John L. Sullivan established himself as the American champion with bare knuckles and small gloves and when he fought Corbett, he and Gentleman Jim were the first to meet in a heavyweight championship mill under Queensberry rules. The Olympic Club of New Orleans had offered a twenty-five thousand dollar purse, and the fighters bet ten thousand dollars as a side wager, the winner to take all, and, as is now commonly known, Corbett surprised the world by downing the "Master" in twenty-one rounds.

Corbett lost the crown to Fitz by way of a knockout in the fourteenth round. That knockout brought into print for the first time the solar plexus blow. During the first half of that battle, Fitz was outpointed. In the sixth round, he was dropped by Corbett and, in that session and the next, the claret flowed freely from mouth and nose.

It was a terrific left to the pit of the stomach that ended Corbett's reign and, two years later, Fitz was dethroned by Jeffries at Coney Island in an eleven-round knockout. He also lost a return bout.

AS a champion, Jeffries, the big California boilermaker, gained a twenty-five round verdict over Tom Sharkey, and stopped Fitz in eight rounds, Corbett in twenty-three and again in ten, Ruhlin in five, and Jack Munro in two.

After Jeff's retirement, Tommy Burns successfully fought his way to the top and, after disposing of the cream of American and foreign fighters, he agreed to clash with the Negro challenger, Jack Johnson, and at Sydney, Australia, poor Tommy received an awful shellacking until the police stepped in and halted proceedings in the fourteenth round.

Then misguided friends induced Jeffries to come out of retirement and "defend his title" against Johnson—a crown he no longer held—and the Negro stopped Jeff at Reno, Nevada, in the fifteenth round. A fugitive from justice, Johnson had a tough time of it until circumstances forced him to accept a match with Jess Willard, and, at Havana, the Pottawatomie giant scored a knockout in the twenty-sixth round. Although Johnson later issued a public statement declaring that he had faked the knockout, the victory of Willard was a bona fide one. He won on his merits and Johnson's version should not be given any credence.

It was at Toledo that Willard was so badly whipped by Dempsey that he was forced to quit, and then Dempsey successfully defended his title against Billy Miske, Bill Brennan, Carpentier, Tommy Gibbons and Luis Firpo, and finally was deposed on a decision in the rain-soaked ring of Philadelphia by Gene Tunney.

In a return engagement at Soldier's Field, Chicago, Tunney again beat Dempsey, this time through the aid of the famous fourteen count, and then Gene defended his crown only once more, when he stopped Tom Heeney of New Zealand in the eleventh. That bout saw the end of Gene's career, for he retired soon after and, as a result of his decision, Sharkey and Schmeling were enabled to battle for the title, with the German winning on a foul.

Max stopped Stribling at Cleveland in the fifteenth round of a championship affair in the German's first defense of his crown and, in a return engagement with Sharkey, the German lost the title to the American on points.

Thus we have traced the history of the heavyweight division from Sullivan's time to the present. Will a foreigner again take the title abroad?

There are many who believe that Carnera will turn the trick, but as for me, I still stick with the champion. It is my opinion that, when the smoke of battle is over, Jack Sharkey will still be in possession of the world's heavyweight title, but he will have been forced to travel at top speed to retain it.

In the days when glove fighting was in its infancy, Coney Island, in New York City, was the scene of the greatest titular bouts. That was before the modern ball parks were built and could be leased for boxing. Among the glove championship fights staged at Coney Island were the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons match, in which the Californian relieved Freckled Bob of his crown; the Jeff-Sharkey battle, in which the boilermaker retained his title in a hectic twenty-five round engagement, and the Jeffries-Corbett contest, in which Jeff knocked out Gentleman Jim in the twenty-third round. Numerous other championships in other divisions took place at the seashore.

New York also saw Jack Dempsey defend his title against Bill Brennan in the old Garden by a knockout in the twelfth round, and against Luis Firpo at the Polo Grounds by a knockout in the second round. Jess Willard also defended his title successfully in a ten-round mill with Frank Moran in the old Garden. The Garden also was the scene of several engagements in the days of the London Prize Ring rules.

San Francisco received the Jeffries-Corbett, Jeffries-Fitzsimmons and Jeffries-Munro fights. It also was the scene of the Tommy Burns-Marvin Hart fight, which went to Burns in twenty rounds.

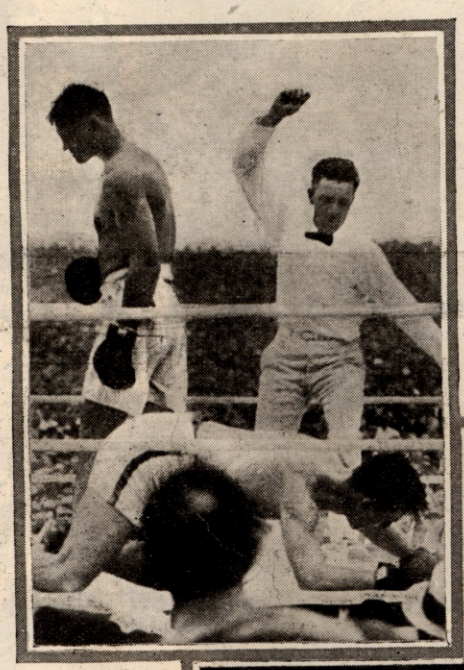
Reno, Nevada, was the battle site of the Hart and Root tilt to decide the championship after Jeffries had announced his retirement, and was the site of the Johnson-Jeffries mill in which Jeffries was outclassed in his attempted come-back.

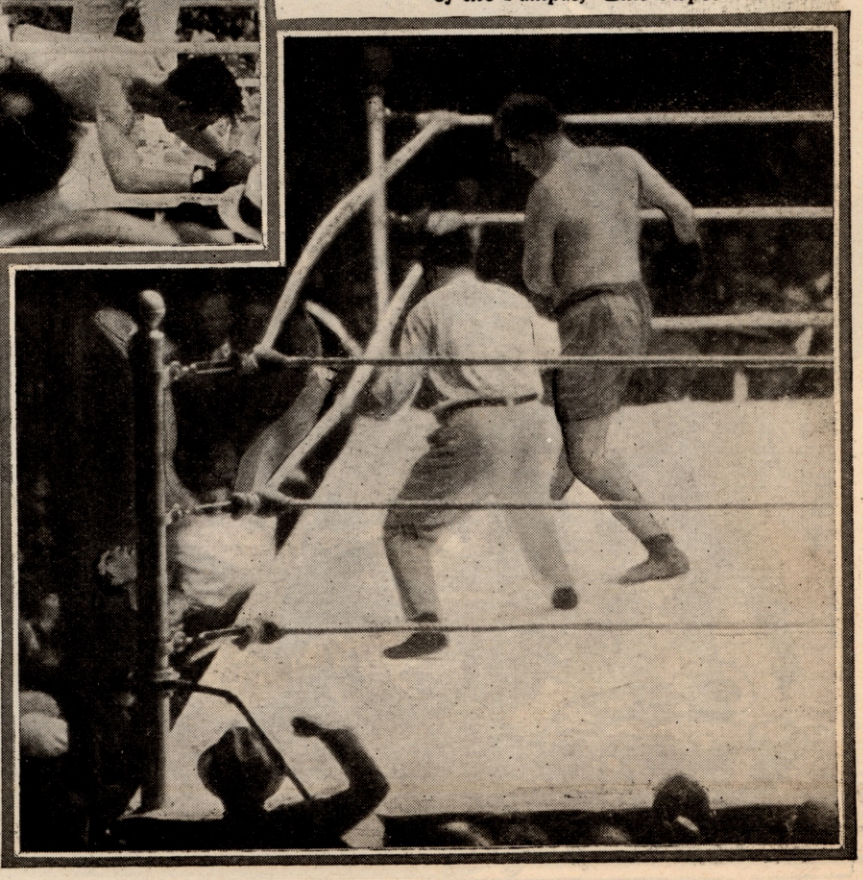
Colma, California, saw the Tommy Burns-Bill Squires engagement, in which the Australian was knocked out in the first round, and also the battle between Stanley Ketchel and Jack Johnson, in which the Negro knocked out his rival in the twelfth session.

Las Vegas, New Mexico, was the site when Johnson stopped Jim Flynn in the ninth round.

Boyle's Thirty Acres, New Jersey, was selected for the first million-dollar-gate contest, that in which Georges Carpentier was knocked out by Dempsey in the fourth round.

Cuba and France have figured in the wide area, Havana was the spot where Jess Willard took the crown from Johnson in the twenty-sixth round, and France was the choice for (Continued on page 16)

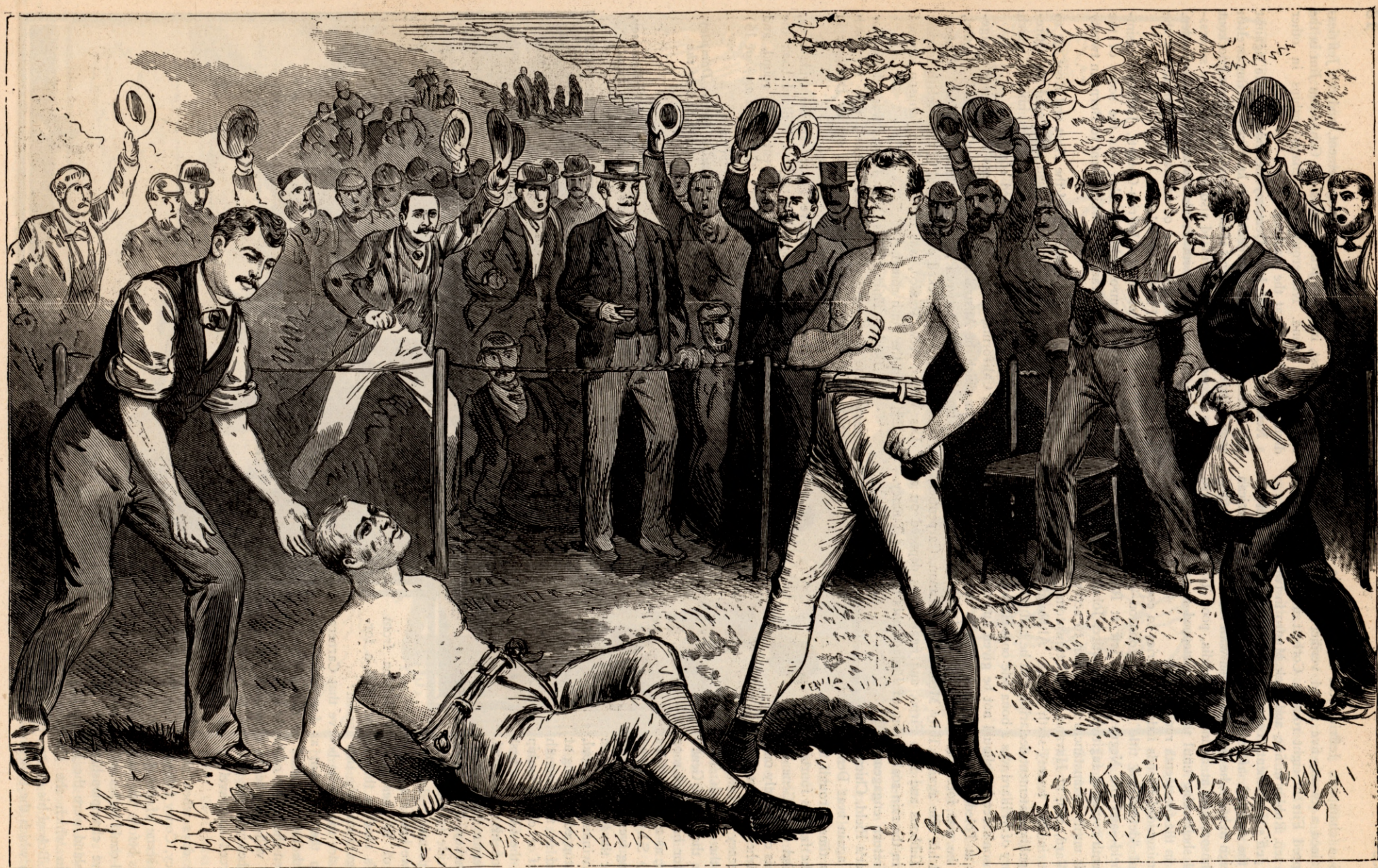




Left—When the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, kayoed Georges Carpentier in the first of the million-dollar gates.

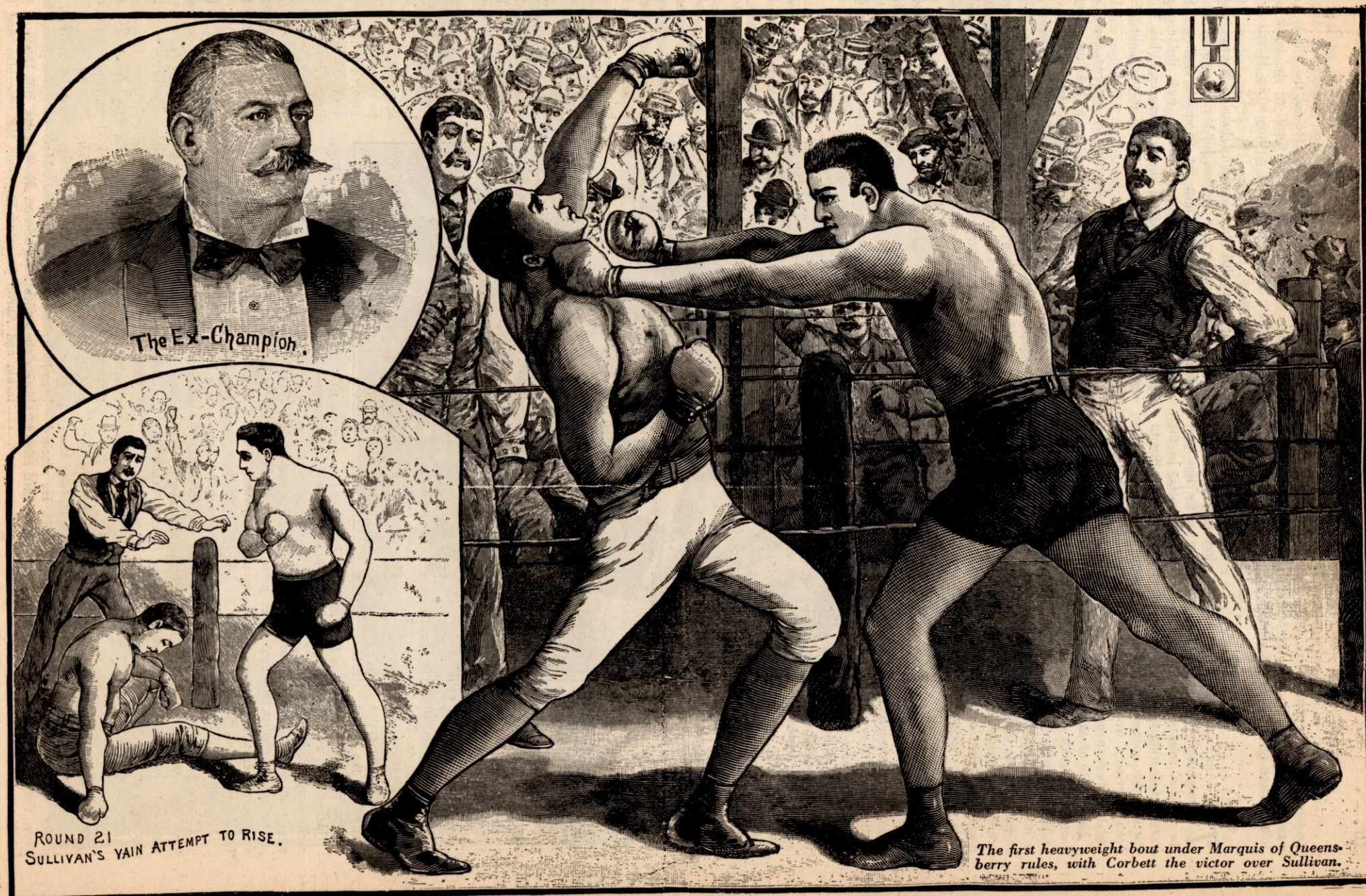
Below—Here we see the great Tiger-Man, Dempsey, knocked through the ropes by the "Wild Bull of the Pampas," Luis Firpo.

WHEN AN AMERICAN CHAMPION WAS CROWNED



Paddy Ryan, from whom John L. Sullivan won the American heavyweight title, held the championship a shorter time than any other title-holder. It was on June 1, 1880, at Collier's Station, West Virginia, that Ryan won the crown from Joe Goss in a hard-fought, eighty-seven-round mill, but in his very next engagement, only a few months later, Paddy dropped the title to the Boston Strong Boy. The above shows the finish of the Goss-Ryan affair.

THE NEW ORDER IN PUGILISM



The first heavyweight bout under Marquis of Queensberry rules, with Corbett the victor over Sullivan.

(Continued from page 13)

the famous fight between Sullivan and Mitchell, which went thirty-nine rounds to a draw, and the Moran-Johnson contest, which Johnson won on a twenty-round decision.

* * *

THE American heavyweight crown adorned the heads of foreign-born fighters for the greater part of the time that the London rules were in force in the United States. In the interval following the retirement of Tom Hyer in 1854, due to the fact that none of the heavies then in this country, including John Morrissey, would meet the champion, a cluster of English and Irish heavyweight fighters invaded America.

Nearly all of them held the American title at one time or another. America's attitude in this respect differed from that of England, where no one, except a native-born, was permitted to hold a British boxing championship. The only known exception to this rule was made in the case of Peter Jackson, who was the acknowledged champion of England, Europe and Australia, following his defeat of Paddy Slavin, claimant of the Australian title, in the National Sporting Club, London, May 30, 1892, the same year in which Corbett conquered Sullivan.

Jackson was born at St. Croix, West Indies, July 3, 1861, but went to Australia early in life and, while there, developed into one of the greatest boxers of all time. Jackson was regarded as a citizen of Australia, quite as much so as Fitzsimmons, who, although born in Wales, moved to Australia while a child and lived there until he had reached his twenty-eighth year. Jackson was regarded in England as a citizen of a British colony, and the fact that he defeated Jem Smith, British champion, in two rounds, on November 11, 1889, served to increase the popularity of the great Negro boxer.

Jackson was a quiet, well-mannered, intelligent man, and he was the favorite with all Britons who took an interest in sports. England never permitted its titleholders to draw the color line, but there is no record of any other negro holding a championship in England.

Although Jacob Hyer, the first American heavyweight champion, was born in New York State, and his son, Tom Hyer, who succeeded his father as titleholder, was also native born, those who followed in their championship footsteps came for the most part from across the Atlantic.

* * *

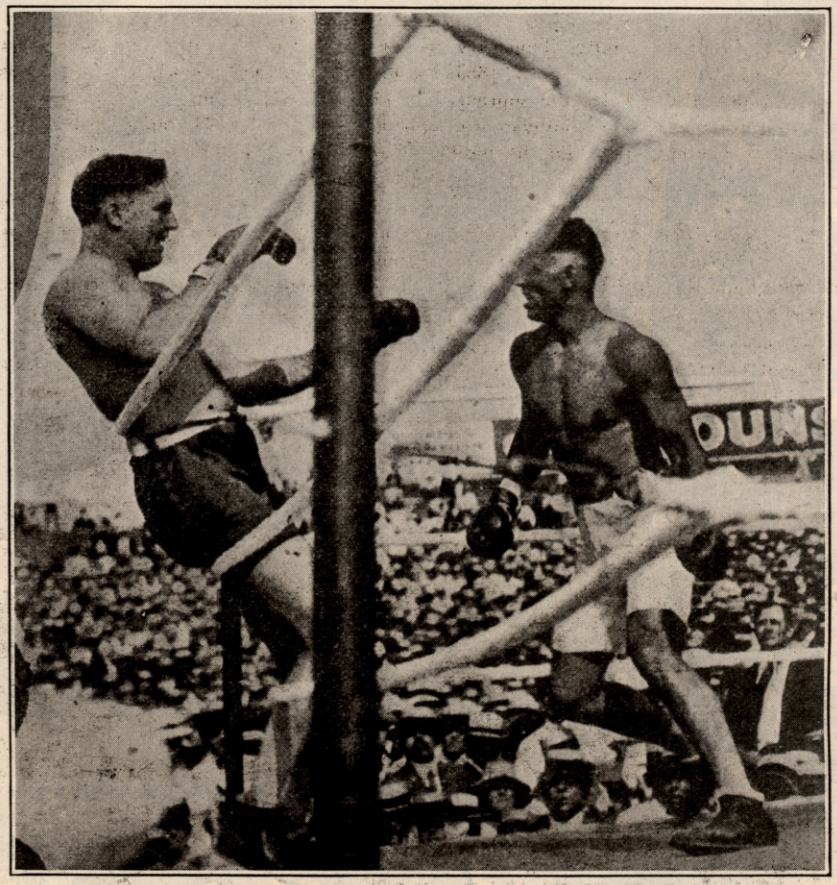
THE first man to get possession of the title after the formidable Tom Hyer had retired undefeated, was John Morrissey, who was born in Ireland, February 5, 1831. He reached New York when a child and learned fighting in the hard school of the streets of New York City.

Morrissey was physically undersized, standing 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and weighing 170 pounds. He got the title in a fight with Yankee Sullivan, a native of Cork, as the result of an unjust decision by the referee at a time when Morrissey was severely beaten.

Morrissey defended the title against John C. Heenan, October 20, 1857, and won because Heenan hit a ring post in the first round and fractured his right fist. Heenan's challenge for a return battle was declined and Heenan took the crown by forfeit, the first instance of the kind in America. When Morrissey retired from the ring, he was elected to the United States Congress.

John C. Heenan, who was born at West Troy, New York, May 2, 1835, was the second native son to hold the American title. Finding no one to oppose him in America, Heenan went to England, easily whipped Tom Sayers, British champion, and was defrauded of his victory by a decision of draw. Heenan then fought Tom King and was drugged by his own seconds.

He never recovered from the effects of the drugs. After lingering for several years, he died at the early age of 38. Heenan got the sobriquet of the "Benecia Boy" while working as a machinist in the shops of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., at Benecia, Cal.



The fight in which Jack Dempsey won the title. Here he is shown cornering Big Jess in the first round with the champion unable to defend himself.

Joe Coburn, next holder of the American title, was born at Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20, 1835, and like all the other foreign born champions, came to the United States in his youth and became a citizen of America. Coburn was a clever boxer, and a formidable challenger of Jem Mace, British challenger.

Yet Coburn was unfortunate in his matchmaking and retired undefeated. Mace, under the rule, really forfeited the world's title to Coburn, for the latter appeared in the ring in Ireland, October 4, 1864, to fulfill a match with Mace, but the Briton remained away.

* * *

WILL DAVIS, next holder of the championship, was born in California in 1831, making the fourth native-born to get the honors. Davis was not a first class heavy, and lost the title to Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, in 43 rounds on May 16, 1865. Dunn was born in County Kildare, Ireland, October 4, 1842, and on arrival here at an early age, made Brooklyn his permanent home. On his retirement from the ring, Dunn entered the political arena, and attained considerable prominence.

Jimmy Elliott, who was born in County Athlone, Ireland, was a formidable boxer, but never won the title because of unfair treatment in his battles with Dunn and others. Elliott was fatally shot by Jim Dunn in Chicago in 1883.

Mike McCoole, who held the title from 1866 to 1869, was born in Ireland on March 12, 1837. McCoole was a strong, heavy hitting chap with little science. He defeated Bill Davis of California and Aaron Jones of England. McCoole also won from

Tom Allen on an alleged foul in their first battle, but was disposed of by Allen in seven rounds lasting 20 minutes.

When they met again, the contest took place near St. Louis, Mo., on September 23, 1873, and it was in this bout, that Allen solidified his claim to the title although, had Charley Gallagher, a giant Canadian, and the first man from the Dominion to hold the American championship, retained his health, there might have been a different story to tell.

Allen, who was born in Birmingham, England, in 1840, had his first bout with Gallagher on February 23, 1869. Gallagher knocked out Allen with a blow to the jugular in the second round, the contest lasting but 3 minutes. Allen, scored the first knockdown ending the first round.

Gallagher and Allen fought again in the same year and the referee called it a draw, although Allen had decisively beaten Gallagher. The latter died of consumption. It was in the following year, 1870, that Allen, who laid claim to the title following Gallagher's retirement, met Jem Mace, English champion, in a bout for the world's title. Mace won and retired with the world's championship.

Allen held on to the American title till 1876, when Joe Goss, born in Northampton, England, November 5, 1838, won it on an alleged foul in the twenty-first round.

Paddy Ryan, who was born in Thurles County, Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853, won the title from Goss on June 1, 1880. Ryan's defeat by Sullivan in 1882, practically ended the supremacy of foreign born fighters in this country, for Sullivan was born in Boston, and his conqueror, Corbett, first saw the light of day on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

AMONG foreign born fighters who tried to win the American title, and failed, was Ben Hogan, whose real name was Benedict Hagan. He was born in Wurtemburg, Germany, in 1844. He came to America in 1852, being the first representative of the Kaiser's domain to throw his helmet into America's pugilistic arena. He had a bout with Allen, in 1868, but was outclassed.

The fight was broken up by toughs when Hogan claimed a foul. The referee called it a draw. After his retirement from the ring, Hogan became an evangelist, which example later was followed, but for a short period only, by Jeffries.

Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, standing 6 feet, 6½ inches tall, was born at Lismore, Ireland, in 1840. He had a number of matches but they all fizzled. O'Baldwin kept a saloon on West Street, New York City, and was fatally shot by Mike Finnell, his partner, on September 27, 1875.

Joe Wormald, born in London, in 1840, also came to America but failed to gain the title.

The trail of the heavyweight championship from the last of the bare knuckle contests to the present day, follows:

1889—July 8—John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain, seventy-five rounds, Richburg, Miss. (last championship fight bare knuckles). John Fitzpatrick, referee.

*1892—Sept. 7—James J. Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan, twenty-one rounds, New Orleans (Used big gloves). John Duffy, referee.

1894—Jan. 25—James J. Corbett beat Charley Mitchell, three rounds, Jacksonville, Fla. Honest John Kelly, referee.

*1897—March 17—Bob Fitzsimmons defeated James J. Corbett, fourteen rounds, Carson City, Nev. George Siler, referee.

1899—June 9—James J. Jeffries beat Bob Fitzsimmons, eleven rounds, Coney Island, N. Y. George Siler, referee.

*1899—Nov. 2—James J. Jeffries defeated Thomas J. Sharkey, challenger for the title, at Coney Island, N. Y., twenty-five rounds (decision). George Siler, referee.

1900—May 11—James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett, Coney Island, 23 rounds. Charley White, referee.

1901—Nov. 16—James J. Jeffries knocked out Gus Ruhlin, five rounds. Harry Corbett, referee.

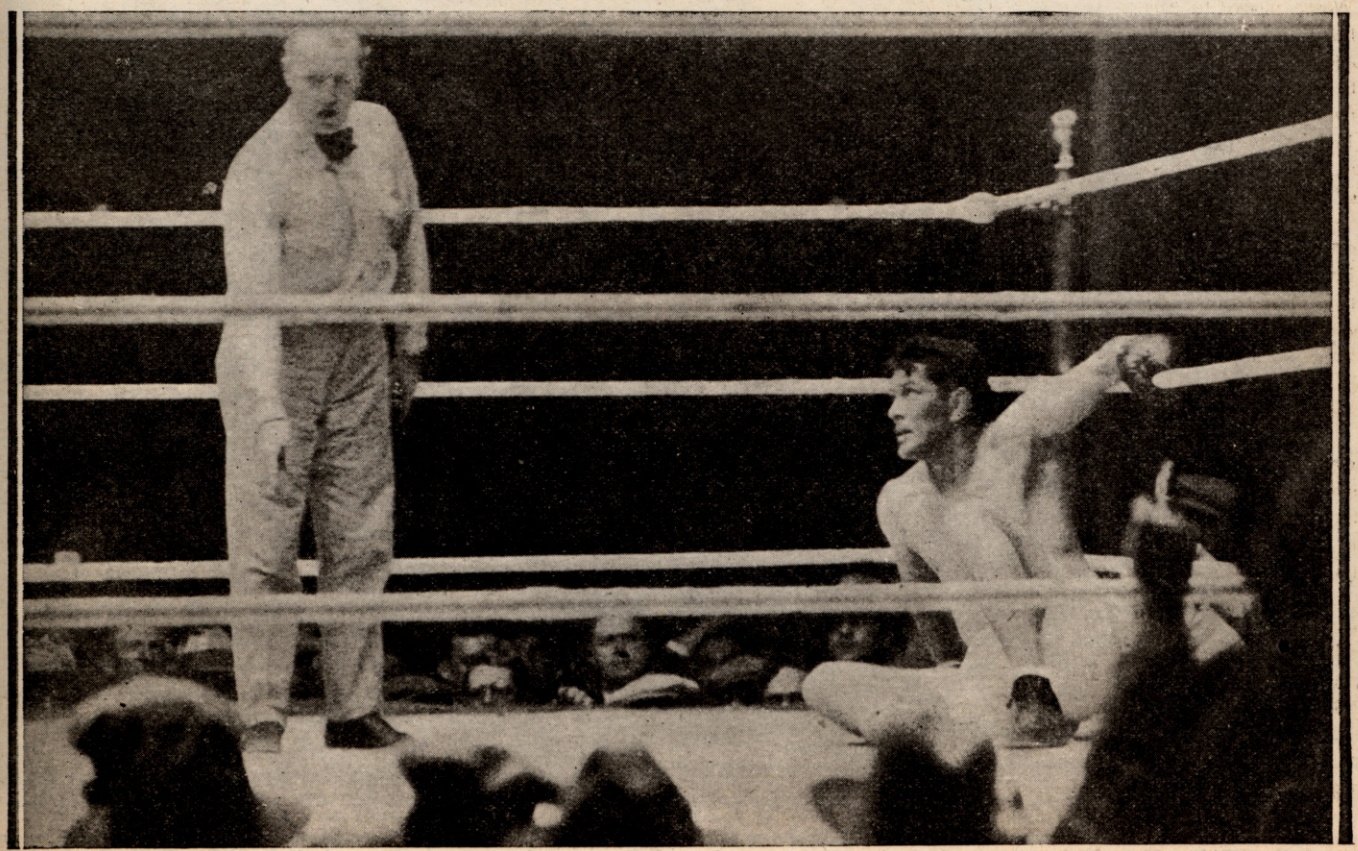
1902—July 25—James J. Jeffries knocked out Robert Fitzsimmons, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., eight rounds. Ed Graney, referee.

1903—Aug. 14—James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in ten rounds. Ed Graney, referee.

1904—Aug. 26—James J. Jeffries knocked out Jack Munroe, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in two rounds. Ed Graney, referee.

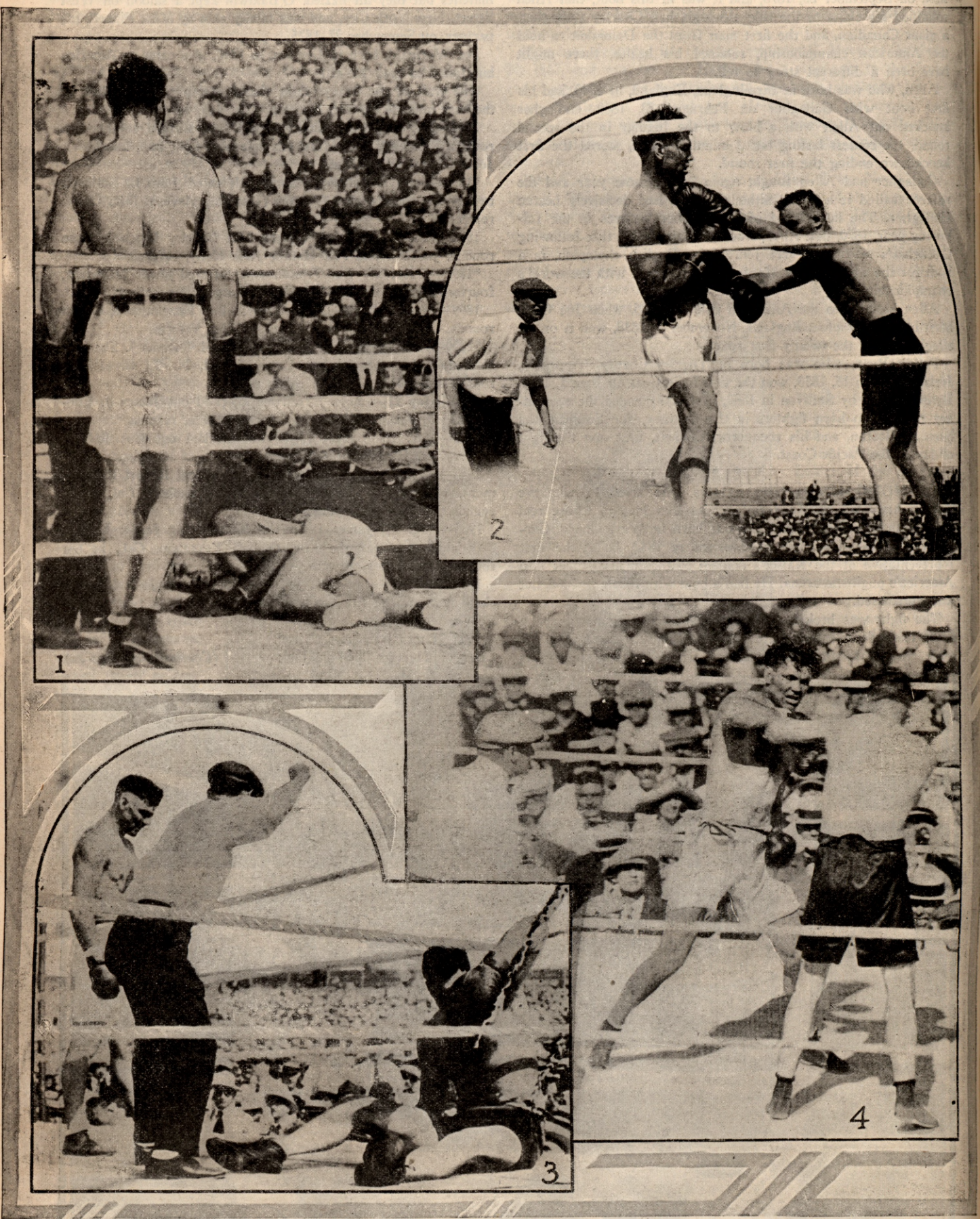
1905—James J. Jeffries retired.

Marvin Hart knocked out Jack *(Continued on page 36)*



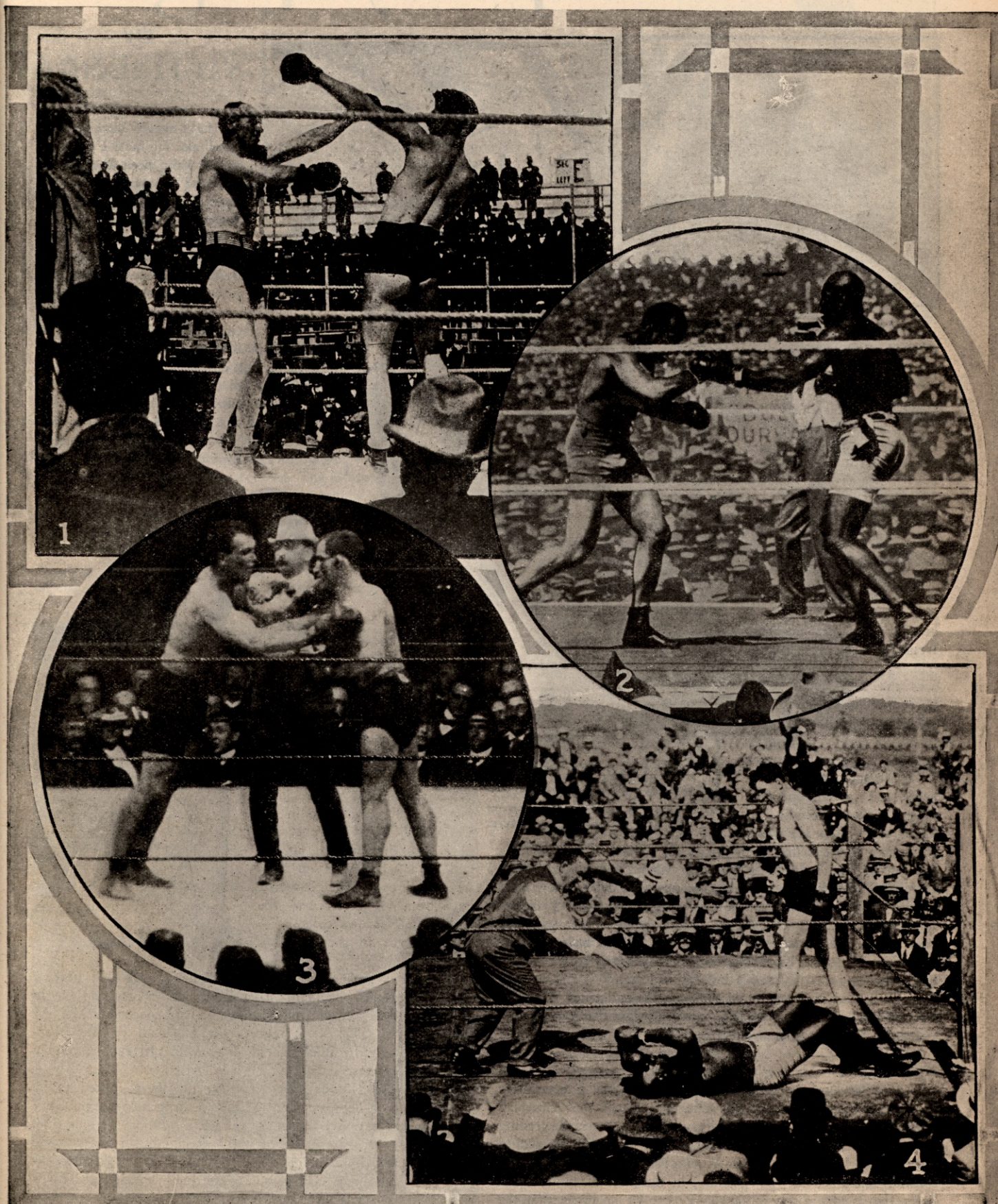
When the "long count" saved Gene Tunney and prevented Jack Dempsey from regaining world's heavyweight title

When Dempsey Was King



1—The Manassa Mauler proves his superiority over Billy Miske at Benton Harbor, Mich., in three rounds, September 6, 1920. 2—The Gibbons-Dempsey mill at Shelby, Mont., July 4, 1923, which went fifteen rounds, with Dempsey the victor. 3—The sad plight of Jess Willard, who failed to come out for the fourth round in his bout with the "Man Killer" at Toledo, O., July 4, 1919. 4—Another scene in the Dempsey-Gibbons affair.

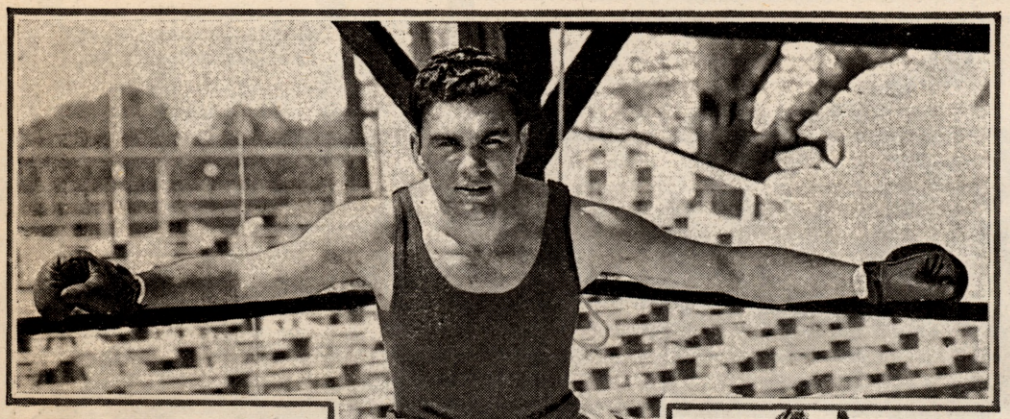
Bouts That Made History



1—When Fitz won the title from Corbett at Carson City, Nevada, March 17, 1897. 2—The bout in which Jim Jeffries was stopped in fifteenth round by Jack Johnson at Reno, Nevada, July 4, 1910. 3—The famous Jeffries-Sharkey battle at Coney Island, New York, November 3, 1899, in which Jeffries gained the decision in twenty-five rounds. 4—When Jack Johnson was knocked out by Jess Willard at Havana, Cuba, in twenty-sixth round, April 5, 1915.

Dempsey Does

By
NAT FLEISCHER



ALTHOUGH the Baer-Schmeling fight did not draw quite as much as Jack Dempsey, the promoter and Tim Mara, his co-worker, figured it would, circumstances that were unforeseen when the fight was originally arranged, were responsible. The promotorial work carried out by Jack Dempsey, the "Man of the Hour," could not have been bettered even by Tex Rickard. Just as Tex had his troubles putting over the Tunney-Heeney fight which was the first big Rickard venture that failed to click, so Dempsey encountered no end of difficulties but, like the good sportsman he is, he took it all with a smile and carried on. The fight clicked because of Jack's magnetism. He was a good man at the helm.

Schmeling in training quarters ready to take on sparring partners.

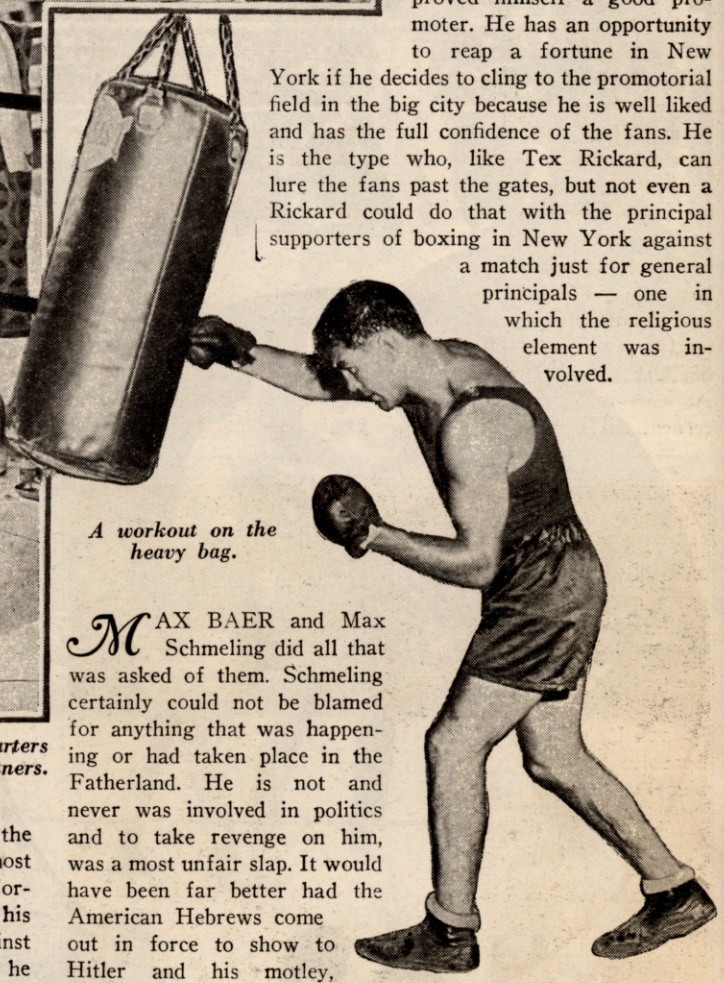
Dempsey was here, there and everywhere. He proved to the fistic world that he is just the type of promoter who is now most needed to bring boxing out of its present slump, but unfortunately, the Hitler trouble in Europe placed Jack with his back to the wall from the start and he had to battle against gigantic odds to put his fight over. That he fared as well as he did, was due primarily to his indefatigable work, his showmanship, his genial disposition and his general popularity. We must take off our hat to this man who, even in public life, remains the "Fistic Idol of the Century."

* * *

THE Baer-Schmeling fight figured to draw well over the $300,000 mark under ordinary conditions, for if ever there was a natural, that fight was one. But when the American Hebrews, who during the past thirty years have been the leading fight fans and the greatest supporters of fisticuffs, decided to blacklist the Baer-Schmeling fight as a slap at the Hitler regime for the difficulties they have placed in the path of the German Jews, that hurt the promotion. There can be no doubt that the fight suffered as a result of the general boycott, yet it did well.

Had the Hebrews of this country, especially those of New York whose dollars have enriched many promoters and fighters, decided to attend as was customary in the past, the Baer-Schmeling fight would have grossed the limit. In fact, I think it would have been the biggest financial success of the year, but no fight, without the full Jewish support, could hope to reach such figures, and what had been expected, happened.

As for Dempsey, he has proved himself a good promoter. He has an opportunity to reap a fortune in New York if he decides to cling to the promotorial field in the big city because he is well liked and has the full confidence of the fans. He is the type who, like Tex Rickard, can lure the fans past the gates, but not even a Rickard could do that with the principal supporters of boxing in New York against a match just for general principals — one in which the religious element was involved.



A workout on the heavy bag.

MAX BAER and Max Schmeling did all that was asked of them. Schmeling certainly could not be blamed for anything that was happening or had taken place in the Fatherland. He is not and never was involved in politics and to take revenge on him, was a most unfair slap. It would have been far better had the American Hebrews come out in force to show to Hitler and his motley, bigoted Nazi gathering that we in America are 100 percent sportsmen. Religion should never enter into sports and we in America should always lead the way in true sportsmanship.

That's why THE RING regrets the blackball of the Baer-Schmeling fight by hundreds of Jews who are ranked among New York's finest sports.

Schmeling and Baer did everything they were asked to by Jack Dempsey. They went out of their way to help the publicity and showed more vim and energy in their training sessions than is ordinarily the case with most fighters, chiefly for the purpose of aiding the ballyhoo. Both gave the camp patrons good workouts and each spent considerable time autographing post cards and playing with the kiddies.

According to Dempsey, the encouragement which he has received in New York, was sufficient to make him feel that he would like to continue to promote boxing there but the great difficulty lies in the lack of indoor arenas. There is no available

Big Job Well

place for him to stage fall, winter and spring bouts other than in one of the armories, and under the law, none are available except for military affairs. The only likelihood of Dempsey remaining in the East will be for someone to build a club in rivalry to the Garden—and such a prospect is exceedingly dim.

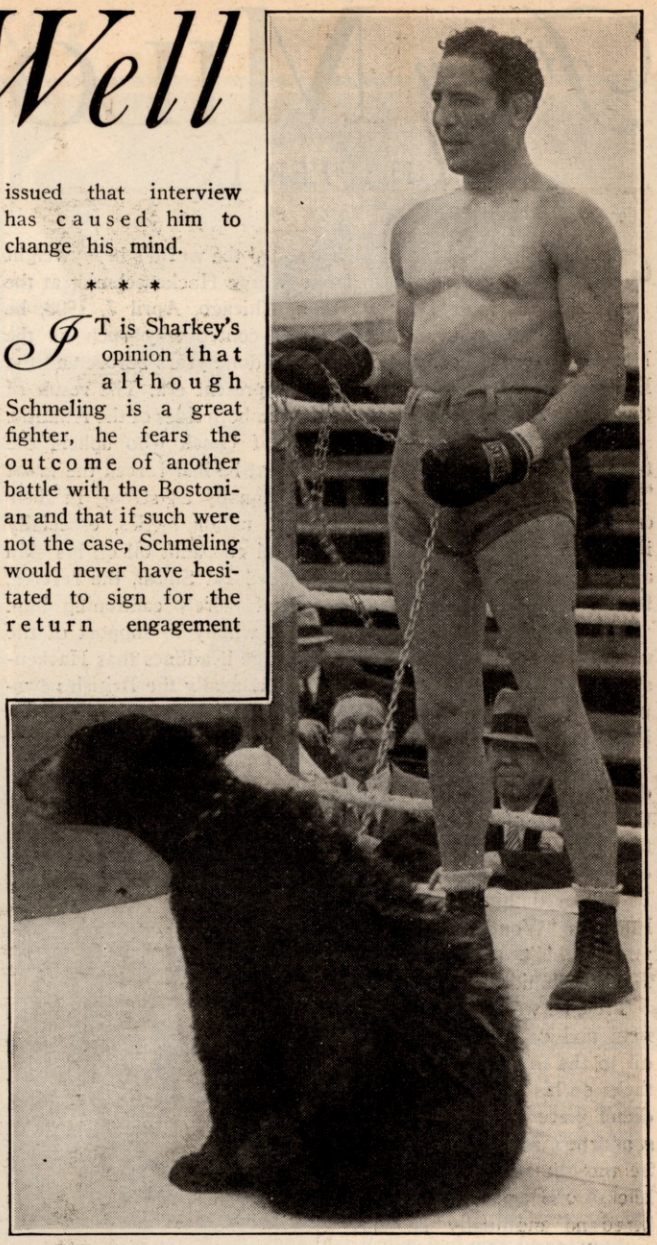
As for the winner of the bout which he promoted, Dempsey has him sewed up for another battle, and if a match can be arranged between the Sharkey-Carnera victor and the Baer-Schmeling winner, Dempsey will undoubtedly have his finger in the pudding. How that will affect the proposed match, is a question that can be decided only after the heavyweight championship mill is over.

In discussing a statement that had been attributed to him by a Boston paper, to the effect that he had declared that he will fight only once this year, win or lose the Carnera bout, Sharkey declared on the day of the official signing that such was not the case. He said that he had never given out that interview, especially that part which had him say that he would fight only once and would not defend the title a second time this year in the event he beat Carnera, because he was opposed to having Uncle Sam take most of his earnings in surtaxes.

Sharkey declared with emphasis that if he wins and Schmeling were returned the victor over Baer, he would not fight again because he feels that Schmeling was given every opportunity to sign for a return bout but refused. The Boston Squire openly has displayed his dislike for Schmeling, whom he characterizes as a fighter who is afraid of the consequences of a third meeting and purposely held off in the hopes that Sharkey would grow old and stale so that a victory could be assured the German. At least that's Sharkey's feeling so far as Schmeling is concerned and I doubt that anything that has happened since he issued that interview has caused him to change his mind.

* * *

IT is Sharkey's opinion that although Schmeling is a great fighter, he fears the outcome of another battle with the Bostonian and that if such were not the case, Schmeling would never have hesitated to sign for the return engagement rather than to sacrifice a chance at regaining the crown to fight a strong contender—Max Baer.



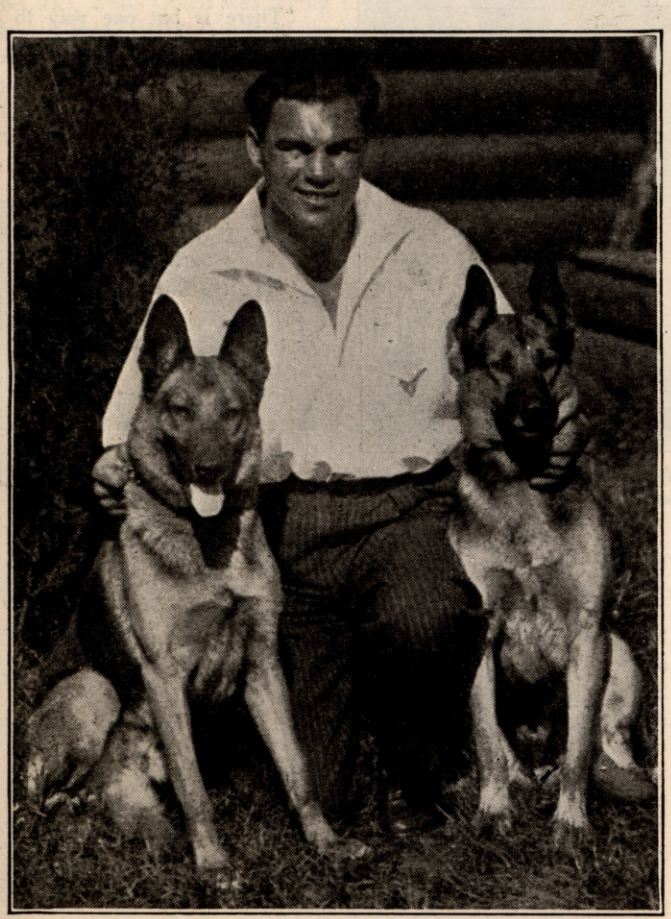
Max Baer posing with a real bear at Atlantic City training camp.

Sharkey says that so far as the government taxes are concerned, they had never been considered by him.

"Why should I consider the taxes. If you had a chance to win $200,000 out of which you had to pay Uncle Sam $100,000 and when all other payments were made you still had about $60,000 for yourself, would you throw such a chance overboard to spite the government? Not on your life. Nor would I.

"That kind of talk is all bunk. The only thing that comes in for consideration is whether the people want a second titular match in the event that I win and if so, is there a competent opponent, one who will make it worth while as an attraction. I've heard everybody say that Schmeling is such a card, but I see no reason why I should go out of my way to give him a chance after what he has done to me.

"He made me take 10 percent of the gate in our last fight, but when the shoe is on the other foot, he declares that he is the drawing card and that if I want him for an opponent I'll have to guarantee him 22 percent. What was good for me, apparently is not so good for him. He thinks that because he was champion, he is entitled to as much now as the title holder is to get and he also thinks that in his case, the rules of our boxing commissions must be changed to favor him, but not so when a true American, which I am, is concerned. When he is ready to take the same percentage he made me accept, I'll agree to give him another opportunity to show he is the master he declares himself.



Max Schmeling is a great lover of outdoor life. At Lake Swananoa, where he was training, he became attached to these two beautiful police dogs with whom he often went on a hike.

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER IX

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

WHEN Frank Gotch wrested the world's heavyweight wrestling crown from George Hackenschmidt at the Dexter Park Pavilion, Chicago, April 3, 1908, he started an international controversy such as the Heenan-Sayers famous fistic battle had done years before and the Dempsey-Tunney "long count" of the present era. The result of that match did more than raise a storm on both sides of the Atlantic.

There were the staunch followers of Gotch who upheld the tactics of the American and declared that he had forced the great "Hack" to quit. There were others, equally as strong in their contention that Gotch had used most unfair tactics, especially in gouging and the use of kerosene and cocoanut oil on his skin and still others who strongly condemned Ed Smith, the referee, for not disqualifying Gotch instead of merely cautioning him.

The American newspapers were not wholly in support of the native son. Many openly declared in huge headlines that Hackenschmidt had received a "raw deal" and naturally the British newspapers took up the cry and it was a repetition of the Heenan-Sayers dispute. Yet, despite all the controversy, the keenest of critics argued that Gotch had rightfully earned the crown and that he had proved his mastery of Europe's "Wonder Man," but you couldn't prove that by Hackenschmidt.

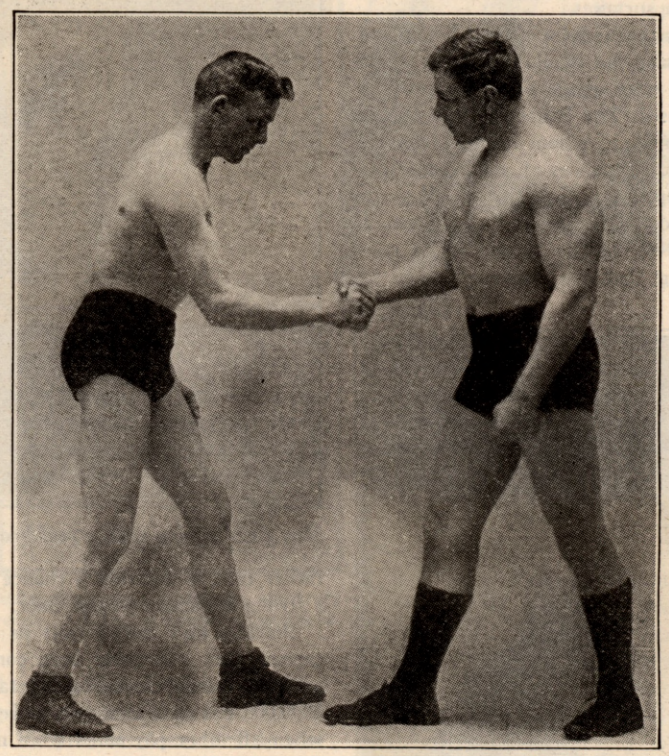
True, he was a game sportsman and decided not to add oil to the fires by vitriolic attacks on his adversary, but he didn't have to do that. His supporters in England, where he was the most popular athlete of the age, did that for him and eventually he was compelled to take cognizance of it and admit his feelings were considerably ruffled.

* * *

BY way of selecting an example of the type of stories that were printed by some of the American leading sports critics, I shall quote only the statement of William F. Kirk, a Hearst writer of repute.

"It is to be deplored that George Hackenschmidt received such a deal in this country. Gotch was bathed in perspiration after a few minutes of wrestling as a result of using a combination of oil and grease on his skin that was invisible before the start of the match but came to the surface within five minutes after the bout got under way and it was impossible for Hackenschmidt to obtain an effective grip. He couldn't get a satisfactory hold any more than a child could hold a greased pig at a country fair. His body was oiled—a direct infraction of the rules.

"Of course Gotch is now entitled to the world championship crown formerly worn by the Russian Lion. He earned it by gouging his thumbs into 'Hack's' eyes, butting the Russian's mouth with a thick skull, punching his nose with his fists and otherwise causing the Russian great mental strain and anguish. He was merciless and should have been compelled by Referee Smith either to play fair, according to the rules of the game, or should have been disqualified."



When Hackenschmidt was in New York, he trained at Bill Brown's gym. Brown is at the left.

Thus we have the story of an eyewitness who was unprejudiced, a writer who looked upon the match only from the point of view of clean sportsmanship. But Ed Smith, the official, didn't quite agree with Kirk. He declared that Hackenschmidt was forced to quit by a wrestler who was his superior and who had outgamed him. Here is part of his public statement:

* * *

"THERE may be some things in the world of wrestling that George Hackenschmidt does well, but outside of quitting more or less gracefully, he did not show that he knew much about the game in his match with Gotch. It must be truthfully said, and in the saying, the foreigner gets all that's coming to him, that Frank Gotch, the Iowa farmer, is a better wrestler than Hackenschmidt in all departments of the sport.

"Yes, one can go further and say that Gotch is a better built man in the catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling, a more powerful man when symmetry, poise, balance and even distribution of weight and power are taken into consideration. Hackenschmidt is the ideal man when it comes to toying with long-barred dumb-bells, a wonder in the London music halls, a regular lion for European nobility, but he is not the great wrestler that European admirers think he is.

"There is but one way to look at this match and that is to say that Gotch made 'Hack' quit by bulling into him and showing him that he, Gotch, knows more about the game than does 'Hack' and that he is a far gamer man in every respect. That's where lies Gotch's superiority.

"Hackenschmidt's boasted strength was not in evidence. His complaint that he could not get a firm grip on Gotch's body was well founded. He simply could not get any sort of a grip on the American champion and had to content himself with squeezing Gotch's wrists and occasionally getting a grip around the Iowa man's biceps and digging his thumbs in good and hard.

"It is my opinion that 'Hack' was completely exhausted when he got off the floor after two hours of pulling and hauling and announced that he had resigned the heavyweight title to Gotch. He did not appear to be so tired, but the gruelling that he received, something entirely unexpected, was too much for him.

"It is doubtful if Hackenschmidt was ever held in a so cramped-up, uncomfortable position for such a long time in his entire career. Gotch kept the wrestler's head pulled down low, constantly tugging at the back of the neck and varying the attacks with grips under the chin and across the bridge of the nose. The 'Powerful Lion' complained bitterly that Gotch was jabbing his thumb into his eye and he complained of many other things, but I do not consider that Gotch's transgressions were worthy of more than a caution."

With this statement, one may draw his own conclusions on

the merits of the controversy. In this story of the rise of American wrestling, we have now given a detailed account of the match and because of the arguments, pro and con, we have recounted the stories of the principals, Gotch, Hackenschmidt and the official referee and with this, we must now call the affair a closed one. There is no doubt that the first Hackenschmidt-Gotch bout takes its place in American wrestling history as does the Sullivan-Corbett bout in pugilism—the most important and most discussed in its field.

* * *

AND now let us go back to Gotch's defense of his crown. About a year and a half before Gotch took the world's title from George Hackenschmidt at Chicago, he had been held to a draw by Dr. B. F. Roller at Seattle, Wash., in a bout that lasted a full hour. As neither gained a fall, one of the first men to come forward to dispute Gotch's claim to the world's honors was Dr. Roller. The two came together in a finish match for the championship at Seattle, July 1, 1908, but Roller was defeated in two straight falls, 15 minutes 25 seconds and 21 minutes 54 seconds, after taxing Frank's capacity to the limit.

Probably no gamer man ever took to the mat than Roller. Faster with his hands and feet than the mighty "Son of Iowa," but handicapped in brute strength, height and weight, Roller gave one of the finest exhibitions of stamina and grit ever witnessed.

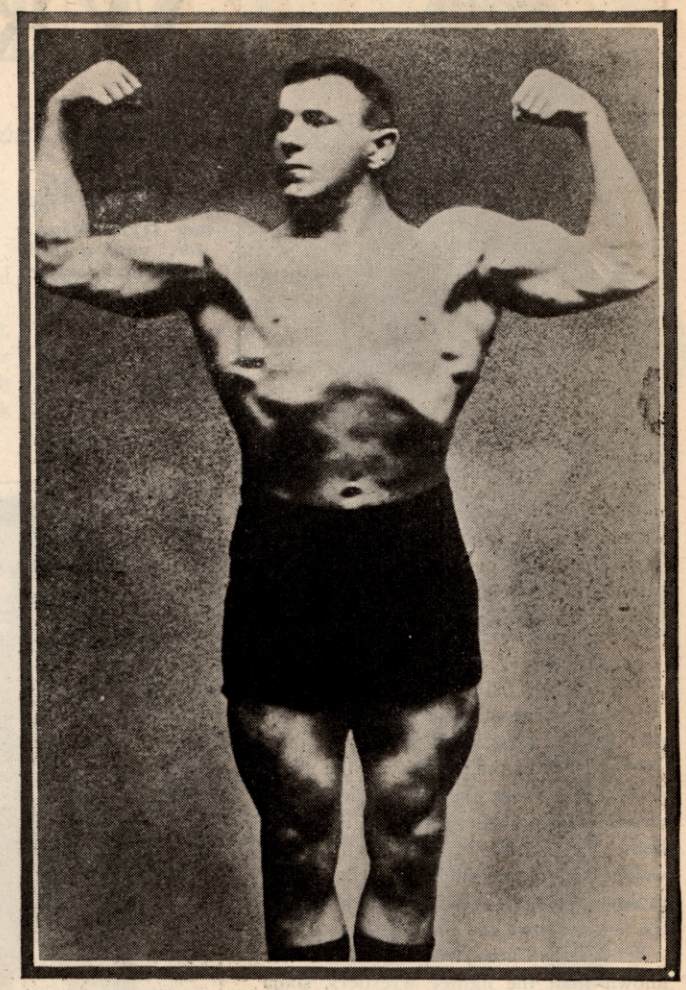
Frank Gotch usually came out with a rush, and the quicker he got his man down, the better he liked it. So it was in the Roller match. They met with a bang in ring center at the call of Referee Eddie Gaffney; and Roller dived for the legs, bringing Gotch down with a crash.

He tried to steal the champion's thunder in clamping on a toe hold, but Gotch assumed a sitting position and then leaped to his feet, at the same time grabbing the doctor about the waist and lifting him shoulder high. He swirled around a few times and then banged Roller to the floor, leaping on top at the same instant.

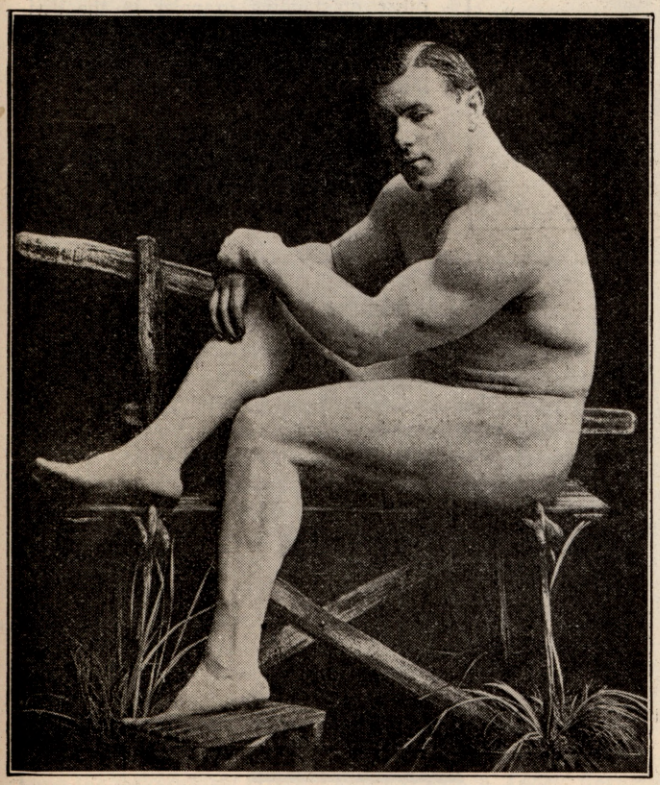
He literally routed Roller off the pad when the doctor locked his legs, while Gotch was trying to get his hand between for a crotch hold. Gaffney ordered the men to the center of the mat and Gotch yanked Roller's feet from underneath him, at the same time standing upon his head. The doctor managed to shake loose, but Gotch followed him to the ropes, throwing his man with a waist lock.

Five times in the next five minutes the champion tried to get his toe hold working and five times Roller kicked his way free. Suddenly shifting his attack, Gotch slipped on a crotch hold and as Roller wriggled forward clamped on a half-nelson.

Frank then swung his left leg over and kneeled on Roller's arm and, with the new shift, both Roller's shoulders slowly caved in to the canvas. It was the first time that Roller had ever been thrown.



Hackenschmidt, the man of "perfect balance."



The "Russian Lion" as he appeared in London Music Halls.

* * *

THE big fellows were allowed fifteen minutes rest before coming out for the second fall and Roller came out fighting mad. The crowd was yelling like mad for the local man and calling for Roller to "scissor him." The Seattle wrestler had defeated Farmer Burns, Westergaard and Beel with his body scissors, but the one time he tried it on Gotch, the champion simply walked out of it.

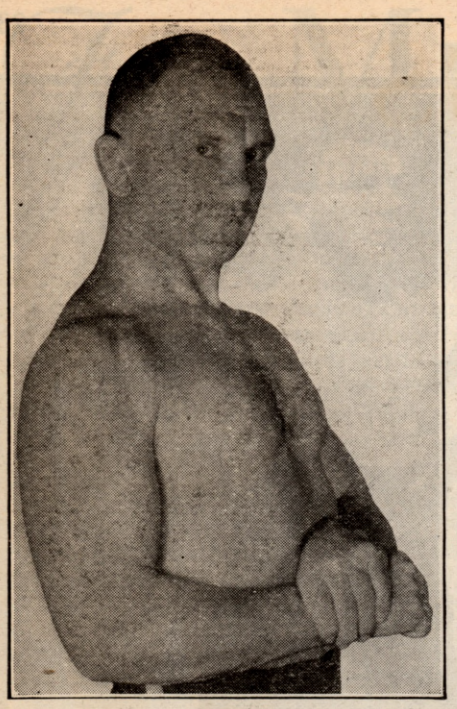
Gotch was smiling broadly as he answered the call for the second bout. He rushed Roller to the ropes and off the mat. Referee Gaffney signalled for the men to come to ring center and Gotch, bending low, lifted Roller up in his arms as though he were a child.

"Where do you want him, Gaffney?" he asked.

The referee pointed to the mat and Gotch slammed his man down hard. Roller jumped to his feet, but Gotch grabbed him by one foot and, lifting it shoulder high, had the doctor hopping about. The crowd cheered at Roller's efforts to keep upright.

For the first time during the bout, Gotch got his toe hold on right. Getting a firm grip on Roller's toes, Gotch slowly worked his thigh in between the doctor's calf and thigh and then began to put the pressure on, bending the foot upward.

Roller lay on his stomach, gripping the canvas with his nails and clinching his teeth in an effort to keep back the pain. Gotch only worked a little closer and held tight. He was waiting for Roller to move his body up the fraction of an inch, just enough to allow him to get his own leg in a trifle closer to the crotch and then increase the pressure to *(Continued on page 35)*



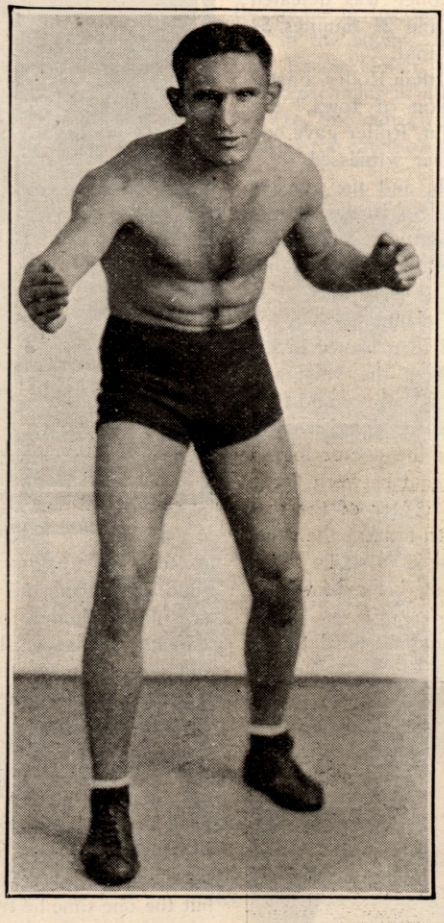
WRESTLING'S

By LOU KLEWER

(Sports Editor, Toledo Blade)

John Herley, former lightweight star, now a promoter and instructor.

Below — Frankie Boehm, clever Cleveland Hungarian light-heavyweight.



ALTHOUGH it is the heavyweight division of the wrestling game that gets most of the publicity in the newspapers, magazines and the movies, many wrestling fans believe that it is in the lighter divisions—in the light-heavyweight, middleweight and welterweight ranks—that they see the best wrestlers, the better shows and the most action.

While the heavyweights are better known than the lighter wrestlers, some of the best grapplers this country has ever seen have been in the lighter ranks. Farmer Burns, considered by many as the greatest grappler that ever drew on a pair of tights, was never more than a light-heavyweight at most, and much of the time was never more than a middleweight.

Wrestlers of years ago, Johnny Billeter, former lightweight champion; Gene Tremblay, lightweight and welterweight king; Matty Matsuda, Chris Jordan, Ralph Parquette and a host of others, never weighed anywhere near the two-hundred-pound mark, yet they were as great wrestlers as were Benny Leonard, Freddie Welsh, Harry Greb, Tiger Flowers and Battling Nelson in the boxing game.

Although it is the heavyweight wrestler that draws the most attention and gets possibly the larger purses, many fans, especially through the middle-West, in the Pacific Northwest and in some sections of the Southwest, would rather see the smaller fellows, for they believe they see better wrestlers, more speed and more action than they do in the bouts between boys weighing over two hundred pounds.

* * *

THE lightweight division in the mat game is now a thing of the past. It was at its best about twenty-five years ago, when Gene Tremblay of Montreal and Johnny Billeter of Toledo were battling back and forth for the championship. The last outstanding lightweights were Steve Graf of Detroit and Johnny Herley of Toledo. Graf has quit the game and Herley is now a welterweight, although he devotes most of his time to promoting and instructing wrestlers. He is still able to shoot it out with practically any welterweight in the game today and appears willing to take on any of them, although most of his work is done in a gymnasium.

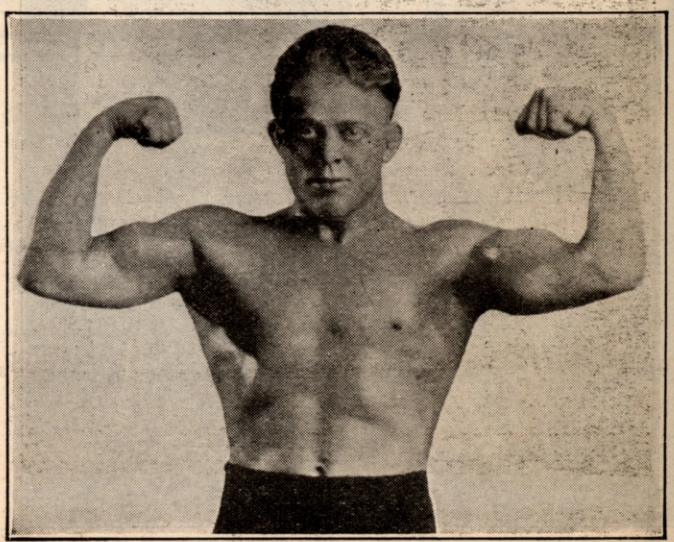
Of the welterweights, Jack Reynolds is still recognized as champion in some localities, although he lost to Wildcat Earl McCann. Reynolds is an old pupil of Farmer Burns and, although Jack, like Maxie Rosenbloom, is a "play boy," he still is too tough for ninety per cent of the welters. Jack, as a play boy, could give lessons to Maxie Rosenbloom, Harry Greb, Jack Johnson or any fighter that ever thought he could stroll the great white way and still keep at the top of his chosen profession.

Of the welterweight contenders, there are a possible half-dozen that rank anywhere near the top of the division. Of these, Billy Hallas, Greek grappler from El Paso, is, pound for pound, one of the toughest and strongest little grapplers that ever appeared on the mat. And Billy is no youngster. He won the National A.A.U. championship back about 1913 and 1914, and he turned professional soon after that. Not a popular performer with the fans, Billy has not been a great drawing card but no other wrestler will question his ability.

* * *

JOHNNY HERLEY, at Toledo, started wrestling as a pupil of the great Johnny Billeter, making his professional debut about 1914 or 1915. Like many other little grapplers, he has taken on men of all weights and has a number of victories over heavyweights to his credit, not public matches, but shooting matches in gymnasiums, where the men forget all about showmanship and pleasing the fans and really go in and wrestle.

Art Perkins, a Detroit welter, is another outstanding grappler in the division, as is Wildcat McCann, who hails from the Pacific Coast. McCann came into quite a bit of publicity recently when he claimed a fluke victory over Jack Reynolds, but Reynolds still holds the title. Johnny Stote, the youngster from Schenectady, is considered one of the best young grapplers in the game. Only



Bobby Chick, Nebraska's star middleweight.

SPEED KINGS

Mat Stars in Lighter Divisions Attract Considerable Attention in the Mid-West

twenty-four, Stote is giving all grapplers plenty of trouble and is soon expected to grow into the middleweight ranks.

He has a hard time making the weight now. Robin Reed, another grappler from the Pacific Coast, was being primed for the title a short time ago, but McCann beat him without much trouble and Robin is having a hard time wrestling his way back among the leading contenders.

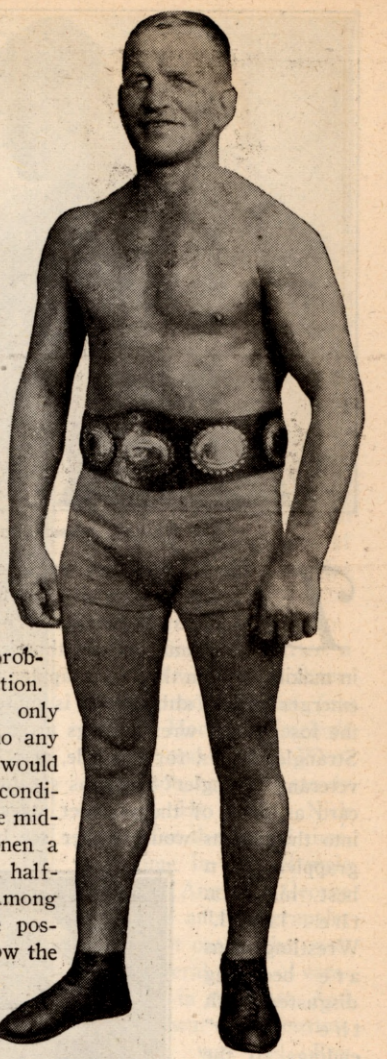
* * *

TWO middleweights are outstanding and it is a question which of the two is the better grappler. Both of them are Finlanders. One is Waino Ketonen, a former Finnish amateur champion, and the other is the better known Gus Kallio, claimant of the middleweight championship.

Kallio had a tough time winning recognition as champion. He formerly made the welterweight limit and chased Jack Reynolds for quite a while without getting a match. Then he went after middleweights, chased Johnny Meyers, Ralph Parcaut and Midget Fisher in an attempt to get a bout and finally won the title in the National Boxing Association's tournament at Cincinnati in 1929.

Ketonen is little known to the majority of the fans. Not a showman, all Ketonen can do is wrestle. Some wrestlers can play with an opponent for a time for the edification of the fans before they throw him, but with Ketonen it is just a case of grab and pin. Waino and Kallio have met a few times without Kallio's title being at stake and Waino has won. A match with the championship at stake probably would result in a three- or four-hour draw.

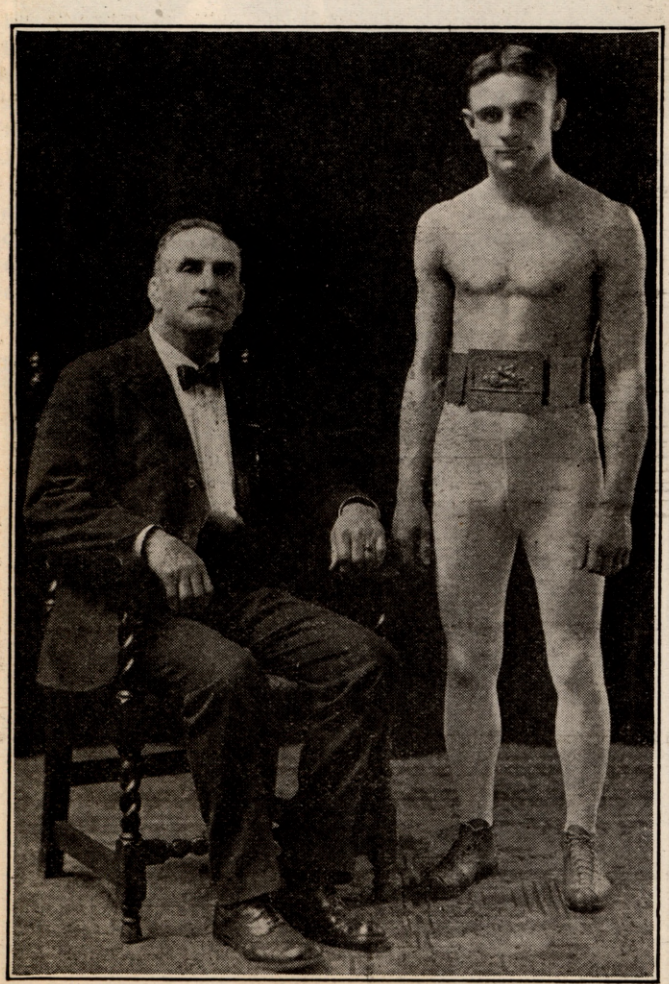
Among wrestlers, Waino probably has the greatest reputation. Reynolds is probably the only welter who could give Waino any kind of a workout, and Jack would have to be in an exceptional condition to do that. Two or three middleweights might give Ketonen a bit of trouble and possibly a half-dozen light-heavyweights. Among the heavyweights, there are possibly a dozen who might throw the one-hundred-and-fifty-five-pound Finn inside of half an hour and there aren't twenty in the country who could throw him if they tried all night.



Gus Kallio, recognized world's middleweight champion

It took Joe Malciwiecz of Utica more than an hour to throw Ketonen, and Joe is no soft heavyweight. Waino, working out with the rugged John Kilonis, threw the Greek one-hundred-and-eighty-pounder twice in seven minutes on the gymnasium mat, and there are few heavyweights who could do that to Gentleman John.

Of the remainder of the middleweights, Bobby Chick of Nebraska ranks close to the top, but Bobby had a hard time making the limit. Otis Klingman of Amarilla, Texas, Buck Weaver of Indianapolis, and Sailor Watkins of Texas are three other middleweights who can make it interesting for any other men in their division. Klingman and Watkins are former United States Navy champions and Weaver has been wrestling since his high school days, when he won the Indiana state amateur title.



Jack Reynolds, shown with his tutor, Farmer Burns, when Jack won the welterweight crown a dozen years ago. Today, Reynolds' ears are bulbous cauliflowers.

* * *

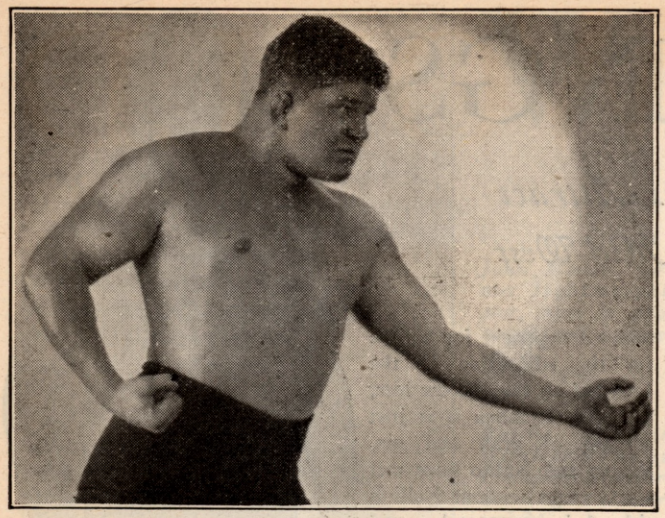
AMONG the light-heavyweights, Number One position lies between Frank Woolf, a German grappler from New York City, and Hughie Nichols of Mexia, Texas. Nichols won the title from Joe Banaski in the N. B. A. tournament at Cincinnati some years ago and held it without any trouble until a short time ago when Woolf defeated him in Dallas, Texas.

Nichols is a showier, classier looking grappler than Woolf, but the German is a past master in the art of hooking and applying wrist locks. Woolf is always in condition, as stern a trainer and liver as Gus Kallio, while Nichols is inclined to take things easy now and then. Hughie is also bothered a bit now by a trick knee, while Woolf is as solid and rugged as Gibraltar.

August Sepp, another Finlander from Seattle, also rates well up in the ranks of the light-heavyweights and could give either Woolf or Nichols plenty of trouble. Like Woolf, he has often been used as a policeman by promoters using the little wrestlers to keep out the heavyweights. There *(Continued on page 35)*

NEWS of

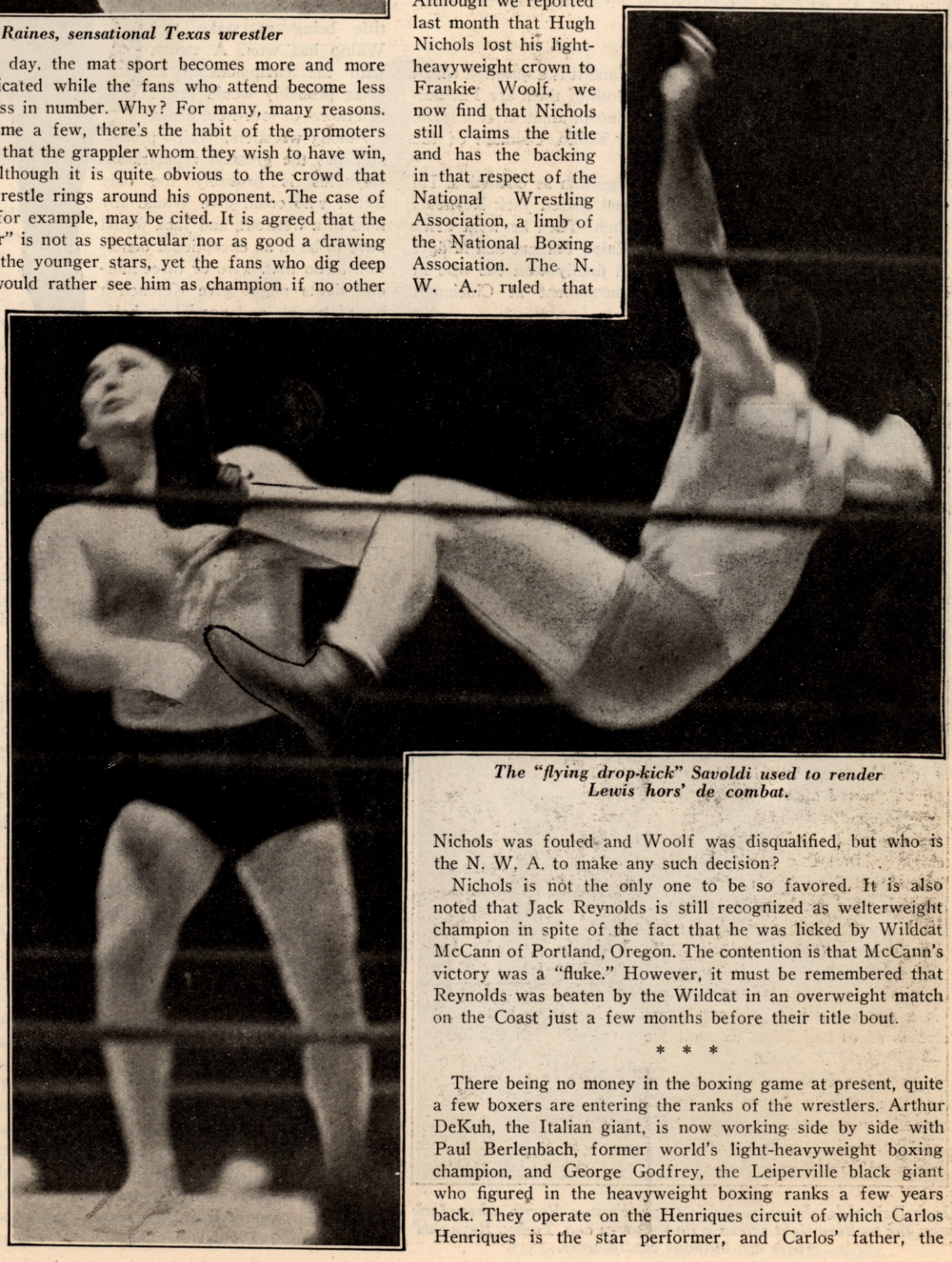
By "TEX" AUSTIN



Dick Raines, sensational Texas wrestler

DAY by day, the mat sport becomes more and more complicated while the fans who attend become less and less in number. Why? For many, many reasons. To name a few, there's the habit of the promoters in making certain that the grappler whom they wish to have win, emerges victor, although it is quite obvious to the crowd that the loser could wrestle rings around his opponent. The case of Strangler Lewis, for example, may be cited. It is agreed that the veteran "Strangler" is not as spectacular nor as good a drawing card as some of the younger stars, yet the fans who dig deep into their jeans would rather see him as champion if no other grappler can best him "on the level." Wrestling fans are becoming disgusted with the "phoney" endings to the matches they've witnessed in the past months. Such tactics are slowly destroying the sport and promoters should come to such realization. They haven't the foresight to see that by giving the public a well - balanced, on-the-level set of matches, the fans will flock to their shows. No, they'd rather have the main bout of the night put on last so that the eleven o'clock curfew halts the proceedings and enables them to rematch the main - eventers. They'd rather mislead the public in their publicity and showcards, but they fail to realize that the public has been wised up to those abuses and makes itself conspicuous by remaining at home. It's rather hard to believe that promoters could be so dumb. Wake up, you promoters, before the sport goes into a long slumber, just as it did some years back.

The heavyweight wrestlers are not the only ones to be blamed. The smaller men are fast emulating their heavier brethren. Although we reported last month that Hugh Nichols lost his light-heavyweight crown to Frankie Woolf, we now find that Nichols still claims the title and has the backing in that respect of the National Wrestling Association, a limb of the National Boxing Association. The N. W. A. ruled that Nichols was fouled and Woolf was disqualified, but who is the N. W. A. to make any such decision?



The "flying drop-kick" Savoldi used to render Lewis hors' de combat.

Nichols is not the only one to be so favored. It is also noted that Jack Reynolds is still recognized as welterweight champion in spite of the fact that he was licked by Wildcat McCann of Portland, Oregon. The contention is that McCann's victory was a "fluke." However, it must be remembered that Reynolds was beaten by the Wildcat in an overweight match on the Coast just a few months before their title bout.

* * *

There being no money in the boxing game at present, quite a few boxers are entering the ranks of the wrestlers. Arthur DeKuh, the Italian giant, is now working side by side with Paul Berlenbach, former world's light-heavyweight boxing champion, and George Godfrey, the Leiperville black giant who figured in the heavyweight boxing ranks a few years back. They operate on the Henriques circuit of which Carlos Henriques is the star performer, and Carlos' father, the

the MAT WORLD

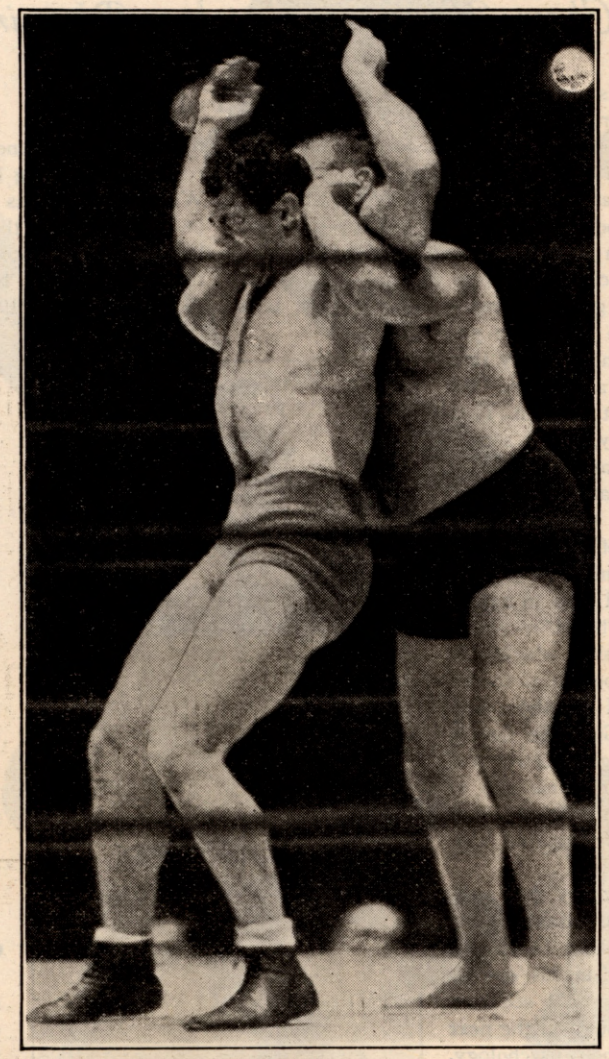
promoter. DeKuh and Godfrey are both being built up, as witness the draw Arthur received with Carlos, and the stopping of the Godfrey-Henriques match as no-contest after the Cuban and George had mixed it with punches. In that bout, Godfrey was floored for a long count.

* * *

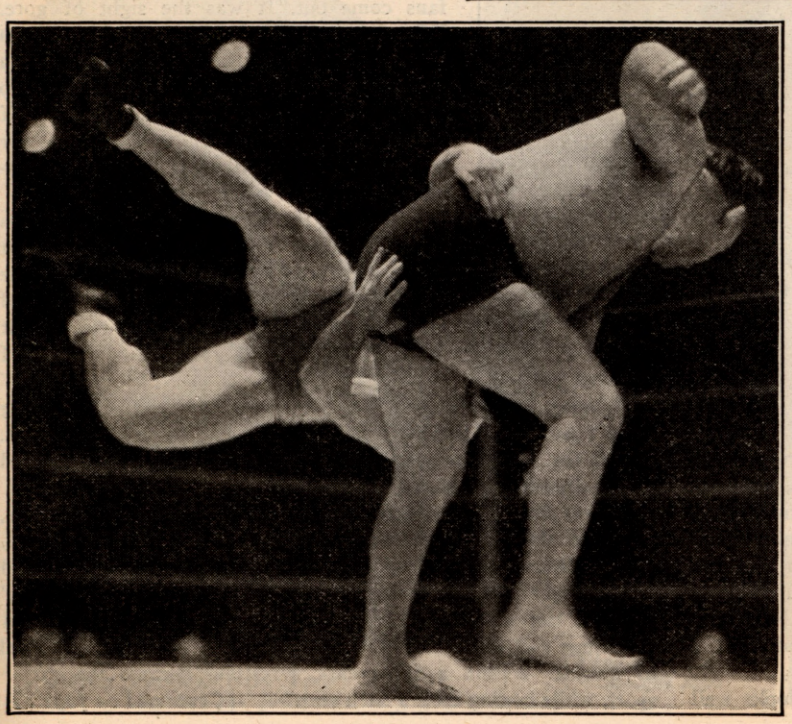
The long distance firing between the Curley and the Londos camps in the East, continued with added impetus last month. After Joe Savoldi had hurled himself out of the ring to lose his first match with Strangler Lewis, the Strangler, following the boos of the crowd, issued a public statement in which he declared that he would post $10,000 as a forfeit if he couldn't throw Pesek, McMillen, Steinke and Zaharias the same night, and that he would add an additional $10,000 if he could induce Londos, whom he has beaten fourteen times, to meet him again.

This elicited a reply from Steinke, who asked Lewis to forget all about the others and consider only him. Steinke went a step further and declared that he would post $10,000 as a charity gift the moment that Lewis, who he claims has avoided him for more than five years, would affix his signature to a contract to meet the big German. Whereupon Jack Curley came to Lewis' rescue with a statement that such a match wouldn't draw flies and suggested that Lewis and Steinke meet in George Bothner's Gymnasium. That's ridiculous!

And so it goes. You don't find personal attacks of that type in the boxing game. Why cannot wrestling be conducted in the same manner as is boxing? There's a real high-class match, a Steinke-Lewis contest. Why not give the fans a treat by clinching it?



Lewis clamps a full nelson on Joe Savoldi. Note how Joe is fast emulating Jimmy Londos' expressions and acting.



Strangler Lewis using the flying mare on "Jumping Joe".

Don George is still recognized as champion in New England due to his throwing Lewis in a two-out-of-three falls match in the Boston Garden. Toe holds did the trick each time, but since when has Lewis become a victim for that particular hold? And since when is Savoldi's pet, the flying drop-kick, within the rules? To those who don't know, it is nothing more than a kick in the face or body with both feet after a flying leap. If that's wrestling, I'm Napoleon.

* * *

Jim Browning, after a string of victories as champion around the East, followed Horace Greeley's advice and went West. There too, he was a steady winner. He threw Nick Lutze for the second time, this time in the Olympic at Los Angeles. George Hagen is another grappler who went out to the coast after several years of campaigning in the East. And then down in Houston, Texas, we find Roy (Father) Lumpkin, who made quite a name for himself on the college football gridirons, now adding to his drawing power as a professional wrestler. He has become quite a favorite in the Southern cities.

From far off China comes word of the mat bouts between the sailors of Uncle Sam's Asiatic Fleet, and the devil-dogs stationed in the Far East. Johnny Walker, of the *U. S. S. Whipple* informs us that the Navy men are ahead of their land-lubbing fellow-fighters when it comes to picking 'em up and tossing 'em around. Johnny is recognized as Navy middleweight champion, and second best in the light-heavyweight ranks. Domineering both the heavies and light-heavies, is Oscar Urquhart, probably the finest wrestler the Navy ever turned out and a former pupil of Farmer Burns. The Navy and Marine matmen supply the thrills at weekly smokers at their summer base in Chefoo.

Another one of those queer commission rulings—Out in Hollywood, California, George Hagen and Wong Bok Cheung were booked for the Hollywood Legion mat show, but when it came time for them to go on, neither could be found. The next day the papers stated that they were to appear under Lou Daro's banner. The commission then suspended Cheung but not Hagen. You figure that one out, it's too deep for me.

He Thrives *on* Jeers

Dick Daviscourt Prides Himself on Being the Originator of the "Chaw-Hammer" Knockout Blow in Wrestling

By HARRY HOOPER

CALIFORNIA has turned out many great boxers in the last forty years, pugilists who have reached the top rung of the ladder in a number of divisions, but it is only in recent times that the Coast has produced wrestlers who have supplanted the boxers in point of athletic prestige. Among the crop of matmen who have come to the fore in the last ten years is Dick Daviscourt, known to the followers of the sport as the "rough-house grappler" but who, in reality, is a mild, well-mannered orange grower in private life. Dick puts on a "show" every time he enters the ring, because, as he says, "the crowd wants it, so I give it to them. They like to see rough-house play, and I satisfy their desire by engaging in cave-man stunts."

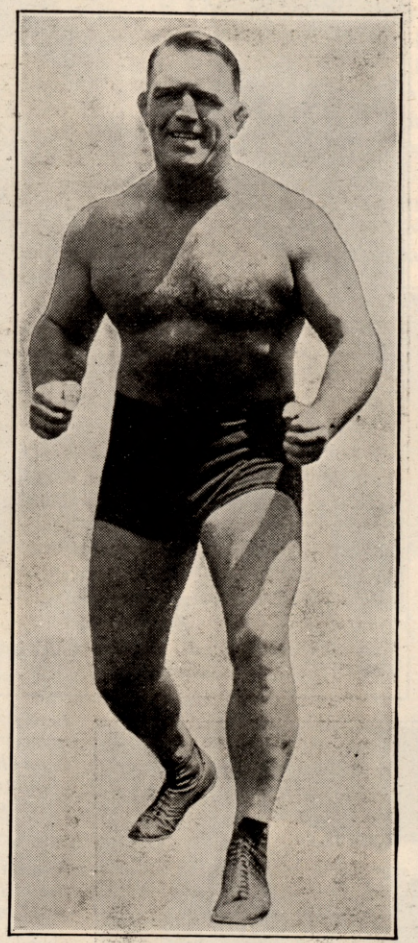
And so we get the first-hand information from the wrestler himself, that the fights he stages with opponent or official, the gouging, biting, kicking, pummeling and slapping are all part of his well-laid plan to satisfy the customers' desire for "blood."

"Yes," said Dick, when asked whether he thought such tactics were beneficial to the sport, "they certainly are. I use those that appeal to the customers. Give the fans a tame battle, such as Strangler Lewis and Ray Steele engaged in some time ago at Madison Square Garden, and the crowd is ready to hurl bottles or anything that happens to be handy.

"They want action. They cry for gore. Toss a man out of the ring; stand on his chest. Boot him as he is about to rise to his feet; stick your finger in his eye or clout him on the chin and you'll see how the customers will flock to see you the next time out. That's simply mob psychology. Naturally the crowd jeers and hurls its hoots and catcalls, but I thrive on those."

* * *

AND a close study of the wrestling fans at various shows around New York convinces the writer that Dick has the correct dope. Yet to meet Daviscourt in his home life, you'd never take him for the rough-neck type of wrestler known to the mat fans. He is one of a school composed of Rudy Dusek, George Zaharias, Tiny Roebuck and Dick Raines, men who set out to make wrestling popular through rough-and-tumble means, and they certainly have succeeded.



Rough? You said it! Dick Daviscourt loves the rough going.

Like the majority of boxers, Daviscourt decided that his family name needed changing when he turned professional wrestler, so he took the mat name of Dick Daviscourt, although he was christened Nicholas Jacob de Wiscourt. During the off season he may be found in San Diego County, California, where he has an orange orchard and where he lives with his wife and children. There he is known as a good daddy, a church-going resident who has always come to the aid of charity. Far from the "terror of the ring," the man who put the tricks of the old bar-room brawls into wrestling!

"Rough-house Richard" the fans call him, and his looks well fit the title. With ears so twisted out of shape that they look like two huge cauliflowers, nose flattened like that of the punch-drunk fighter, Dick resembles anything but the gentle orange grower of the Golden West. His wife has often asked Dick to have a surgeon operate on the ears to get them somewhat back to normal, but Daviscourt laughs at her discomfiture by telling her that it's the money that counts and he has made plenty of that with his fierce looks since the year of 1924.

People watching Dick spar, have often wondered why he never followed the sport of boxing. I asked him about it and he smiled as he replied:

"Funny, that's just what I was before I turned wrestler. You see these cauliflower ears. Well, I might have had them and nothing more to show for the disfigurement, had I remained in the field in which I started. Yes, it was boxing.

"I liked the sport and became a pro fighter but I had an inspiration that I could do much better as a wrestler, so I gave up boxing only to find that all the money was in pugilism and little in wrestling. But I decided that I had to do something to help myself, so I figured that if a good scrap were occasionally put on in a wrestling match, the fans would soon turn out because they'd see both a fist fight and a mat contest and as things turned out, I was right.

* * *

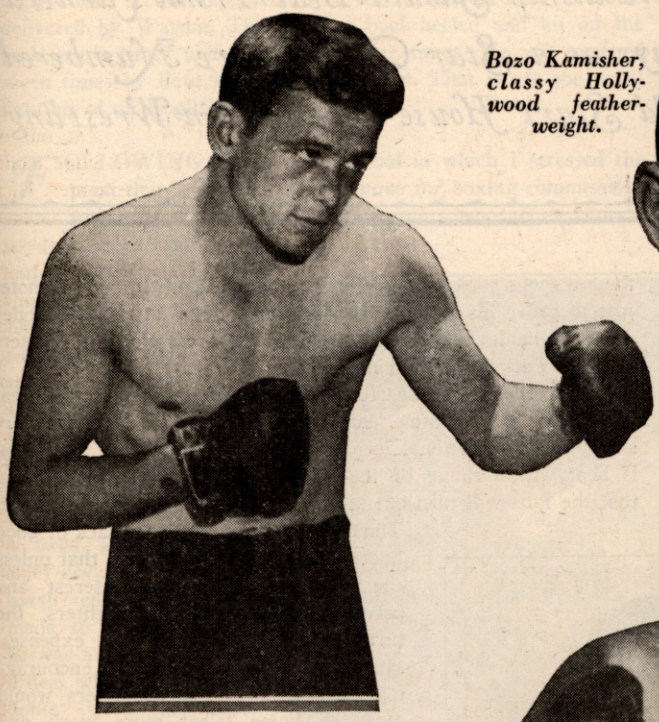
"WRESTLING had become too sissified. There was too much tugging and too little real, fierce action. From my experience in the ring, I knew what made the fans come out. It was the sight of gore. When they realized that there might be a knockout, or that the battle would be a bloody affair, the house was a sell out. So I decided to give them such a mill even if I were disqualified and to build up for wrestling that which made boxing so popular.

"Although the use of the fists or elbows was prohibited, there was nothing against using the forearms and so I invented the 'Chaw-hammer,' a knockout blow delivered to the chin with the right forearm. I first used it in St. Louis in January, 1925, on Jimmy Londos, and I knocked him cold.

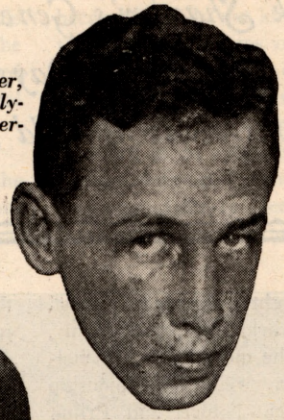
"Londos, like today, was so popular that the people, following what I had done to him, rushed the ring and there was a riot. A call for the police was put through and I had to be escorted to my dressing room and later to the club.

"I was barred from appearing in St. Louis for thirty days, but when the ban was lifted, my services were much in demand. And all because I had applied boxing tactics to wrestling and had brought about unusual excitement in an otherwise 'tame' sport! I can safely say that it was my new stunt that revived wrestling and made the sport in the middle-West a close rival of boxing. Within a few years, wrestling became the major sport, while boxing took a back seat." *(Continued on page 35)*

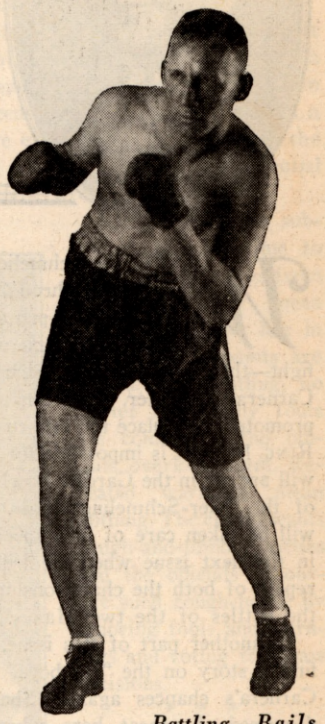
Fistic Flashes



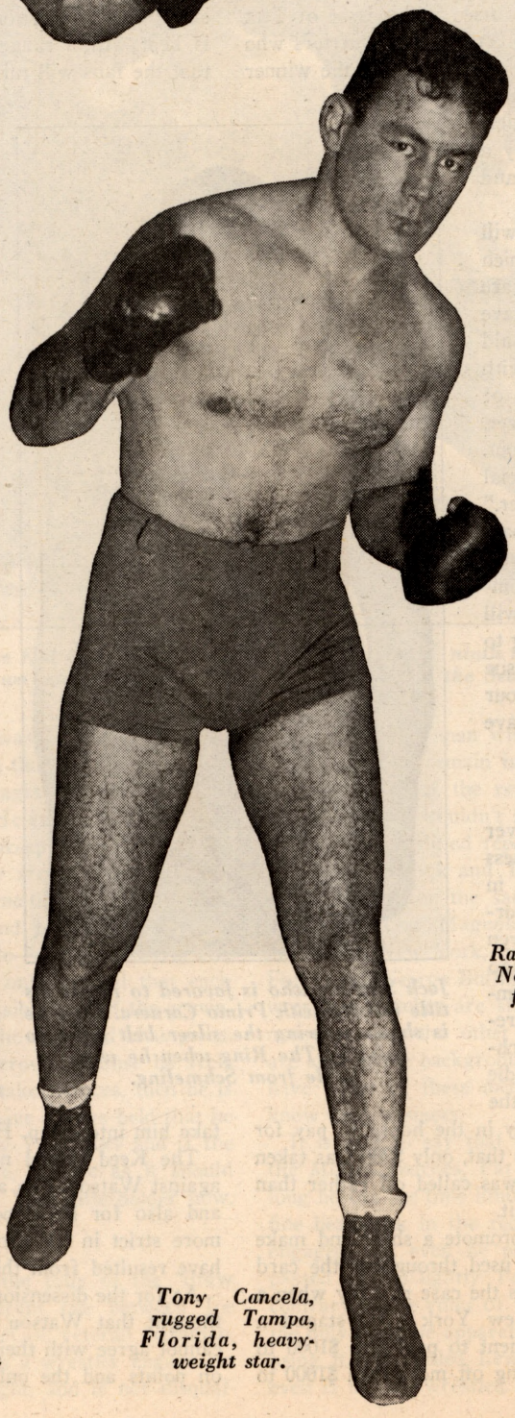
Patsy Pasculli, New York 140-pounder, is a hard hitter.



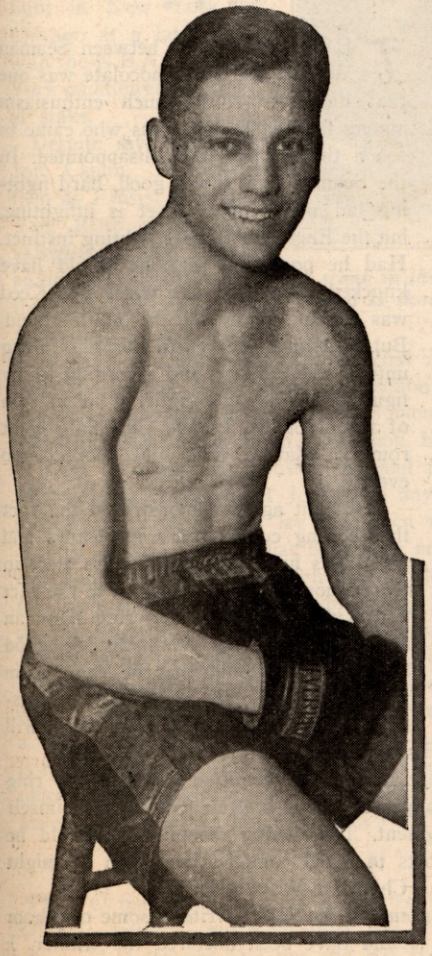
Bozo Kamisher, classy Hollywood featherweight.



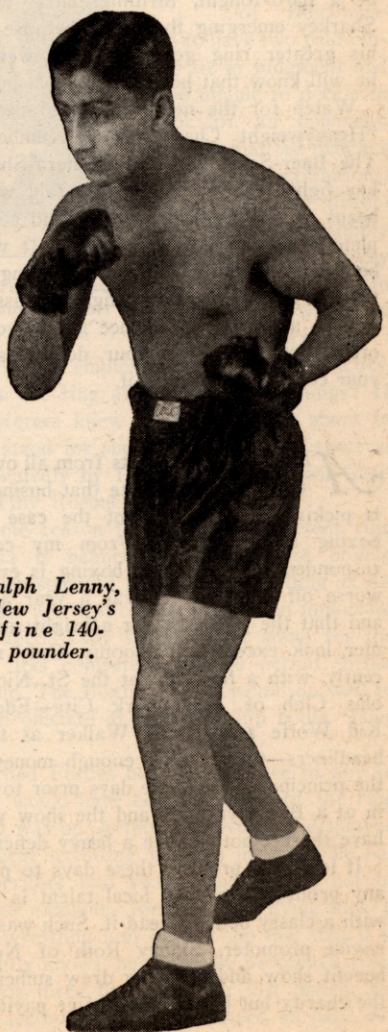
Battling Bails, Oklahoma's tough middleweight.



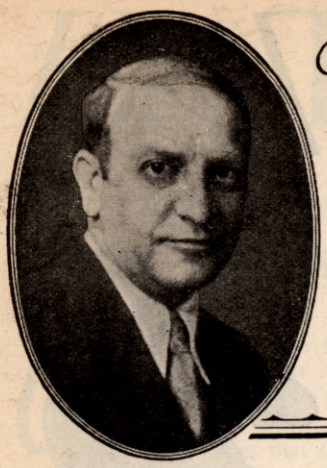
Tony Cancela, rugged Tampa, Florida, heavyweight star.



Jimmy Fantini, New York's Italian lightweight prospect.



Ralph Lenny, New Jersey's fine 140-pounder.



Nat FLEISCHER says:

Jack Sharkey's Generalship Should Beat Primo Carnera
Kid Chocolate's Days as a Star Fighter are Numbered
Commissions Should Start House Cleaning in Wrestling

WITH the Schmeling-Baer fight a thing of the past, fight fans throughout the world, especially in Italy, are arguing pro and con, the merits of the principals in the next world's heavyweight championship fight—that between Jack Sharkey, present holder, and Primo Carnera, contender. Unfortunately, the bout that Jack Dempsey promoted took place too late to be discussed in this issue of THE RING, hence it is impossible for me to compare the warriors who will appear in the Garden Bowl late this month, with the winner of the Baer-Schmeling affair, but that will be taken care of in a special article in the next issue when we will carry a report of both the championship tilt and the battles of the two Maxes.

In another part of this issue, you will find a story on the "big boys" in which Carnera's chances against Sharkey are discussed. I repeat here what I have already said, namely, that the bout should be a hard-fought, thrilling battle with Sharkey emerging the victor because of his greater ring generalship. However, he will know that he has been in a bout.

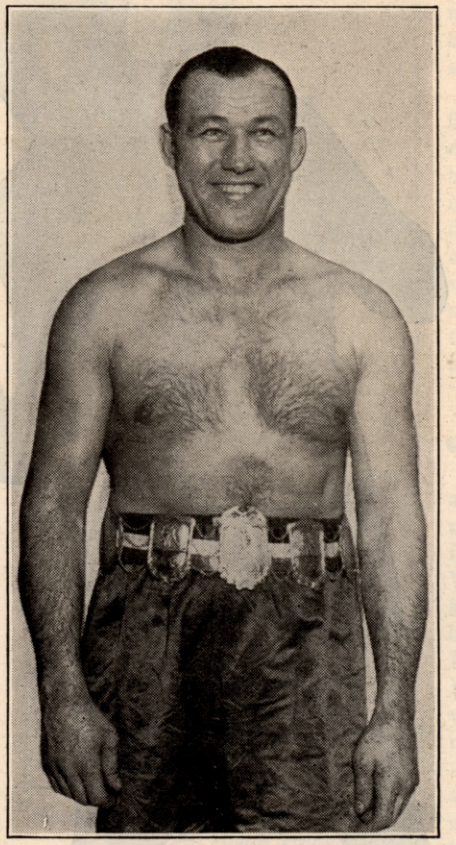
Watch for the next issue, the special "Heavyweight Championship Number." The Baer-Schmeling and Carnera-Sharkey fights will be graphically told with heaps of fine ringside pictures and complete stories written by experts. It will be a number well worth saving. Owing to the late date of the titular fight, the issue will be a limited one, hence get in your order now and have your dealer save your copy or you'll miss it.

* * *

ALTHOUGH reports from all over the country indicate that business is picking up, such is not the case in boxing and wrestling. From my correspondents I learn that boxing is even worse off now than it was a year ago and that the prospects for a bright summer look exceedingly gloomy. Only recently, with a fine card at the St. Nicholas Club of New York City—Eddie Kid Wolfe and Paulie Walker as the headliners—there wasn't enough money in the house to pay for the principals. And three days prior to that, only $200 was taken in at a Brooklyn Club and the show was called off rather than have the promoters face a heavy deficit.

It is a real problem these days to promote a show and make any profit unless good local talent is used throughout the card with a classy bout to head it. Such was the case recently when a novice promoter, Sidney Roth of New York City, staged a benefit show and not only drew sufficient to pay over $1000 to the charity but had a profit after paying off more than $1000 to the boys who took part in the programme, Roth turned promoter just to prove his point that with a good local attraction, money could be made and he succeeded where professional promoters in New York had failed miserably.

The overhead expenses for an extraordinary card is too great these days to overcome, but when half a dozen matches are staged with exceptional local talent and the price of admission is kept within range of the average pocketbook, Roth proved that the fans will turn out in numbers sufficient to yield a profit. The trouble is that there is a lack of good home talent in most cities and that unless the show is of unusual interest and between nationally-known fighters, the turnout is too small to meet expenses. Hence the greater reason for encouraging local boys. If the promoters would give the home talent more work and develop good local attractions, they would profit in the long run.



Jack Sharkey who is favored to retain his title in bout with Primo Carnera. Here he is shown wearing the silver belt given to him by The Ring when he won title from Schmeling.

* * *

THE recent contest between Seaman Watson and Kid Chocolate was one that did not arouse much enthusiasm among the 15,000 fight fans who came to see a thriller but were disappointed. In the Seaman they saw a good, hard fighting lad whose chief asset is infighting, but the Englishman lacks fighting instinct. Had he possessed that, he would have knocked Chocolate out when the Keed was all in, following the tenth round. But Watson preferred to just plod along until it was too late, and according to my figures, he lost the fight by a margin of three rounds. I gave Chocolate eight rounds, Watson five, and scored two even.

The fight again demonstrated the fact that boxing commission's inspectors and physicians have not been on the alert in recent months. I call attention to the fact that Kid Chocolate is suffering from an ailment that is not conducive to good boxing and I doubt that he ever again will be the Chocolate of old. Any aggressive fighter of the Kid Berg type will take him into camp. His days as a star are numbered.

The Keed should not have been permitted to enter the ring against Watson. His appearance was both dangerous for himself and also for his opponent. The boxing commission should be more strict in its efforts to avoid complications such as might have resulted from the Chocolate-Watson mill.

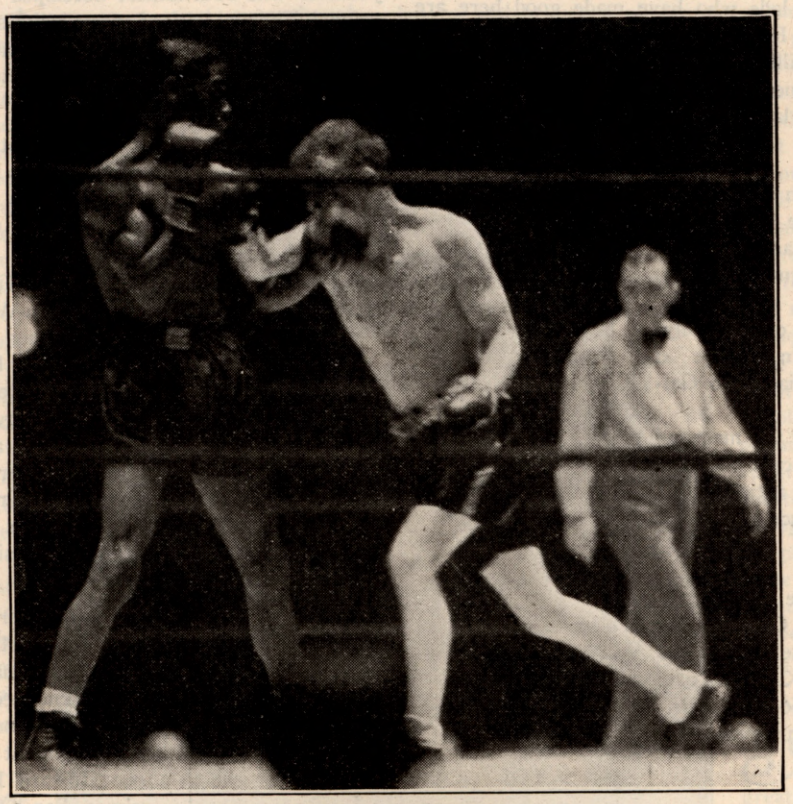
As for the dissension among the sports writers, some of whom thought that Watson should have been declared the winner, I cannot agree with their point of view. Chocolate was well ahead on points and the only way that he could have been whipped,

would have been by a knockout. Watson is a good infighter, but he lacks class. Perhaps as he gains experience, he will use better judgment and learn how to use his "noodle."

Incidentally, I wonder how Watson is able to get away with his style of milling in England where the officials are exceedingly strict, or are supposed to be so. I registered eleven fouls delivered by Watson. The Seaman back-heeled and hit on the beak seven times and struck low four times. He was warned seven times by Pete Hartley, the referee. That is not the usual fighting of an Englishman.

* * *

FOLLOWING my recent editorial in which I stressed the point that it would be a fine move for boxing commissions to ban forever fighters and managers who act in concert to defraud the public, I had a call from Hymie Caplin, manager of Ben Jeby, and Hymie protested vigorously against my stand. He declared that I was unjustified in taking the part of the Mayor of Cleveland and his boxing commission in calling the Jeby-Gorilla Jones fight a fixed affair. Hymie's chief cry was against the harsh comment I had made to the effect that he was a willing party to a deal whereby Jeby and Jones were to waltz through ten rounds to save themselves for a world's championship fight in New York or Chicago at a later date, with the N.B.A. and New York middleweight crown at stake.



A scene in the Kid Chocolate-Seaman Watson fight in the ninth round. The Cuban is shown making Watson miss and countering to the Seaman's jaw.

Despite my friendship for Caplin, I insisted then as I insist now that THE RING will always safeguard the public against fraud battles and that if in my opinion the facts justify the action, THE RING will not hesitate to do what was carried out in last month's editorial. It is Caplin's contention that before writing an editorial condemning a fighter and his manager, I should first give a hearing to each and obtain his version. He says that in the case of Jeby, there was no collusion. He had accepted the contract to fight Gorilla Jones and if Jones had any arrangement with his mentor, Suey Welsh, to lay low, then neither knew about it.

It is Caplin's opinion that both Jeby and Jones gave the best they had and that because each held a title—one the N.B.A., and the other the New York crown—it was only natural that each did his utmost to protect himself from possible loss of the crown.

That being the case, I feel sorry for the so-called champions. When a champion is afraid to risk his crown because he feels it is so valuable that he cannot afford to take chances, then he is a mighty poor specimen. As for Jeby, I have always held that he is not the champion except so far as New York goes and if the officials had judged his fight with Vince Dundee as it should have been, he would not even be a New York title-holder now.

* * *

NO match in wrestling illustrated the folly of the "draw verdict" more so than the recent one between Joe Malcewicz of Utica and Pat McGill, veteran Irishman, staged in Madison Square Garden. When a wrestler engages in such foul tactics as McGill used that night, and is not disqualified, the least that the judges could do to penalize the culprit would be to award the verdict to his opponent at the end of the bout when no fall has been scored. But the judges, who are paid good American money for doing absolutely nothing, sit by and render a draw decision for no other reason, apparently, than because they do not know their wrestling and are serving simply to satisfy the whims of some political leader.

It is simply beyond comprehension how anyone with the least knowledge of the finer points of wrestling can call a match a draw in wrestling; for in that sport, there never yet have been two men in the ring who have been so equal in skill as to merit a divided decision. But how can we expect anything else when the majority of the referees as well as the judges lack the essential knowledge to make them competent wrestling officials?

And while on the subject, I think it time to eliminate the judges from wrestling. They mean nothing. It is not like in boxing where points are scored. In wrestling, no matter how many fouls are committed, the officials overlook them. Repeated warnings mean nothing. The crowd wants rough-and-tumble tactics and the officials encourage such rough-house by ignoring fouls and warnings and voting for draw decisions.

* * *

IT seems to me to be the height of ridiculousness to have two paid officials sit in judgment and to be unable to decide in favor of an opponent. The fact that the matches are billed as exhibitions, should make no difference. If they are simply exhibitions, then why force the promoters to pay for judges who have no work to perform?

Why should a man who has employed the foulest of tactics, be permitted to remain in the ring after repeated warnings? If ninety percent of the referees knew what it was all about in wrestling, they wouldn't stand for such travesty on the sport as has been exemplified repeatedly by Pat McGill, Zaharias, Garibaldi, Rudy Dusek and Tiny Roebuck, among others.

Apparently for the same reason that such a competent ring official as Lou Magnolia is banned from important boxing matches in New York, such splendid referees of wrestling as Ed Forbes and George Bothner are kept off the card when important wrestling matches are staged. They simply won't stand for the nonsense that the other less competent officials permit, hence are kept in the background. The Boxing Board would do well to have either of these men officiate at championship bouts. They know their business.

It is safe to say that had Forbes been the referee in any of the McGill matches, Pat would have been flung out of the ring long before the time limit was up. Arthur Donovan has displayed fine headwork in the recent wrestling matches in which he has engaged, but even he permits foul tactics that should not be passed off too lightly. For example, Joe Savoldi's flying kick is contrary to the rules of wrestling and despite the fact that it is the only thing he apparently knows, he should be prohibited from using it. He fouled Lewis three times in their last match, but even if he had wrestled according

(Continued on page 34)

In Sunny California

By SKIPPY JOYCE

CALIFORNIA should have a good outdoor season, judging by the number of boys from all over the country who are coming here in quest of fights. Unfortunately, the lads and their managers fail to realize that things are no different in the Golden West than they are in the East and, unless a fighter is a top-notcher, he stands little opportunity to make any headway here. Among the Eastern boys who are now appearing in California rings are Joe Glick, Andy DiVodi, Archie Bell and Freddie Miller, the N. B. A. feather king. Among the Oriental lads who have made good here are Young Tommy of Manila, Pancho Villa, Speedy Dado, Young Nationalista and Varias Milling. These, combined with the two star Mexicans, Baby Arizmendi and Baby Face Casanova, are among the best of the lads showing in Coast battles at present.

The whole fight situation around San Francisco has changed. We have a new promoter in the town's largest indoor arena and the fresh air magnates seem to have fallen face forward.

The former guiding light of the Hollywood Stadium is now in charge at Dreamland. He is the genial Tom Gallery.

Frisco fans haven't quite yet made up their minds whether to accept the new impresario. He's rather in a tight place and it's up to him to produce the goods.

The wheel-chair brigade pushed up poor old rubber-tired K. O. Christner for a main event bout with LeRoy Haines here and Haines won by a K.O. The gate grossed $526. Haines got $66 and Christner $49.50. Draw your own moral.

Young Firpo, Burke, Idaho, miner, tossed away a chance to make himself a championship contender. George Manley was signed to fight Mickey Walker in San Francisco and Firpo in Portland the week before. What did Firpo do but knock Manley out in a couple of rounds and break up the Walker-Firpo tilt. The bout was called off.

Promoters offered Firpo the chance at Mickey Walker, but the Idaho Italian held out for a fifty per cent gross (which, when you consider Walker and Kearns taking sixty-six and two-thirds) didn't leave much for the house. The only alternative was putting in Manley with Walker, which bout, of course, was won by Mickey.

Emmett Rocco came to the Coast with a frayed reputation. He was knocked out in Frisco by John Henry Lewis. His record gave him a Pasadena shot and Billy Papke, Jr., stiffened him in two rounds.

Frank Rowsey was hailed as a world beater by a few Los Angeles sports writers, but looked pretty puny when he got in the ring. Tom Patrick gave him a decisive whipping.

Dynamite Jackson began his comeback by winning a six-round decision over Johnny Willis. Freddie Miller continued his Coast clean-up by taking a ten-round decision over Eddie Trujillo. Trujillo fought as Joe Capone in Colorado for a couple of summers. Jimmie Evans is back and fought a ten-round draw with Johnny Romero at San Diego. Jo Tieken put up a whale of a fight against Speedy Dado, but lost the decision.

Much fuss was raised after Jackie Fields beat Young Peter Jackson. The bout almost developed into a Southern California scandal. The majority of sports writers figured Fields beat Jackson fairly and is deserving of a shot at the present welterweight champion. A minority say Young Peter didn't try.

George Hussey, the foremost statistician in the boxing business on the Coast, has entered the promotorial game. He is helping conduct a weekly fight card in downtown Los Angeles.

Freddie Miller knocked out Johnny Gonzales in Wilmington. L. A. promoters are gnashing their teeth because of the fact that they let Wesley Ramey get away. Ramey worked out at Mrs. Dempsey's Manhattan gym for two months and couldn't get a tumble from local promoters. After Ramey beat Tony Canzoneri, the wires out this way were pretty hot trying to get the newest lightweight sensation to sign.

Swede Burgland and Al Trulmans fought at Hollywood. A bout that would have been a natural in San Diego. Ernie Hood knocked out Vince Martinez in the fifth round of a scheduled six-round main event at Pasadena. Cerefino Garcia put Howard Fitts on the floor twice to win a San Diego decision. Al Romero, who represented Mexico in the Olympic games, continued his winning streak by beating Levy Young in six rounds at Pico.

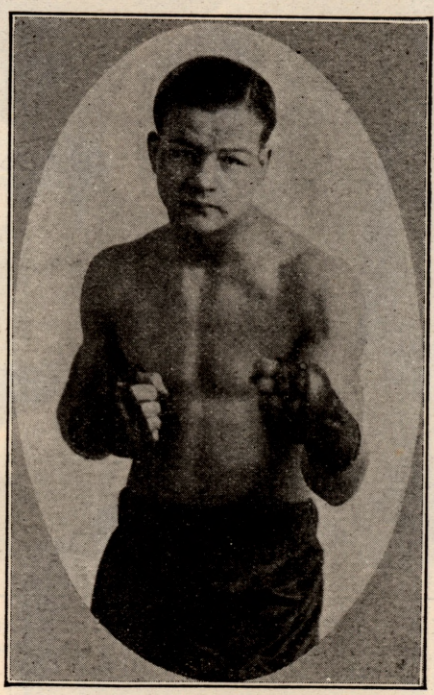
Just found out why the Navy fighters are not so prominent in professional scraps hereabouts. New ruling says any man who fights for money on the mainland is not eligible for ship or inter-ship competition.

Medro Villareal has been doing some nice work among the bantams in the smaller clubs. Medro's last fight was a main event win at Pasadena over Mickey Romas. Mae West, who does no man wrong, presented him with a cup. Dell Smith, a member of the American Olympic team, fought the semi-windup on the card and drew with Bronx Nick Thomas.

Little Pancho beat Young Sport in a ten-round San Francisco bout. Johnny Freeman, San Jose welter, lost a decision to Charley Hernandez. Fred Feary knocked out Kenneth Lee in a Stockton bout. Tony Poloni and Lee Ramage fought ten rounds to a draw in Oakland. Fans thought Poloni won.

Although scoring ten knockouts,

(Continued on page 35)



Freddie Miller, N. B. A. featherweight champion, who has made a successful invasion of California.

The Autograph King

Jack Dempsey, the Man of the Hour in Boxing, Holds the Record for Signing His Name to Souvenirs

By A. C. BUCK

WHEN an outstanding boxer like Max Schmeling or Jack Dempsey hits the trail leading away from the larger centers of population, he makes a definite contribution to boxing as a sport, even though exhibition bouts are not always well received in the big cities.

Such was definitely proven in the recent tour of Promoter Jack Dempsey and former heavyweight champion Max Schmeling. While the attendance in Boston was disappointing, capacity crowds greeted the two fistic kings in Portland and Bangor, places that rarely have an opportunity of seeing the headliners in a sport that enjoys great popularity.

In Portland, for example, Governor Louis Jefferson Brann, the first Democrat to be elected in Maine in 18 years, extended the greetings of the State and invited both Schmeling and Dempsey to fish in Maine waters. The Governor was present in the ring and while the large crowd cheered, he informed the two former champions that it was a pleasure for him to welcome them to the Pine Tree State.

No doubt of Dempsey's great popularity remained after the throng had roared its welcome, the reception given the Manassa Mauler being, without doubt, the loudest, the longest and the most enthusiastic any visiting celebrity has received in a Portland ring in many years.

Governor Brann is an enthusiastic boxing fan. He owes his election, in part, to the aid afforded his campaign by Gene Tunney, who stumped the State during the weeks preceding the election. As a reward, Tunney ranks as a colonel on the Governor's staff and when Mr. Brann entered the House of Representatives to take the oath of office, Mrs. Brann followed on the arm of Col. Tunney.

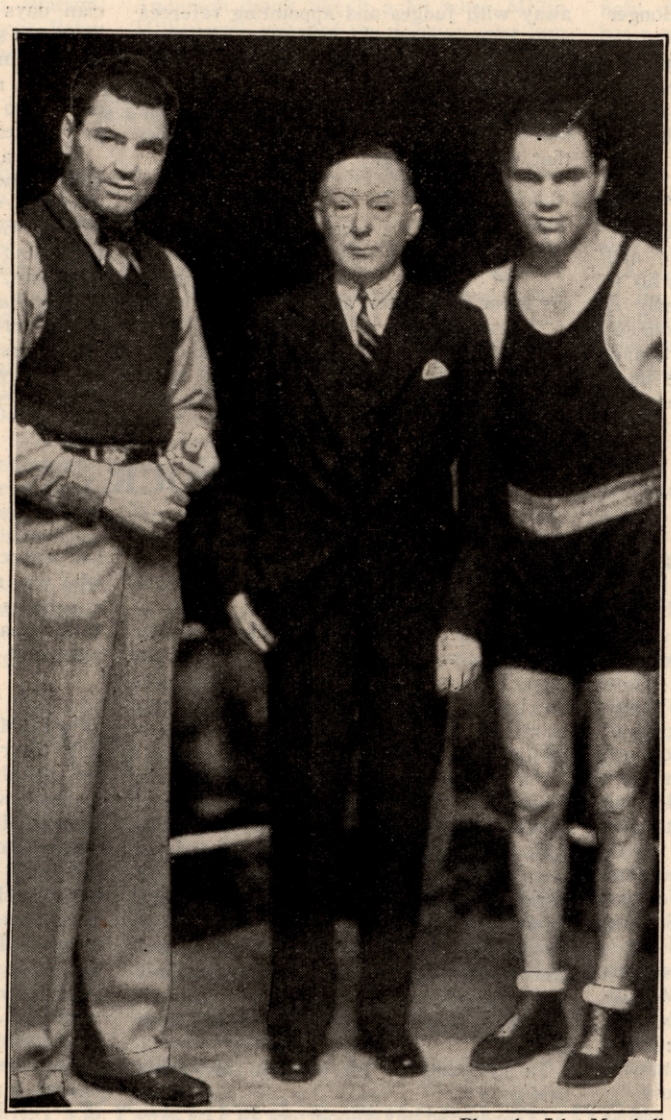


Photo by John Marshall

Left to right—Jack Dempsey, Louis J. Brann, Governor of Maine, and Max Schmeling.

The Bangor showing of Jack and Max was staged by Charley Miller, who runs the great health camps on Moosehead Lake.

The respectability of boxing no longer needs to be established, but there is no doubt that Dempsey's appearance in Maine has added considerable interest. Dempsey's acceptance of the invitation extended to him by the Deutscher Verein, the German society at the University of Maine, aided the sport considerably as the student body was most enthusiastic in the reception granted to the former world's heavyweight champion.

Although the University is located at Orono, about ten miles from Bangor, there was a great turnout. In his talk to the students, Dempsey stressed on the benefits to be derived from boxing and he urged all present, whenever possible, to take up the sport, even if only for recreation purposes. He also pointed to the benefits to be derived from clean living. He brought out the fact that there is no sport that does more to aid in the proper development of the youth than boxing and informed his audience that the sport is so great a developer of character that colleges and schools have made it part of the athletic curriculum. That kind of talk helps boxing, there can be no doubt about it.

Following his talk, Dempsey permitted the boys of the University to fire away at him with questions pertaining either to the sport or to the part that he has played as a champion in the game and the next half hour found the former title holder answering questions from all parts of the house.

* * *

IF anyone doubts that Jack Dempsey is a great asset to boxing, all he has to do is to follow Jack into one of the smaller burgs either on an exhibition tour or to places where he acts as referee, and he will soon be convinced that the erstwhile Manassa Mauler has done more and is doing more for the sport than any boxer of the last twenty years.

Jack not only is one of the most colorful of all boxers of the present era, but his attitude towards the public, especially the youth, is one that gains for him a horde of admirers. I doubt that there is an athlete in this country or elsewhere who has autographed so many programmes as has Jack during the last two years. That, more than anything else, attests to the popularity of the former champion.

It is significant that following the appearance of both Dempsey and Schmeling in Maine, the fight game picked up considerably. In fact, in the leading boxing center, the interest was so keen that the show following their appearance, was one of the best financially that the club has had in the last ten months.

It is in the smaller cities, those in which the fans seldom see a champion perform, that Dempsey has done most good. In those localities, the crowds flock to the club just to get a glimpse of him.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 31)

to Hoyle, he would have won as it was in the cards for him to triumph so that he could be matched with Jim Browning.

I have received hundreds of letters asking me why wrestling has taken such a tremendous tumble in popularity and to save the postage, I'll reply here:

Because the greedy promoters, most of whom are the managers of the wrestlers, are killing the goose that laid the golden egg through fake matches. Where two years ago the public flocked to the arenas to see honest-to-goodness wrestling, now they are remaining away because they know in advance who is going to win and how. There is no such thing any longer as honest wrestling.

There isn't a dyed-in-the-wool fan who knows his wrestling who doesn't feel the same about the sport as I do. I'd rather see the sport die a natural death than to see the phoney matches that are billed night after night by every promoter in the land—from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

Strangler Lewis, despite his age and long service, can toss every man who is now claiming a title. He undoubtedly is the master of Browning, Savoldi, Sonnenberg, Don George, Londos and De Glane, but being a poor drawing card, he must permit spectacular wrestlers to come to the front. I believe that of the present crop in this country, the four outstanding wrestlers are Shikat, Lewis, Steinke and Sherry and for the good of the sport, I hope, now that the indoor season is over, that all hands will get together and give the public the kind of matches that packed 'em in two years ago, with real wrestling to take the place of the phoney grunts and grimaces. In the long run everyone will benefit—promoters, wrestlers and fans.

And I appeal to the New York Boxing Commission, through its chairman, General Phelan, to start the ball rolling towards such a solution of the problem, by doing away with judges and appointing referees who know wrestling; men who will clear the sport of the roughnecks who have driven away the patrons who enjoy real wrestling, not gouging, biting, kicking, hair-pulling, flying tackles and flying kicks that mean nothing.

* * *

RECENTLY I received an order from Siam for several of the books of which I am the author. And in the letter, the writer, an Englishman, says:

"I was present a few days ago at a tournament here in which I saw a combination of fisticuffs, rugby, soccer, hair-pulling and what-not. It was most impressive. The only restrictions the Siamese have, is that a boxer may not bite or kick a man who is down. No gloves are used; but in their place the boys have rope woven around their fingers, giving somewhat the appearance of the old cestus. Before starting the contest, each gladiator prays to Buddha to accept his spirits in the event he is killed in the bout.

"Kicking is permitted when the contestants are in an upright position, and butting with the head also goes. Finger gouging is approved and biting is part of the 'sport.' In short, almost everything goes, just as was the case in the old Grecian days of the Cesti competition. The bouts are scheduled for eleven rounds, with a three-minute fighting period followed by three minutes of rest. Seldom does a contest go the limit because of the freedom granted each fighter."

What a hit such contests would make with some of the blood-thirsty fans of America, who hoot, hiss and boo a clever fighter! Gore is what they want and when they don't get it, charges of "fake, collusion, etc.," are broadcast freely. In the ancient days of the Greeks and Romans, fights were fought to the death of one of the contestants, and that's what many of the fans who attend boxing and wrestling shows these days, would approve heartily.

The McLarnin Sock

(Continued from page 9)

a delivery a foul, although referees usually, where they can act quickly, compel a fighter to release the ropes when such a hold is obtained.

The charge has been made that McLarnin's blow before the final one, the left to the head, was a foul in that it was delivered while the challenger was clinging to the ropes, but it is ridiculous to make such a claim. That's all part of the game and has been done by hundreds of the leading fighters without any penalty being attached to the "offense."

As for the fight itself, it was short and sweet, "most spectacular," as Jim Jeffries, writing for International News Service, remarked.

Two minutes and thirty-seven seconds after the first round had opened, McLarnin had floored Corbett, the Fresno, Cal., southpaw, for the second time. He staggered to his feet at the count of eight with his back turned partially to McLarnin.

Jimmy, quick as a flash, leaped across the ring at his opponent. He delivered a solid wallop to the jaw and it was all over. Corbett was dazed and couldn't defend himself when Referee George Blake acted exactly in the same manner as he did in the Stribling-Schmeling fight—he sent Corbett to his corner and held up the hand of McLarnin, designating him the new king of the welterweights.

Corbett went into the ring a favorite, 10 to 7, but there was little betting. He scaled 146 to 145½ for the challenger. During the first two minutes Corbett confused his conqueror with sharp jabs and two jolting blows but McLarnin kept inviting him for an opening and when he got it, it took only a few seconds to end the fray.

As Corbett came in, suddenly a terrific McLarnin right landed flush on Corbett's jaw. The southpaw went down. He was not badly hurt and followed the referee's count. At nine he arose and he leaped back at Jimmy.

As the title-holder lifted his hands, Jimmy's looping left slipped through and as Corbett staggered, two more left hooks followed with lightning rapidity and down went the Fresno Italian. This time he didn't follow the count. He arose at eight, dazed and out on his feet. As McLarnin charged in, the champion was half turned and a short right sent him sprawling half way through the ropes. There was no further count. A new champion had been crowned.

In speaking of his victory, McLarnin said:

"I promised my supporters in Los Angeles that if the opening were given me I would knock out Corbett and I made good. I still wear the same sized hat and if any 147 pounder looms up as a strong contender for the title I am willing to meet him. I had expected a hard fight from Corbett, who was regarded as the smartest welterweight in the world, but he proved far easier than did Sid Terris, Ruby Goldstein and others in New York."

* * *

JIMMY McLARNIN is a second Terry McGovern. He was born on December 17, 1905, and came here from Ireland while a baby. He first saw the light of day in the little hamlet of Inchacore, a short distance from Dublin. He was not born in Belfast as the record books have it. He was one and a half years old when his parents brought him to this country. They settled on a cattle ranch in the State of Washington and four years later, moved bag and baggage to Canada.

In McLarnin, his mentor and trainer—Pop Foster—seems to have turned out the most finished fist fighter in inches and ounces that has been seen since the days of "Terrible Terry." Aside from Benny Leonard and Jimmy Wilde of recent years, there were few fighters who possessed as much as McLarnin, unless one goes back to the days of Joe Gans, Walcott and others of that time. McLarnin has that unusual combination—skill and punch, which makes him a terror. Foster took the lad in hand when he was a mere boy and almost from the start of his professional career, Jimmy has been a top-notcher.

To Pop Foster he owes his success, and Jimmy appreciates that. He and Pop are inseparable. Foster's word to Jimmy is law and that's why the little Irishman has reached the top rung of the ladder.

WANTED

Old boxing relics—particularly woven portraits of famous fighters and the colors of fighters (silk handkerchiefs), other than those of Sullivan and Kilrain.

NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING
Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City

In Sunny California

(Continued from page 32)

Fred Feary did not impress until he put Chet Shandel, 213-pound San Francisco heavy, away with a right to the body in the 5th round of a ten-round fight in Oakland. In a Fresno fight Baby Sol Sorio, one-time welterweight contender, decisioned Bobby Young. Clever Sison, latest Filipino importation, fought a ten-round draw with Al Citrino.

Jackie Fields was offered a bout in Mexico City with Kid Azteca. Mexican promoters could not understand why Ray Alvis refused same.

Hollywood is reported to be bringing either Kid Chocolate or Seaman Watson to the coast for a Freddie Miller bout. Baby Arizmendi has been fighting in the foreign club arena at Tia Juana lately. The Baby has had some trouble gaining readmittance to the United States. Ceferina Garcia, Filipino welterweight, won a technical knockout over Howard Fritz in San Diego. Fritz was down three times. Little Dempsey and Billy McLeod drew in a Frisco bout. Dempsey's fast finish saved the decision. Tuffy Pierpont suffered a technical knockout at the hands of Small Montana.

Bert Colima scored a four-round knockout over Art Taylor at Pico.

Sol Butler, former Olympic games broad jumper, is training Dynamite Jackson. Babe Anderson didn't like it a bit when Millio Millitti was awarded the decision over him in the 7th round of their San Jose bout, and objected forcibly when the referee terminated it. Billy McLeod drew with Young Tommy at Oakland. Ray Oriente stopped Izzy Aguila in three rounds at San Francisco.

Georgie Hansford knocked out Max Tarley in a semi-windup bout in Hollywood. Al Marino beat Eddie Daniels in San Francisco. Vincent Morris drew with Teddy Yocson in S. F. Billy Cooke has been winning regularly in the welter class and shows steady improvement. Clyde Hull, who has fought all the welters, and Bert Colima, featured the opening of the Main Street fight club in Los Angeles. San Francisco has a new amateur club with Johnny Vidal in charge.

He Thrives on Jeers

(Continued from page 28)

DAVISCOURT is of French-German extraction. His father was born in Luxemburg from which place he fled at the age of 17 to avoid military service. Upon his arrival in this country, he settled in Cincinnati where he became a brewmaster. Later he went to California where he was married.

From that state, the family moved to Portland, Oregon, and then to Ellensburg, Oregon, where the elder Daviscourt operated a brewery. According to Dick, his dad was a powerful, all-around sportsman whose hobby was raising prize hunting dogs. He imported many fine setters from England. All of Dick's brothers were good athletes.

In his youth, Dick played football and baseball on his high school team. It was a glimpse of Frank Gotch in a match with Dr. Roller in 1908, that caused Daviscourt to turn to wrestling.

After graduation from school, Dick received a chance to go with a surveying outfit to Alaska and he accepted. When he returned, he matriculated at the State Normal School in an engineering course and for several years he went each summer to Alaska with the same surveying outfit, then returned to school.

In 1914 he married in Ellensburg, his home town, and soon after, he made another trip to Alaska, this time with his bride and when he reached the far north, he found himself in charge of a construction gang engaged in building nine miles of a trestle near Katalla. There, to pass the time, he took up wrestling and boxing and in his first wrestling match, he received $50 for defeating a barnstorming matman. From that moment, he found it necessary to decide between continuing as an engineer or as a professional athlete, but he was induced to continue his studies and he remained at the school until 1919 but went back to work in Alaska each summer. It was in the summer of 1919 that he finally quit his construction gang to turn pro boxer and wrestler and he has been at it ever since.

As a boxer he was a failure, although he did twice score knockouts over Jim Browning, now New York's world champion wrestler. In a bout in Atlanta, Georgia, he knocked out four of Browning's teeth. Failing to make any headway in boxing, however, he placed himself under the tutelage of Dr. Roller, who brought him to New York and started him off in the wrestling game.

In his fifteen years in the ring, Dick has met every man of note in the wrestling field. His most notable feats were the tossing of Strangler Lewis in two minutes in the first fall of a match which Dick later lost and a three seconds' fall over Joe Stecher in a contest in which Joe finally triumphed by winning the other falls.

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 23)

the hold, almost to the breaking point.

Had Roller played the game according to custom as Gotch figured he would, it would either have been a case for Roller to flop over on his back or have his leg snapped like a pipe stem. But Roller stood the gruelling and instead of raising his body, suddenly wriggled forward an inch or two, at the same time shooting up his free foot in a terrific kick to the champion's nose.

The effort freed him but he limped painfully when he got to his feet. Gotch came up with him and grinningly danced before his man, rushing him off the mat.

Roller was extremely weak, but fought back gamely. Gotch refused to be denied and, grabbing Roller about the waist, stood the doctor upon his head, then righting him, slammed him to the canvas, clamping on a crotch and a half-nelson when Roller was literally still in the air.

Holding on tight to Roller, Gotch rose to his feet and walking deliberately to the center of the mat, slammed his opponent to the canvas with a smash. Roller landed on the back of his head and was knocked groggy. Gotch jumped in with a half-nelson and both of Roller's shoulders touched the mat in exactly 21 minutes 54 seconds. He had to be assisted to his dressingroom by Joe Carroll and Lonnie Austin, while Gotch lightly leaped over the top rope and ran up the aisle to his dressingroom.

Wrestling's Speed Kings

(Continued from page 25)

are mighty few heavyweights who could beat either Woolf or Sepp or another one hundred and eighty-pounder, Stanley Rogers. Each of these three has been used as a policeman to keep the big fellows out of the little ones' territory, and it would take a Lewis, a Sherry, a Hans Steinke or a Londos to beat them. The Sonnenbergs, Don Georges and Joe Savoldis could never do it.

Midget Fisher, once one of the greatest middleweights, is another front rank light-heavy. Fisher is rated by many as a middleweight, but Charley would have a hard time getting down to the one hundred and sixty-pound limit. Joe Banaski, Polish one-hundred-and-seventy-five-pounder, and Al Steinke, a youngster from Detroit, are two other light-heavyweights who belong up near the top of the list. Pinkie Gardner, eastern light-heavyweight champion, rates with Nichols, Sepp, Woolf and Fisher, but Pinkie is just about past his prime and probably would run second to Woolf.

Probably the majority of the wrestlers mentioned in this article have never been heard of by the fans who are used to seeing the heavyweights, but any of the men mentioned could make it mighty interesting for ninety-five per cent of the heavyweights and probably beat more than seventy-five per cent of the big grapplers now occupying the mats in this country.

MANAGERS:

Send in good, clear pictures of your boys. They will be used as space permits.

THE RING
Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City

Carnera Tells His Story

(Continued from page 4)

Paul Journee, who is now conducting a health farm in France. Paul came across Carnera one morning while he was trudging along bare-footed, with blistered feet, on the road to Paris.

He was tired and hungry. He would have accepted any kind of work just for the price of a meal when he bumped into Journee.

Food was on Primo's mind. He had not eaten for more than twenty-four hours other than a piece of dry bread and some grapes he had gathered on the journey.

His bleeding feet hurt him so much that he had stopped at a turnpike to wrap them in some burlap he had found, when along came Paul. Journee stopped, looked at Primo quizzically, stepped back a few feet and looked him over again.

Carnera thought that Journee was making fun of him because of the burlap covering and was about to engage in a fist fight with Paul when the Frenchman explained who he was. Upon learning that Paul was a French heavyweight, Carnera opened his heart to him and, after telling Journee the story of the circus and the ten wrestling matches a day, Paul decided that he had discovered a man who could earn big money in boxing and it didn't take Journee long to convince Primo that it would be well worth his time to journey with him to Paris and to place himself under his management as a fighter.

Carnera, who never before had had the gloves on his hands, consented to the new deal, and Journee, lacking funds, sent word to Leon See, French promoter, newspaper writer and fight manager, about his find and offered to take him in as a partner in the management of the Italian—if See would advance the necessary funds to get Carnera into Paris and to train him.

See arrived, looked Primo over, accepted Journee's judgment and thus started the fighting career of the man who, in four years, has earned more than four hundred thousand dollars, but has little to show for his drawing powers because of the large number of managers who get a slice of his earnings.

Foreign Flavor

(Continued from page 17)

Root in twelve rounds at Reno, Nev., July 3, 1905. James J. Jeffries refereed and presented the title to the winner, to defend against all comers. Jack O'Brien also claimed the title.

1906—Feb. 23—Tommy Burns defeated Marvin Hart, who claimed the title, at Los Angeles, Cal., in twenty rounds (decision). Charley Eayton, referee.

1906—Nov. 28—Tommy Burns vs. Phila. Jack O'Brien, twenty rounds, draw. James J. Jeffries, referee.

1907—May 7—Tommy Burns defeated Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles, Cal., twenty rounds. Charley Eayton, referee.

1907—July 4—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires, one round, Colma, Cal. Jim Jeffries, referee.

1907 — December 2 — Tommy Burns knocked out Gunner Moir, London, England, ten rounds. A. E. Bettinson, referee.

*1908—Dec. 25—Jack Johnson (colored) won decision from Tommy Burns in fourteen rounds, Sydney, Australia, both having gone there from America because of the big purse of $35,000, of which Burns received $30,000. Police stopped contest. Hugh McIntosh, referee.

1909—Oct. 16—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out Stanley Ketchel in twelve rounds, Colma, Cal. Billy Roche, referee.

1910—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out James J. Jeffries in fifteen rounds, Reno, Nev. Tex Rickard, referee. Sam Berger threw in the sponge.

1912—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) won on points from Jim Flynn, nine rounds, Las Vegas, N. M., for title. Contest stopped by police. Referee Ed. Smith awarded decision to Johnson.

1913—Jack Johnson's government trouble during the later part of 1912 brought about his practical elimination, and a tourney was held for the white heavyweights in Los Angeles, Cal. Luther McCarthy, after defeating Al Kaufman, Jim Flynn and Al Palzer, was proclaimed champion white heavyweight of America. On May 24, 1913, at Calgary, Can., McCarthy fought Arthur Pelkey, the latter knocking McCarthy out in the first round. McCarthy collapsed in the ring and died from what the coroner's jury termed a hemorrhage of the brain, caused by a probable previous injury. Ed. Smith, referee.

1914—Jan. 1—Gunboat Smith won white heavyweight title, knocking out Arthur Pelkey in fifteen rounds at San Francisco, Cal. Ed. Smith, referee.

1914—June 27—Jack Johnson (colored) won twenty round point decision over Frank Moran of Pittsburgh, in Paris, France. Georges Carpentier, referee.

1914—July 16—Georges Carpentier won white title from Gunboat Smith on a foul in six rounds, London, Eng. Eugene Corri, referee.

*1915—April 5—Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson, twenty-six rounds, Havana, Cuba. J. Welsh, referee.

1916—Jess Willard defeated Frank Moran by popular verdict in New York (no decision), March 25. Charley White, referee.

*1919—Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard in three rounds at Toledo, Ohio, July 4. Ollie Pecord, referee.

1920—Jack Dempsey knocked out Billy Miske in three rounds at Benton Harbor, Mich., September 6. Jack Dougherty, referee.

1920—Jack Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan in twelve rounds at New York, December 14. Referee, H. Haukaup.

1921 — Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier, of France, in four rounds at Jersey City, N. J., July 2. Harry Ertle, referee.

1923—Jack Dempsey won on points from Tom Gibbons, of St. Paul, in fifteen rounds at Shelby, Mont., July 4. Referee, Jack Dougherty.

1923—Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo in two rounds at New York, September 14. Jack Gallagher, referee.

*1926—Gene Tunney won the title from Jack Dempsey on points, 10 rounds, in Philadelphia. Pop Reilly, referee.

1927—Gene Tunney won from Jack Dempsey on points, 10 rounds, in Chicago. Dave Barry, referee.

1928—July 26—Gene Tunney knocked out Tom Heeney of New Zealand in 11 rounds. Eddie Forbes, referee. Tunney retired after this fight and left the field open for competition.

1930—June 12—Max Schmeling won the heavyweight title by being fouled by Jack Sharkey in the fourth round, at the Yankee Stadium. Jim Crowley, referee. Sharkey and Schmeling were the outstanding contenders.

1931—July 3—Max Schmeling knocked out Young Stribling in Cleveland, in the fifteenth round. Referee, George Blake.

*1932—June 21—Max Schmeling lost the title to Jack Sharkey, at Garden Bowl, 15 rounds, decision. Gunboat Smith, referee.

*Title changed hands.

To Our Readers

The Ring is compiling some statistics on famous fighters and wrestlers, and to assure accuracy, even though we have records here that would help, we are appealing to you to give us the information we want, just to check up on our records. Here are the questions:

1—What fighters or wrestlers who were nationally or internationally known but are now retired, are living in your district? Please name them and tell us what such fighter or wrestler is now doing.

2—If you are a former fighter or wrestler, please send your name, address and present occupation, if any, to us. If you care to, kindly tell us what you have been doing since your retirement, and send us a photo, either as you look to-day or as you appeared in your prime.

3—If you know the whereabouts and occupation of the following, if still alive, kindly inform us, and if dead, please tell us about when he died and where he is buried:

Australian Billy Murphy, Billy Myer, Dick O'Brien, Billy Ernst, Eddie Connolly, Al Kaufman, Tony Ross, Charley Neary, Tommy Loughrey, Ray Bronson, Dave Deshler, Phil Brock, Cyclone Johnny Thompson, Battling Hurley, Frankie Madden, Hugo Kelly, Larry Temple, George Gunther, Sandy Ferguson, Mike Schreck, Al Kubiak, Jim Barry, Bob Moha, Rudolph Umholz, Charley Griffin, Jim Stewart, Al Benedict, Patsy Brannigan, Al Delmont, Packey Hommey, Young O'Leary, Digger Stanley, Jimmy Dime, One Round Hogan, Joe Bedell, Jack Bonner, Patsy Kline, Jimmy Carroll, Biz Mackey, Cy Smith, Eddie Sherman, Frank Mantell.

If any of the above sees his name, The Ring would also appreciate a photo of the fighter or wrestler, either as he is to-day or taken when he was an active ring competitor.

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Jack McKenna, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—How old was Jack Dempsey when he began his professional career?

A.—He was twenty years old.

Sam Harris, Harlem, N. Y.

Q.—Where is Peter Jackson buried?

A.—In Australia.

Thomas Harrington, Wichita, Kans.

Q.—Which, in your opinion, is the better—to decide a fight on rounds won or on points?

A.—On points, as that gives a fairer basis of comparison. Often a fighter wins five rounds and his opponent five, yet one has so far an advantage over the other that it is unfair to render a draw verdict, yet in many states the commission rules require such a decision. On a points system, that advantage would be shown in the final tally—a much fairer way to decide.

Sam Porter, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Did Jack Johnson lose his title through a frame up, or was it a fake fight?

A.—Johnson lost the title by being knocked out by Jess Willard at Havana in the twenty-sixth round. Later Johnson said he purposely quit, but that has been discredited and those who saw the fight declare that Willard won that bout and the title fairly.

Nick Mazurk, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—Is Jim Jeffries still alive? What is he now doing?

A.—Yes. He is living on a farm at Burbank, California.

Mabel Hastings, Iowa

Q.—Our club, composed entirely of girls, wants to take up wrestling. Would you advise it? What books would you recommend? I think your recent editorial, in which you opposed girls appearing in public boxing or wrestling exhibitions, was splendid. Keep up your good work.

A.—Yes. There is no harm if you do not go too strenuously into your work. Wrestling will aid in keeping your bodies in condition. Get "Modern Wrestling." That book will give you all you require. Thanks for your praise.

Babe Belanger, Vancouver, Canada

Q.—In your question column last month you were asked by John H. Roberts of Sydney, Australia, if a wrestler by the name of Bonnie Muir ever wrestled in this country and if he met the stars, including Jim Londos. You answered that neither you nor Jack Curley had heard of him. Is that correct? For your information and in justice to Muir, I wish to state that he did wrestle throughout this part of the country against the stars, including Coleman, Sonnenberg, McGill, Lewis and Steele.

A.—Thanks for the information. The query brought me nineteen letters from all over the Pacific Coast telling me that Muir was known there and had wrestled, although with little success against the top-notchers. That's the kind of cooperation that makes our task so agreeable.

John Dwyer, Australia

Q.—Do you think Ambrose Palmer stands a chance with Maxey Rosenbloom? Why do you not write anything about Les Darcy, the old-time Australian? What would be an average chest measure for a boxer sixteen years old, 5 feet 5 inches, weighing 114 pounds?

A.—Not much of a chance. We printed a story about Darcy several issues ago. Chest measurement of about 34 inches.

A reader, Riverton, Wyoming

Q.—Was John L. Sullivan or Tom Hyer first heavyweight champion of the world?

A.—Neither. Tom Hyer was first American champion in 1841. Sullivan was last of bare-knuckle champions. When Corbett beat Sullivan he won the American title only. When Fitz beat Corbett, he won the world crown.

Q.—When did Jess Willard win the world's heavyweight title from Johnson?

A.—On April 5, 1915, at Havana, Cuba.

Q.—How did Dick Shikat claim the heavyweight wrestling title?

A.—He won a tournament staged in Pennsylvania and threw, among others, Londos and Steinke.

Q.—When and where were famous fighters born in June?

A.—Sorry, I cannot delve through the record book and waste my time looking this up.

Q.—Who was the heavyweight wrestling champion on June 1, 1915?

A.—Joe Stecher.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Mr. White, Nova Scotia

Q.—Is 23 years old too late to get started in boxing?

A.—Yes—somewhat. Of course age is no handicap if there is any ability. A good fighter reaches his best stage between 23 and 26 in the heavyweight section and between 19 and 22 among the lighter boys.

An Admirer of Ketchel

Q.—Is there any life story on Stanley Ketchel?

A.—No.

Q.—How much should a stockily built, solid-muscled boy of 17 weigh, if his height is 5 feet 11?

A.—Between 142 and 148.

W. R. Denny, Bermondsey, London, England

Q.—Some weeks ago I saw Billy Bartush easily beat our own champion, Atholl Oakley at the Ring at Blackfriars. I am a constant reader of your wonderful magazine and have never seen Bartush mentioned in your wrestling news. I should be much obliged if you would carry a special story on him and also let me know what men he has met and how he is regarded in the States. How would you rate him with such men as Londos, Steele, McMillen, Steinke, Shikat, Sonnenberg, etc.?

A.—Sorry that you did not see an article we carried a few months ago in which we said that Bartush has been tutored by Carl Pojello and is now working out of London with great success. He does not figure with any of the men you mention. In this country, before going abroad, Billy was rated only as a second-class wrestler. He is a good boy but would be dropped by each of those you name.

Paul Daniel, Bowers Mill, Mo.

Q.—I am thinking of joining the professional wrestlers. How can I get started? What are the requirements? Must I register? How do you rate Pesek, Marshall, Savoldi, Wyckoff and Fred Peterson among the heavies? Why doesn't Charlie Fischer ever get in THE RING news? He is a great middleweight and light-heavy.

A.—My first advice is that you buy copies of "Modern Wrestling," Gotch's "Wrestling" and Bothner's "Wrestling" and study them carefully. Then join a gymnasium or a club where wrestling is staged. Practice with boys your weight and about your age until you become proficient and master the more essential holds.

You must register with A.A.U. if an amateur and with boxing commission of your state once you become a pro. All the men you name are good wrestlers. Pesek, Marshall and Savoldi rank right up near the top. Wyckoff and Peterson are good, but not in the same class with the first mentioned three. We have written something on Fischer in this issue. He does not rate a separate story.

Constant reader

Q.—I want to thank you for the courtesy you always extend to your readers in answering their questions. I hope I cause no inconvenience when I ask you to answer the following:

I belong to a fire company and we have plenty of arguments about boxing and wrestling. In what year did Jim Londos wrestle for less than $1000? I saw an article in THE RING where he was supposed, at one time, to get only $7.50 for a match.

A.—Thanks for your compliment. I appreciate such kind remarks. There is no inconvenience. That's my pleasure in answering the queries of my army of readers. That includes you, girls. If any of our readers want any advice—other than "Advice to the Lovelorn," just write to your "Uncle Nat." He'll take good care of you. If you want a personal answer, enclose a stamp. Otherwise, I'll answer you in these columns.

Londos has often received less than $1000. Only recently in New York City he appeared four times and got less than $1000 on two occasions. At the St. Nicholas Club some weeks ago he received only $700.

Jim says that when he started his career back around 1912, he received only $7.50 for a match in St. Louis.

Q.—I have the Charles Atlas course, but when I received it, I never got his Everlasting Health and Strength book. Could you send me a copy?

A.—Sorry, I can't. We don't handle this, but I'm sure if you write direct, you'll get it. The Atlas people are reliable, honest merchants.

Q.—In his course, Atlas recommends internal baths, but I do not have much money and cannot afford to buy the treatment. May I ask whether you can recommend anything?

A.—Yes, I would suggest that you go to your druggist and ask him. He'll gladly prescribe something for you. An enema once a week or a good dose of Nujol to cleanse your system is O. K.

Jeannette Daniels, Cincinnati, Ohio

Q.—What are the addresses of Jim McMillen, Joe Savoldi, George McCleod, Ralph Wilson, Lou Plummer and Al Baffert.

A.—Sorry I can't say. They travel considerably.

Q.—Which are married?

A.—McMillen, Wilson and Savoldi. Can't say on the others.

Q.—How can I secure their pictures?

A.—The Ring Print and Photo Shop has Savoldi, McMillen, Wilson. Size 8 by 10 inches.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

LOU BROUILLARD of Worcester, former world's welter champion, now boxing in the middleweight division, bounced back into the Boston and New England limelight through his defeat of Sammy Slaughter of Terre Haute, Ind., in the ten-round feature bout of the Argonne A. A. show staged in the Boston Arena. Lou captured eight of the stanzas and evened another, and, in the doing of it, had Sammy eight times on the canvas—six for portions of the count. Once the bell saved the colored flash from the full count. It was some victory for Lou, also a complete upset for Samuel, as hitherto the latter had been regarded as invincible by Boston fistic followers.

The fight was a very good one—practically the best for the year between middleweights—with Brouillard putting up a one hundred per cent performance against a dangerous opponent. While his southpaw stance undoubtedly counted strongly in his favor, it proving a puzzle at times to Slaughter, the fact that he forced the milling, thus breaking up Sammy's better boxing, was the real secret of the victory. It was a case of a fighting bulldog against a cool, cagy, hard-hitting boxer, with the former's fiery attack breaking up the latter's science.

On the same card as the Brouillard-Slaughter affair, Dick Maloney, a middleweight, brother of the famous Jimmy Maloney, won his second "pro" bout, defeating one Jake Eagles of Boston. "Chocolate Bon-Bon," a Cuban darkey—a miniature of Joe Walcott—whipped Irish Joe Sullivan of Boston in four rounds, and Vernon Cormier of Worcester, Brouillard's stablemate, came through over Pinto DeSa of Portugal in four. Al Brouillard, Lou's younger brother, won in the opening prelim over Billy Baker of Boston.

Earlier in the month, Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, scored a victory over Jimmy Smith of Philadelphia in a tener fought in the Boston Garden. Indrisano nearly settled his man in the first round—bending him several times at the knees. Johnny then made the mistake of trying to slug it out with a slugger and, though he had Smith holding on at times, when the final bell clanged the Noddle Islander's heap of points was not so large. The tenth was Indrisano's best stanza. In a second ten, Tommy King of Fall River, recently arrived back home from the Pacific Coast, won over Al McCoy of Waterville, Me., in a rather unimpressive affair.

In earlier bouts on the Garden card, Johnny Renda of Chelsea, a former amateur star, broke up the 17-bout winning streak of Joey Kemp of Cambridge, defeating him in a return contest. Joe Ricciotti of Boston, a star amateur, making his first "pro" appearance, defeated Young Marsh of Revere, while Dick Madden, a promising Irish heavy, whipped Elmer Chase of New Bedford in five heats. Madden, now handled by Barney Fox, a veteran Boston trainer, on the strength of fifteen starts and no defeats since he quit the "pures," now is claiming the New England heavyweight title. The claim is disputed by Tom Kirby of Roxbury, now seldom seen inside of ropes as he has secured a regular job at good pay but who, nevertheless, ranks as very dangerous. There is small chance of a ring meeting between the pair.

Neither of the foregoing tourneys, though attractive in themselves, also given columns of publicity by the press, were paying affairs for the promoters. That at the Garden drew but 2931 cash customers, while the Brouillard-Slaughter contest attracted but 4600. As both the Garden and the Argonne A. A., the lone two boxing organizations staging "pro" bouts in Boston, have met with numerous losses—have found boxing an expensive venture—there is a chance that they may close up until fall. Should they do so, there will remain in weekly operation but one "pro" boxing organization in Massachusetts—the Valley Arena of Holyoke. The sport, which once produced here in Boston many of the leading lights of the ring, is about dead in its shoes.

The experience of the professional promoters is but a repetition of those who have sought to keep the amateur end of the sport going. For instance, the senior National amateur boxing championships, staged at the Boston Arena, proved a frost as regards attendance and gate receipts. Though the tourney marked the return to Boston of the senior A. A. U. event after an absence of two years, the total attendance for the three nights was but 5829, with a total net gate of $6900. As the announced expense of the tourney was more than $10,000, the show, for the first time in Boston in about twenty-five years, was written into the red. In former years, gates as high as $28,000 were drawn, with a total attendance of more than 20,000. The winners of the senior national titles for 1933-34 were as follows: 112 pounds, Tony Valore, Cleveland; 118, Angelo Tardugno, Washington, D. C.; 126, Louis Barisano, Newton, Mass.; 135, Frank Egan, Buffalo; 147, William Celebron, Chicago; 160, Tom Chester, Brooklyn; 175, Max Marek, Chicago; heavyweight, "Izzy" Richter, Philadelphia.

The Irish-American A. C., the lone organization in Boston to stage semi-monthly public amateur boxing this season, all in the face of many discouragements, came with another tourney on the night of May 8 at the Boston Arena. Twenty-one bouts were staged—the show was a beauty—but not more than three hundred customers turned out to see it. In consequence, the club went into "the hole." It is hardly likely that it will attempt another tourney. The winners of the finals were: 118 pounds, Al Luciano, Lynn; 135, Jimmy McCarron, Somerville; 147, Jimmy Murphy, Dorchester; 160, Walter Cunningham, Dorchester; 175, Arthur Cardinal, Arlington.

While the boxing men have been having their troubles, and plenty of such, the wrestling promoters have managed to keep out of the red. They are over-doing it, however. Too many shows here in Boston, elsewhere about the state and New England, along with too much horseplay and slapstick comedy, are combining to relegate the mat game to the sidelines. Interest, as evidenced by falling off in attendances and receipts, is slipping. Unless the wrestling men make radical changes and reforms, their racket is likely to find itself in the same boat with boxing.

Paul Bowser, who has been operating here for years, continues to be the main wrestling squeeze in Boston. His most recent tourney of more than usual importance was staged in the Boston Garden when Ed Lewis, in an attempt to regain his old title, was defeated by Ed Don George, Boston's present heavyweight world's champion. The champion won two of the three falls registered, both with toe holds, taking the first fall in 22 min. 5 sec., and the third and deciding fall in 3 min. 45 sec., Lewis surrendering under the pain of the hold, though at the moment his shoulders were on the mat. Lewis won the second fall in 7 min. 39 sec. with a headlock.

The bout marked the second meeting between the pair, Lewis having gummed up the works about two years ago by whipping George, then the champion, on a Pacific Coast mat. As may be recalled, Ed lost the title to Henri DeGlane at Montreal on a foul about six weeks later, while two months ago George won the title from Henri, when the latter's collar bone was shattered by a flying tackle in a melee staged in the Boston Garden.

Signs are pointing that, as the field for the State Athletic Commission, as regards boxing, has become decidedly limited, wrestling may be placed under its jurisdiction. Hitherto the promoters have operated free and clear of official supervision—have played the game about as they have pleased. As an instance how far the big idea has gone, one Boston promoter has frequently advertised that no rules would govern his feature event—that everything, meaning kicking, punching, slapping, eye-gouging, biting, etc., would be tolerated, the lone and only exception being the strangle-hold.

The ages-old idea of hooded wrestlers, "Masked Mysteries," "Masked Marvel," "Black Secrets" and such—an inspiration that may have originated back in the days when Jacob is credited with having mussed with an angel—has proved an attraction on many Boston and New England mat cards for months. The followers of the sport like the mystery stuff and, well aware of the fact, the promoters have supplied them.

Promoter "Steve" McPherson, who holds forth each week at the Boston Arena, rather overdid the thing recently. His "Black Secret" (usually Harry Lundin), was down on the books to throw Pat O'Hara, George Linnehan and Bob Russell, one after the other, inside of one hour, or admit defeat. He settled O'Hara in 15 min., 45 sec., with a toe hold, and Linnehan in 24 min., 5 sec., with a similar hold. Then came the customary recess period.

Now, while wrestlers usually lose weight during a contest, the "Black Secret," when he came out to meet Russell, had grown shorter but wider, thicker and heavier—in fact, his costume did not fit him—all of which tipped the fans off that two "Black Secrets" were on the job. "Black Secret" No. 2 seemed to be "Tiger" Jack Young, who, like, Lundin, had been defeated in earlier bouts on the card. Then Russell contributed his share toward spoiling the comedy by refusing to be whipped. Instead, he manhandled the "Secret" and was on his feet at the expiration of the one-hour limit, winning the fray.

Promoter Charley Gordon, who has made the Mechanics Building the scene of his activities for months, has largely confined his attention to the bringing to the front of the light-heavies and middleweights. Within a month, he has staged two championships—both attractive affairs. Al Vantres, former holder of the middleweight crown, defeated Ed Flowers of Cuba, two falls in 16:45 with a slam, and the second in 15:01, body scissors and further-arm hold. As Flowers had whipped Vantres two weeks before in Fall River, winning the title, it was generally supposed that Al had regained his crown. However, the day after the bout, it was declared that, as Vantres was overweight, or, so it was alleged, Flowers had not forfeited his title. The point has been argued ever since.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

TOMMY FREEMAN is out to get a shot at the middleweight title. He is going well again. In his latest bout at Little Rock he defeated Jack King for the Southern middleweight championship. Tommy McGinty is Freeman's manager.

All the Cleveland heavyweights have passed up Buck Everett. The same case halted him working around Chicago, where Levinsky, Tuffy Griffith and Otto Von Port side-stepped him. Eddie Mack, of the Argonne A. C., Boston, is looking for an opponent for Everett and I am also trying to interest New York and Philadelphia promoters in using him.

Babe Triscaro is on the Coast.

The City Council has ousted the Cleveland Boxing Commission and has made it a one-man boxing commission.

John Hernon has opened his Millvale open air arena.

Porter Root has Mickey Dugan, and several other high-class boys working out every day at his new gym at 2077 West 25th Street.

Johnny Papke, has a string of amateurs—and is keeping them busy. He is still at his Chester Ave. gym.

Jimmy Avon has several good boys at all weights.

Billy Wallace is working out every day preparing himself for another campaign.

Had a letter from Mysterious Billy Smith, who is at No. 263 Cherry St., Portland, Oregon. Billy weighs over 200 pounds and has several fighters to whom he is teaching boxing. He also has a fine grocery store out there—and sends his best wishes to all his New York friends.

Billy McGann is in the movies out in Hollywood. He works out with Jimmy Cagney, the movie star, daily.

Jimmy Dunn will open the Jolly Bowl at Newcastle, Pa., with Ed. Fritz, and will use Tom McMahon, the Spring Valley heavyweight, for his matchmaker.

Steve Nugent has been appointed Boxing Instructor at the Makar Athletic Club on Jay Street. He has Harry Fuerstein, Mike Lewis, Gene Marsh and several other good local boys for instruction.

Suey Welch is out on the coast with Kayo Christner and George Manley.

Jack December decisioned Babe Denning at the Coliseum.

Ray Van Hook, weighing 146, defeated Gene Marsh, 156½, in the semi-final.

Arthur Coates, Akron college boy, sprang a surprise by outpointing Bert Paxton in a close six-rounder; while his stablemate, Long John, stopped Johnny Terrell in the first chapter.

Little Tony Valore, Cleveland *Plain Dealer* Golden Glove champ, defeated Charley Green, of Brooklyn, in winning the amateur title at Boston.

Johnny Farr lost to Kid Chocolate at Philly. He was knocked down in the fourth and twice in the last round.

Johnny Datto, Mose Donnelly's Filipino, knocked out Babe Colima, the Mexican champ, at Youngstown in the fourth round.

Phil Brock, the old-time lightweight—and a great fighter in his day—has opened up a night club in Cleveland.

Eddie Meade was reinstated by the Cleveland Boxing Commission after a private hearing.

Jimmy Dime is still around the gymnasium. Close to 65 years of age, the old timer still can teach boxing. He was a marvel in his younger days and a great foot-runner.

George Chip, ex-middleweight champion, is running a billiard room at Newcastle with his brother.

Stewart Bell is getting to be a regular Bill Rogers in his column. How he roasted the local boxing commission for its job at the Jones-Jeby fight.

Johnny DeTerro has Frankie Wallace back again and is keeping him busy around the state.

Frankie Wallace lost a decision at Pittsburgh to George Riley of Detroit; while Patsy Sarron, Southern featherweight, knocked out Johnny Datto, Cleveland, in the first round.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

KID CHOCOLATE'S victory over Seaman Watson in a featherweight championship tilt, and Jimmy McLarnin's winning of the welter crown, featured boxing during May. Tony Canzoneri beat Battling Shaw in an overweight match in New Orleans. Jackie Fields made a fine comeback in winning over Young Peter Jackson; King Levinsky disposed of Charley Retzlaff in one round, and Jack Peterson, English heavyweight, kayoed Johnny Indrisano won over Jimmy Smith. Frank Battaglia defeated Battling Tracey. Lou Brouillard won from Sammy Slaughter. Ignacio Ara whipped Atilio Sabatino. Kid Nitram scored over Franta Nekolny. Eddie Murdock won over Manuel Victoria and Jimmy Evans. Evans drew with Johnny Romero. Eddie Moore scored over Rudy Marshall. Jackie Brady scored over Emilio Martinez and drew with Louie Mays.

Jimmy McLarnin and Jackie Fields turned in the leading welterweight performances. By knocking out Young Corbett in the first round of their titular bout in Los Angeles, McLarnin jumped into first place in the division, with the welterweight championship in his possession. Although that performance was by far the outstanding in boxing for the month of May, the victory of Jackie Fields, former title-holder, over Young Peter Jackson, also merits consideration.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

These are my ratings for the month ending May 24:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Schmeling	Lew Scozza	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett
2—Primo Carnera	Adolf Heuser	Kid Tunero	Jackie Fields
3—Max Baer	Tony Shucco	Dave Shade	Teddy Yarosz
4—Tommy Loughran	Joe Knight	Ben Jeby	Billy Petrolle
5—King Levinsky	John Henry Lewis	Gorilla Jones	Tony Herrera
6—Stanley Poreda	Bob Godwin	Young Terry	Bep Van Klaveren
7—Dick Daniels	Al Gainer	Johnny Indrisano	Baby Joe Gans
8—Johnny Risko	Harry Ebbets	Frank Battaglia	Eddie Kid Wolfe
9—Tuffy Griffiths	Billy Jones	Lou Brouillard	Paulie Walker
10—Charley Retzlaff	Young Firpo	Sammy Slaughter	Tracey Cox

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Wesley Ramey	Seaman Watson	Young Tommy	Midget Wolgast
2—Barney Ross	Jackie Wilson	Young Casanova	Ginger Foran
3—Benny Bass	Abie Israel	Speedy Dado	Jackie Brown
4—Young Peter Jackson	Freddy Miller	Pete Sanstol	Mickey McGuire
5—Eddie Cool	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho	Valentin Anglemann
6—Steve Haliako	Varias Milling	Joe Tieken	Lucien Popesco
7—Lew Massey	Nel Tarleton	Newsboy Brown	Frankie Genaro
8—Jack Portney	Petey Sarron	Baby Palmore	Dave Crowley
9—Battling Shaw	Tommy Paul	Tommy Rogers	Mariano Arilla
10—Joe Ghnouly	Johnny Pena	Ernie Maurer	Willie Smith

Hein Muller, the German, in one session. Those were the highlights for May.

Among the heavyweights, King Levinsky asserted himself in lusty fashion with his one-round kayo over Charley Retzlaff. Charley followed up with a six-round kayo over Art Lasky. Lasky stopped Tiger Jack Fox, while Fox scored over Babe Hunt. Mickey Walker defeater George Manley. Lee Ramage drew with Tony Poloni. Paulino Uzcudun is going good in Europe. He scored over Pierre Charles. Don McCorkindale defeated Vincez Howe. Larry Gains scored over George Cook.

Jack Peterson disposed of Hein Mueller in one round. Al Ettore kayoed Ed Prante in one round. Charley Massare defeated Adolph "Pickles" Hintz and Pickles drew with Abie Feldman. Arthur Huttick won over Dewey Kimrey. Martin Levandowski kayoed Mickey Patrick in five rounds. Tony Cancela disposed of George Panka in the third. Jose Santa whipped Gene Stanton. Leroy Haynes kayoed K. O. Christner in seven rounds. Don Petrin whipped Jack Renault, and Fred Feary scored over Dynamite Jackson.

Maxey Rosenbloom is still setting the pace for light-heavyweights. He whipped Harold Murphy, Charley Belanger, and drew with Al Stillman. Stillman scored over Jimmy Braddock. Joe Knight kayoed Tiger Le Mon in nine rounds. John Henry Lewis whipped Tom Patrick. Al Gainer whipped George Nichols and kayoed Trader Horn in nine rounds. Joe Kaminski scored over Leo Larrivee and Battling Archie. Doc Conrad kayoed Wild Bill Kent in five rounds.

Among the middleweights, Marcel Thil, recognized world's middleweight champion, scored over Erich Seelig in Paris. Dave Shade won from Henry Firpo. Young Terry whipped Lew Halper.

Teddy Yarosz of Monaca, Pa., came through with a win over Tommy Freeman. Tracey Cox lost on a foul to Eddie Koppy in one round and was beaten by Tony Herrera. Eddie Kid Wolfe drew with Paulie Walker and lost to Jack Portney. Baby Joe Gans won from Philly Griffin. Cleto Locatelli won over Jackie Kid Berg, and kayoed Gregario Baffa in four rounds. Babe Marino kayoed King Tut in four rounds. Eddie Ran kayoed Benny Levine in ten rounds, while Benny disposed of Hans Mueller in the first session. Manuel Quintero scored over Charley Webber. Jay Macedon won from Jimmy Phillips and lost to Tony Rock.

Six-Second Powell defeated Bucky Lawless and drew with Tony Rock. Lawless won from Frankie Hughes. Billy Hogan outpointed Billy Townsend. Ray Kiser whipped Frank Bojorski but lost to Frankie Hughes. Murray Brandt won from Al Lewis and was beaten by Jimmy McNamara. Patsy Pesculli kayoed Howard Clark in three rounds and Joe Martin in four. Cerefino Garcia kayoed Howard Fritz in eight rounds. Johnny Owens scored over Eddie Anderson. George Salvatore won from Harry Carlton. Lope Tenorio whipped Ernie Kirchner. Jerry Emard won over Stanislaus Loayza. Lew Raymond stopped Jimmy Reed in five rounds. Stumpy Jacobs whipped Young Firpo. Pat Igo defeated Joe Ferraro.

Heading the lightweight feats of the month was Tony Canzoneri's triumph over Battling Shaw. Wesley Ramey scored over Tony Sciolino. Harry Dublinsky and Roger Bernard. Bernard disposed of Tommy Bland in five rounds, while Dublinsky whipped Danny Delmont. Barney Ross scored over Joe Ghnouly. Benny Bass defeated Buster Brown. Eddie Cool outpointed Joey Costa, while Joey stopped Charley von Reeden in six rounds. Tony Falco won from Ernie Caesar, but was beaten by Lew Massey.

Bobby Mays stopped Frankie Marchese in three rounds. George Riley defeated Frankie Wallace. Frankie Carlton was kayoed by Cocoa Kid in two rounds and lost to Jimmy Leto. Leto also whipped Cocoa Kid. Chino Alvarez whipped Charley Baxter. Petey Gulotta defeated Lew Lafferty, Bobby Burns and Jack Rose. Johnny Bonito won from Patsy Rubinetti. Frankie Klick stopped Tony Scarpati in three rounds. Johnny Lucas scored over Phil Rafferty.

Kid Chocolate, besides defending the featherweight title successfully against Seaman Watson, also scored over Johnny Farr. Jackie Wilson whipped Eddie Shea. Abie Israel disposed of Harry Fierro in three rounds. Freddy Miller whipped Eddie Trujillo and kayoed Johnny Gonzales in four rounds. Baby Arizmendi whipped Al Greenfield and stopped Mickey Cohen in three rounds. Petey Sarron drew twice with Tommy Paul, and kayoed Johnny Datto in one round. Datto finished Baby Colima in four heats. Nel Tarleton whipped Augustus Gyde. Johnny Pena defeated Jackie Sharkey. Albert Ladou scored over Wilbur Chevaliar. Pete De Grasse won from Jimmy Thomas and kayoed Izzy Cohen in five rounds. Petey Hayes defeated Al Roth. Mike Belloise drew with Lew Farber and won over Joe Regis. Maurice Holtzer scored over Achille Negri. Bobby Lawrence stopped Allen Foston in five rounds. Nick Scalba trimmed Lew Fox. Jimmy Vaughn won over Johnny Mitchell.

Al Brown still reigns in the bantamweight class. He kayoed Arthur Boddington in three rounds and Tommy Hyams in ten. Young Tommy whipped Speedy Dado and drew with Billy McLeod. Dado defeated Joe Tieken. Little Pancho won from Little Sport. Baby Palmore scored over Cris Pineda. Tommy Rogers drew with Kid Francis in Paris. Clever Sison defeated Vidal Gregario. Ross Fields whipped Baby Colima and Peter Jackson. Steve Roccox won from Marty Gold. Ernie Maurer whipped Johnny Edwards. Frankie Wolfram outpointed Harold Matthews. Domencio Bernasconi kayoed Johnny King in ten rounds.

Midget Wolgast still ranks with the flyweights. During the month, he scored over Eddie Burl. Etienne Mura was beaten by Giovanni Savo and kayoed by Ginger Foran in eight rounds. Jackie Brown whipped Billy Bryson and lost on a foul to Dave Crowley in ten rounds. Bert Kirby was beaten by Mickey McGuire and Ellis Ashurst. Maurice Huguenin whipped Riethdorf, the German, and Joe Cavignoli. Valentin Anglemann whipped Degand. Willie Smith won from Herbie Hill. Mariano Arilla defeated Praxille Gyde. Lucien Popesco scored over Kid Oliva, who trimmed Giovanni Savo. Jackie Rees outpointed Kid Socks in England.

The eight leading prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Joe John, Birmingham, England.
Bantamweight—Louis Salica, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Featherweight—Kid Herrera, Panama.
Lightweight—Jackie Cruz, Beaumont, Texas.
Welterweight—Joe Consiglio, New York City.
Middleweight—Bob Sawyer, Buffalo, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Stanley Weisniak, Waterbury, Conn.
Heavyweight—Frankie Edgren, Cheyenne, Wyo.

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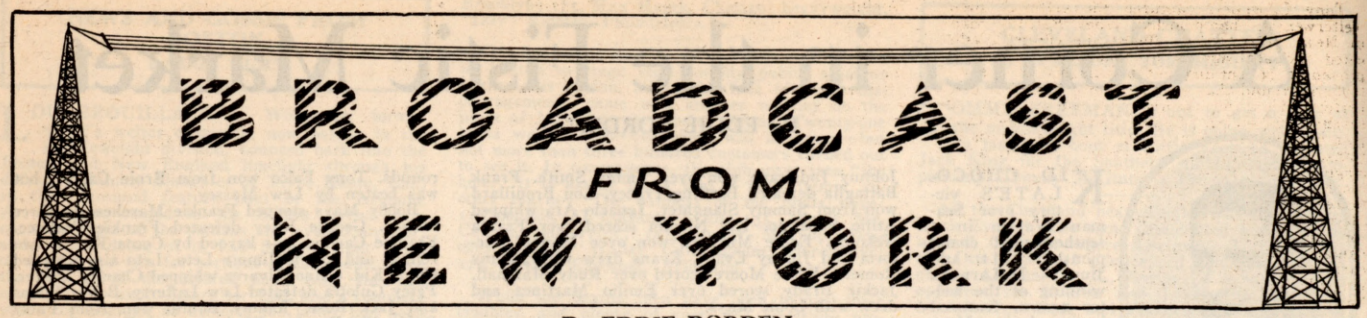

By EDDIE BORDEN

AS much as we dislike the task, it becomes our painful duty to report that May was one of the poorest months that the boxing game has encountered, and it will be a relief to welcome the summer months with their possibly bright outlook.

The open-air boxing season is now in full bloom. The Schmeling-Baer, Sharkey-Carnera, Canzoneri-Ross issues were decided, and it left a favorable impression with the fight fans who flocked to those three extraordinary encounters. Two of them were titular affairs and the other furnished just as much interest as if a championship was at stake.

Kid Chocolate went through with his fifteen-round tussle with Seaman Watson at the Garden in the only May attraction held there, and managed to hold the featherweight title, though he had an exceedingly difficult fight. It was a fairly entertaining bout, but it proved that Chocolate had an off-night or that he is completely through as a first-class fighter. Chocolate's speed and skill were sadly missing and only his remarkable courage and recovery under fire were evident. The dash and vim of former days were gone and Chocolate looked like an ordinary fighter, though in spots he spurted with the spirit of yore.

Watson showed nothing more than he did in the La Barba encounter. He is strong, rugged and game. He has one style and that is to work his way on the inside and slash away with two fists at close quarters. The Kid was completely gone as far as the eighth round, but he extricated himself out of dangerous corners through his ring generalship but had nothing left in the way of attack. Chocolate scored a lucky knockdown in the tenth round and, were it not for that lone factor, the decision might have gone to Watson.

Chocolate weighed 123½ against 125½ for Watson. It was a very low weight for Chocolate. The house drew thirty-two thousand dollars—a wonderful gate for these times. Nick Scalba whipped Lew Fox in the four-round semi-final and this proved to be the classiest bout of the evening. It was a battle between two gamecocks and Scalba forged ahead in the last round to clinch the verdict. They are featherweights. Frankie Klick stopped Tony Scarpati in three rounds when Scarpati suffered a badly cut eye. Mike Belloise trounced Joe Regis. Ray Meyers whipped Joe Ferrenti. Joe Consiglio kayoed Al Mangiapan in the first round and Murray Brandt scored over Al Lewis.

It looked like good old times to see the splendid turnout for the Chocolate-Watson affair and it proved that the Garden is really a five-dollar ringside place and the scale of prices should never have been reduced to three dollars. It only goes to show that if you give the fans something exceptionally good, they will attend, regardless of price. Boxing is still the sport of kings, and the prestige of the Garden should be upheld because of the attending effects it holds over the rest of the clubs throughout the country. Jimmy Johnston holds the whiphand over all the boys in the boxing fraternity and could utilize his position to better advantage. His assistance in bringing prosperity back to boxing will materially aid every promoter in the country. Boxing cannot exist without promoters and, when they continually lose money, they inevitably become reticent about staging additional shows. Eventually the boxers, managers and boxing interest from the public standpoint become dulled and that is shown in the shortage of gate receipts.

New York State has a ruling that fighters must use their own names when they step into a New York ring. This causes many ringers to step in a local ring, unknown to the local followers. Two such ringers stepped into the ring on the Chocolate-Watson card, but they both fared disastrously. Honey Mellody, a corking prospect from Boston with a record of no defeats around New England, stepped into the ring under the name of Joe Ferrenti and lost his first decision to Ray Meyers. Al Mangiapan, known in New Jersey under the name of Ralph Fulton, was kayoed by Joe Consiglio in one round, after being floored several times—The victories of Meyers and Consiglio over Ferrenti and Mangiapan mean nothing in Boston and Trenton, respectively, but scoring over their recognized names would mean additional prestige to the local youngsters—Earle Kid Everett, Memphis flyweight, who was the runner-up in the National amateur championships in Boston recently, is going to turn professional and will fly his colors from New York for the time being—He will be handled by Charley King, well-known New York bookmaker, who is an ardent devotee of the prize ring—Charley expects great things from his southern protege and will send him out after the best of New York bantams in the future.

There should be plenty of action for the devotees of the ring around New York during the open-air season. The Yankee Stadium and Polo Grounds expect to run shows every two weeks with Al Weill and Tim Mara handling the promotion—Weill intends to run popular-priced shows with the best of available talent and has several attractive matches in view—The Queensboro Stadium, the second in importance locally, has failed to secure anyone to undertake the boxing promotion for the time being, but will use Charley Johnston's flock of wrestlers every week—Coney Island Stadium will stage boxing shows every week, with Humbert Fugazy and Morris Sacks—Fewster Field, formerly used for baseball purposes, has entered the boxing field and will stage shows, with Tony Kelly making the matches—Ebbets Field will be open for any individual promoters who can get together worthwhile matches—Long Beach Stadium and Starlight Park are the remaining two open-air arenas for the metropolitan district. Jackie Farrell has joined hands with John Jennings and will run the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City during the summer months.

Eddie Ran scored a knockout over Benny Levine in the final round of their ten-round fray at the St. Nicholas Rink—It was a hectic scrap while it lasted—Ran scored four knockdowns before the finishing punch—Mike Belloise drew with Lew Farber—Frankie Edgren, a newcomer from Cheyenne, Wyo., flattened Juanito Olaguibel in the first round—Eddie Mader won from Lew Poster—Sid Silas disposed of Paul Scalfaro in three rounds—Ace Prodian whipped Frankie Albano, and Jose Pimenthal scored over Al Vadalfi in the remaining bouts—Kid Chocolate engaged in a tune-up scrap prior to the Watson go in Philly against Johnny Farr and had all he could possibly do to emerge victoriously out of that combat.

Farr proved that he is as rugged as ever and will still give the one-hundred-and-thirty-pounders around the country a tough tussle—Eddie Anderson, in spite of fifteen years' activity in the ring, manages to go along and still hold his own with the different headliners—Beginning as a flyweight, Eddie is now fighting around the one-hundred-and-forty-pound figure and is still able to furnish the fans thrills—Eddie Walker is aiding Jimmy Kelly in his quest to secure national recognition for Midget Wolgast as the flyweight champion—The Midget has to fight bantamweights to get any scraps—The dearth of flyweights in this country is appalling.

The champions crowned in the recent National amateur boxing championships, held in Boston recently, were as follows:

FLYWEIGHT—Tony Valore, Cleveland, Ohio.
BANTAMWEIGHT—Angelo Tardugno, Lawrence, Mass.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Louis Barisano, Boston, Mass.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Frank Eagan, Buffalo, N. Y.
WELTERWEIGHT—William Celebron, Chicago, Ill.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Tom Chester, New York, N. Y.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Max Marek, Chicago, Ill.
HEAVYWEIGHT—Izzy Richter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another one of Jimmy Johnston, Jr's., new-talent shows brought Charley Massare and Adolph "Pickles" Hintz in the feature bout. Massare won with little trouble—Lew Poster reversed the decision that Eddie Mader scored over him by flattening him in the first round—Frankie Edgren scored over Eddie Malcolm—Lew Farber trimmed Damasco Seda—Jimmy Fantini, one of the better prospects, scored a two-round knockout over Benny Brostoff—Sid Silas outslugged Pedro Nieves—Angelo Zimbardo whipped Joe Doradio—Jack Allen suffered a double disaster when his two aces were beaten in Montreal recently—Allen Foston was kayoed by Bobby Lawrence and Billy Townsend was beaten by Billy Hogan—Gus Wilson is handling Hogan and believes it time to step out with Hogan—Billy is a former amateur product and has improved tremendously since his entry in the money-making ranks—Berg's showing, although beaten by Cleto Locatelli, was highly commendable in view of nine months' absence from ring activity—Locatelli is considered the best of European one-hundred-and-forty-pounders and gave Bep Van Klaveren a trouncing before the Hollander came to this country—Berg rallied strongly in the closing rounds and, if he is really serious about continuing his ring career, should do all right.

Rumors are always in evidence about a change in the matchmaking staff of the Garden, yet Jimmy Johnston is still at the helm and, from information we have received, he is certain to continue until his contract expires. One of the latest reports is that George Blake will then take his place—Blake is a high-class gentleman with an unassailable character but it is unlikely that he is fitted for the position—It is our opinion that, if and when Johnston retires, a local man, acquainted with local conditions and the local talent, would be best qualified for the position—Of the men mentioned who stand out, there are Tom McArdle, Al Weill and Jimmy Bronson as the leaders. In other localities outside of New York, Nate Lewis, at the Chicago Stadium, is recognized as one of the outstanding; Lew Raymond, who is doing wonders with a small club in Pittsburgh and deserving a better fate, and Scotty Monteith, now located in Detroit, who occupied the post of matchmaker in the old Garden, hold the upper hand. Mind matches are easily made, but concrete evidence is much more difficult to negotiate—Stepping into the Garden may seem like an easy assignment, but the entrance there paves the way for a continuous siege of headaches.

Benefit shows have always proven a hindrance to the progress of boxing—The leading charity of the season sponsored by the Milk Fund has always handicapped the remaining promoters around the Metropolitan district because of the publicity disadvantages—Madison Square Garden Corporation had a disastrous boxing season this year and their lone possibility of recouping their losses was through the heavyweight championship contest between Jack Sharkey and Primo Carnera—The Milk Fund decided to stage that match for their annual summer show and there was no alternative for the Garden but to declare them in on the profits—The Garden stages indoor shows weekly and manages to put over forty shows during the year, most of them losing ventures—Then comes along one good match of the year and they are forced to share their profits with an alien concern—If the Garden wanted to assert their independence and create a worth-while charity for their own constituents, a certain amount of profits could be distributed for the resurrection of the National Sports Alliance, a project originated for the welfare of the old-time boxer who is destitute—There are plenty of men worthy of mention who were famous years ago in ring history and now are forced to rely on charity for their existence—The boxing profession has a great deal in common with theatricals—They are called upon, day after day, to play benefits, but usually they are neglected in their own plight—A boxer's occupation is more exacting than the actor's, and usually he is not adapted for anything else when he is through with the ring. There is nothing more pathetic than to see a former fighter broke.

If the Baer-Schmeling affair proved a financial success, a great deal of the credit was due to the untiring efforts of Jack Dempsey in his endeavor to make his initial entry into New York promotional circles a complete success. Dempsey covered an average of sixteen hours daily labor and was employed in every possible association. Selling tickets at the box office to sparring with Baer and Schmeling for publicity purposes were only a few of his duties. Dempsey proved an indefatigable worker and convinced the skeptics that he was far more than a "front man." He showed his executive ability on many occasions. His affability and disposition to mix with the crowds on every possible opportunity were rare pieces of showmanship. If Dempsey is so inclined, he can assume a permanent position in New York as a boxing promoter and he will supply the necessary tonic for the restoration of interest in boxing circles. *(Continued on next page)*

Tony Canzoneri captured the mythical junior welterweight championship from Battling Shaw in New Orleans and, almost immediately, advocated the abolishment of that class, which has proven to be nothing but a nuisance to the contenders around that weight—Tony flashed a great performance and scored knockdowns in the seventh and eighth rounds—Shaw gave the champion a stubborn battle for the first five rounds but Canzoneri's class began to assert itself from that stage on and Shaw was given an opportunity of displaying rare gameness to finish the full distance—Martin Burke promoted the show at Heineman Park and showed a substantial profit for his labors—Pete Herman, former world's bantam champion, who sponsored Canzoneri's early career, was an interested spectator at the ringside and was given Tony's gloves at the finish as a memento.

The concluding indoor show staged at the St. Nicholas Rink, between Eddie Kid Wolfe and Paulie Walker, furnished one of the prize decisions of the year—Wolfe won seven of the rounds handily and Paulie earned two of them, with one about even, but the two judges declared it even, while Referee Andy Griffin rightfully awarded the verdict to Wolfe—The betting price before the fight was two to one in Wolfe's favor, but before the decision was rendered, the gamblers were offering ten to one on Wolfe without any takers—The judges who presided are to be complimented for their unity, but it would have looked better if they had watched the contest for only appearance's sake—Joey Costa was credited with a technical knockout over Charley von Reeden in the sixth round when Charley suffered a badly cut eye and could not continue—Frankie Edgren furnished a real surprise when he outpointed Lew Poster—Tony Dominquez disposed of Earl Smith in five rounds—Joe Doherty scored over Ace Prodian, and Willie Lewis drew with Izzy Janazzo in the opening bout.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE Chicago Stadium Operating Company presented its biggest boxing show here this month when Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, met Barney Ross of Chicago in a title bout. It was the company's fourth show since the Chicago Stadium corporation went into receivership last January. Three thousand dollars profit was realized from its first card when Ross won from Billy Petrolle. The second show, which presented Tommy Loughran and Izzy Gastanaga, lost $1,000, and the third between King Levinsky and Charlie Retzlaff lost $400.

The Ross-Canzoneri encounter was expected to attract about 40,000 with receipts estimated at $75,000. It was a Chicago natural. Both fighters made some of their best battles here. Canzoneri's thrilling bouts against Bud Taylor, Armando Santiago, and Jack Kid Berg probably never will be forgotten. Local fans saw Ross perform since his amateur days and they took an interest in him from the time he won the Chicago *Tribune's* Golden Glove featherweight title in 1929.

Charlie White, for more than a decade one of the world's leading lightweights, is physical director at A Century of Progress Exposition. He has been conducting classes at the beach on the fair grounds, afternoons and evenings, since June 1. White has been granted 2,500 square feet of the beach near the dance pavilion. He charges $1 each for those who join his classes and he pays fair officials 35 per cent of the gross receipts.

It appears that there will be at least one show here every week-night throughout the outdoor season. Mique Malloy, Billy Cepak, Pep Kerwin, Grant Kromenaker and several other promoters were getting ready for a good season. Kromenaker presented the inaugural open air card at Northwest stadium, 4848 Irving Park boulevard with Homer Sheridan, Sioux City, Ia., middleweight, and Eddie Gill of St. Charles, Ill., in the wind-up. Kerwin followed with a show at Western stadium, Western and Devon avenues, where he runs weekly. At Sparta stadium Cepak got underway.

Mayor Edward J. Kelly has discontinued the previous practice of accepting complimentary tickets for the mayor's office for bouts. Clara O. Beesly, Mr. Kelly's secretary, returned an allotment of tickets for the mayor's office issued by the Stadium with the remark, "Mr. Kelly always has been on the Stadium's reservation list and he wishes to remain there."

Joe Triner, Illinois athletic commission chairman, has a marvelous business, professional and sporting record. Mr. Triner, who lives in Oak Park with his wife and children, is 38 years old. He was a close friend of the late Mayor Cermak. He compiled an enviable record as an amateur boxer and wrestler. Here is a thumbnail sketch of some of the things he is doing and has accomplished: Chemical manufacturer; was graduated from Columbia University about 1914; stockholder in the Chicago Stadium corporation and member of the board of directors; served with United States forces throughout the World War, first in intelligence section of army and then in naval intelligence department; holds commissions of captain in army reserve corps.

Solly Schuman, co-proprietor with Ben Reitman of the restaurant at Ogden and Hamlin avenues, has received $1,159 from a bus company for injuries he sustained when one of its buses hit Schuman's car. Chicago celebrities dine at the Schuman-Reitman quite regularly.

All of the Chicago boxers paid tribute to their mothers last May 14. That day has been set aside each year to pay homage to our greatest treasure and the boys here annually do their duty.

Kid Irish, Benld, Ill., featherweight, and his manager, Dave Mearns, travel from Chicago to St. Louis in Mearns' new Cadillac automobile quite frequently. On the eve of his most recent departure for St. Louis, Mearns said that he will return with a promising heavyweight. His name is Tony Jerk.

Ernie Fliegal, manager of Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg, Can., middleweight, has bought a recreation parlor at 620 Hennepin Avenue, in Minneapolis, Minn. It houses dandy bowling alleys and billiard tables.

Jackie Purvis, Indianapolis, Ind., welterweight, is a first cousin to Duane Purvis, Purdue University football and javelin star . . . Tom McHugh and Frank Bruno accompanied the Missouri valley amateur boxers here for an intersectional meet with a team of Chicagoans. McHugh writes sports for the Kansas City *Star*. He also does press work for professional boxing promoters. Bruno, who formerly resided in Chicago, is a promoter at Kansas City.

William Bolton, brother of State Representative John M. Bolton (Dem., Chicago) and Harold Ryan, brother of State Representative Frank Ryan (Dem., Chicago) are the latest to be appointed at the Illinois athletic commission. Bolton is assistant to John Duffy, chief inspector, and Ryan is gymnasium inspector. Ryan is to replace Max Gorman. Gorman compiled a good record at the commission and his departure will be missed by the fighters, managers, matchmakers and promoters.

Jackie Fields, two-time welterweight champion of the world, is selling beer in California. His orders were so large that he was unable to fill all of them. He had to contact eastern beer manufacturers.

Dave Barry, referee of the second Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney battle, sustained a broken nose when Henry Phagan, Irish lightweight, dropped him at the old Apollo hall at Blue Island avenue and 12th Street, 30 years ago. The Connemara Coocoos promoted the bout.

Jack Duffy, born Rudolph Preivatsky, 2836 North Mulligan avenue, Chicago, who boxed topnotchers 10 years ago, is able to use his right arm while toiling at the Cuneo Press despite the loss of the hand.

Charley Retzlaff, Leonard, N. D., heavyweight, always can be reached at Frazee, N. D., where his sweetheart resides. He also owns a building there. Jack Hurley, manager of Retzlaff and Billy Petrolle, Duluth, Minn., welterweight, spend most of their time at his office at The Ringside in Duluth.

Pal Moore, former Memphis, Tenn., bantamweight, says, "Memphis is famous for three things. They are: hard wood, hard liquor and Pal Moore!"

Art Laskey's mother sits alongside a telephone in her home at Minneapolis, Minn., whenever her heavyweight son fights, anxiously awaiting the result . . . . The 3,100 first balcony seats at the King Levinsky-Charley Retzlaff bout were sold. Ray Alvis, Chicago fight manager, and Howard Martin, *Tribune* sports writer, forecast the result of the Levinsky-Retzlaff bout.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—Howard Carr, known as Kid Howard, proprietor of the gymnasium at 116 Madison Street, was a bantamweight boxer? Tony Herrera, El Paso, Tex., junior welterweight, who is booked out of Chicago, smokes cigarettes? Jackie Stewart, former Louisville, Ky., featherweight, has procured a job in the Ford assembly plant at Louisville? Soldier Pinto, who boxed Earl Mastro when an amateur, is stone deaf? He lost his hearing after a nose injury which affected his ear drums.

Barney Abel, veteran local fight pilot, says, "When you live you live in clover, and when you're dead you're dead all over."

OPENING THE MAIL BAG WE FIND:
From James Segreti, Chicago—How old is Young Stribling?
Ans.—Stribling is 29 years old.

From Frank Koder, Box 82, Rome City, Ind.—Can a southpaw boxer meet an orthodox opponent in Illinois?
Ans.—There is no rule in Illinois that prevents boys of equal weight and ability from meeting, irrespective of how they stand or box.

From Albert Severino, Berwyn, Ill.—What is the age of Dave Barry, referee of the second Tunney-Dempsey battle?
Ans.—Dave Barry will be 46 years old in September.

From M. McCoffrey, alias Eddie Walsh, Ottumwa, Ia.—Dear Frank: I appreciate the interest you took in Don Pedigo. I regret that I didn't give you some information on him sooner, because a little story from you is a break for a kid like Pedigo. Jabber Young or Benny Yanger at the Illinois athletic club can tell you a lot about Pedigo. He makes his home in Charlton, Ia., and is handled by his uncle, Dr. F. D. Pedigo, an occulist in Ottumwa. Dr. Pedigo is a former Navy boxing champion.

From Lee J. Tadych, 2454 Lowell Avenue, Chicago—Friend Frank: I have added Mickey McKnight, Seattle middleweight, to my stable of fighters. McKnight would like to show his wares in Chicago against Bud Saltis, Ray Tramblie, Jack Moran and Jackie Purvis.

From Charles Fredericks, Chicago—Has Tony Canzoneri, lightweight titleholder, ever been knocked out?
Ans.—No.

IN OKLAHOMA
By HOOKS GIBSON

AT West Tulsa, Okla., promoted by Gene Ellis at the Mid-Continent open air arena, Glen Nute, the K.O. king of the featherweights, knocked out Peewee Terry in one round, it was Nute's 90th. K.O. in 103 fights. Leo Selby shaded George Williams in eight rounds and Harold Potts and Ace Bails battled to a draw in six rounds.

C. W. (Bill) Gray's second show at Okla. City resulted in Jimmy Owens winning over Lester Francis in ten hot rounds; Kenneth Sexton won from Larkin Colley in six-round semi-windup; and Jack Donaho beat Ray Cook in six rounds; the following week Joe Rice, Ft. Worth heavyweight, repeated his recent K.O. over Bob Williams in three rounds; Odie Ludlow beat Neil Johnson in six, and Chief Paris won over Ray Cook in six rounds, this show was by Lou Cutler. This Joe Rice seems to be going some place as a fighter. He has knocked out Bob Williams (2), Jesse James, Jack Waldrop and won from Baxter Calmes and Jack Van Noy in his last six fights.

At Bristow, Okla.—Howard Scott, Tulsa's hard-hitting feather, knocked out Jack Donaho, sensational Okla. City youngster, in four rounds. Leo Selby hung a K.O. on Danny O'Brien in three heats and Jimmy Craig knocked out Soggy Hammonds in four rounds. This show was under the auspices of the American Legion, with J. S. Sellers and Eddie Horany in charge.

Harry Bell and Bob Hunt report that they will close the Elk's gymnasium at Okla. City during the hot summer months, lack of open-air arenas in their locality is the reason.

A. G. Pelton, promoter at Waynoka, Okla., reports that he will re-open his club soon with some high-class shows.

At Alva, Okla., Johnny Anett won from Elmer Nelson in ten rounds, Kid Bartholemew won from Battling Clark; Billy Nicholson knocked out Porky Osborne in three, and Young Bails knocked out Jimmy Probst in one. Wildcat Bails, Waynoka middleweight, has been located in Amarillo, Tex., for the past few months working for promoter Bill Autry, who is making a desperate effort to revive the boxing game in Amarillo, Pampa and Borger, Texas.

IOWA WRESTLING NOTES
By BILL HAWKINS

MARION, IA.—Jimmy Bear threw Jumping John Petrusch in two straight falls. Kenny Gibson threw Stewart Peyton in six minutes after a series of flying tackles.

Monticello, Ia.—Jack Cook staged a thrilling contest with Young Gotch of Chicago. Cook won two falls out of three.

Marshalltown, Ia.—Bruce Noland defeated Ray Jacks, two falls out of three, in one of the best matches staged here for some time.

Sioux City, Ia.—Rough House Nelson defeated Al Schanke; Adam Krieger beat Pete Spinner in straight falls; Harold Wade beat Jack Clayborne; Earl Wade drew with Alex Keffner.

Des Moines, Ia.—Allen Eustace threw Nick Valcoff, two falls out of three. Ray Richards threw Jimmy Schaefer; Bronko Nagurski threw Frank Buresh; Bill Demetral and Joe Rogacki drew.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

DON MC CORKINDALE, the tough South African, gained a disputed verdict over Larry Gains, negro holder of the British Empire championship. Mr. C. H. Douglas, one of Britain's leading referees (he is an amateur), ruled that Gains was out in the tenth round when the colored man went down more as the result of a push than a punch. Gains barely arose at the count of ten.

The verdict caused much controversy and, following a number of unfavorable decisions, did nothing to maintain the prestige of British boxing. Jack Petersen, the youthful English champion, has a great chance against either of them.

Harry Levene, manager of Larry Gains, made an appeal to the Stewards of the B.B.B.C. that the decision of the referee that Gains was K.O.'d by McCorkindale, should be withdrawn.

The Stewards, after a lengthy discussion, decided that they would uphold the decision of the referee, and that is Donald McCorkindale K.O.'d Larry Gains in the 10th round.

Motzi Spakow, the Rumanian heavyweight titleholder, who mixes politics with fighting, proved himself a sterling little battler when he outpunched the Australian, Jack O'Malley for ten stanzas, to gain the verdict.

Eddie Phillips, the Bow contender for the cruiserweight championship, had an easy job against Peter Van Goole the Dutch heavy.

The Prince of Wales was a spectator and he appeared to take a thorough interest in the whole show, particularly when the Gains-McCorkindale verdict was given.

In an exceptionally poor fight, Jock McAvoy, a crude, hard-hitting Lancashire lad, outpointed Len Harvey, middleweight champion and Lonsdale Belt holder.

A redeeming feature of the Manchester tournament was the polished display of Archie Sexton, a middleweight contender, who revealed boxing ability of a high order when he beat Jack Casey, the "Sunderland Assassin" by a wide margin of points. Sexton made a hit with Jeff Dickson, who promised to use him often.

Louis Botes, a South African, recently arrived in this country, created a big surprise when he outpointed the former 118-pound champion, Dick Corbett.

Ginger Foran, my tip for the flyweight throne where Jackie Brown now sits, resting on his laurels, went one step farther in his bid for the championship when he stopped Jackie Rees, the tallest 112-pounder England has seen for years, in eleven rounds.

Foran has suffered only one defeat—that when he was a preliminary boy—since he turned professional. He is only nineteen years old and, one day, mark my words, he will emulate the Tylorstown "terror," Jimmy Wilde, who fetched a world's flyweight championship to Great Britain.

A French featherweight with American experience, Maurice Holtzer, took the place of Al Brown, the world's bantamweight champion, against Tommy Hyams, the King's Cross lad, and gave Hyams a boxing lesson and finally sent him to the floor with a beautiful short right to the chin. The towel came in from Hyams' corner to save him from further punishment in the fourteenth round.

Al Foreman, the lightweight champion, who was deposed for not accepting a certain sum to defend his title, is meeting with a fair measure of success in Australia.

Up to the time of writing, Foreman, in six starts, has won four bouts.

The last contest was against Jimmy Kelson, the Aussie champ, for the British Empire lightweight title, Kelson gaining the verdict easily. As Foreman is not the official champion of England, the bout could not have been a title fight.

Game Leo Bandias, the Australian cruiser, has returned to his native country, following his k.o. defeat by Laurie Raiteri.

Bandias lost fights because he cut easily.

Jackie (Kid) Berg made a welcome re-appearance at one of Jeff Dickson's shows at the Royal Albert Hall before one of the best houses of the season, against the Italian whirlwind, Cleto Locatelli.

Berg was outpointed but not disgraced and a couple of more fights will see him back into the running for world's premier honors. For five rounds, Jackie took everything that the Italian could hand out. Berg did not retreat one inch. He kept pressing Locatelli. Berg's distance was bad and it was not until the eighth round that he really got going. He went into Cleto, fighting mad, punching away with two hands to the body. His stamina was amazing and in the tenth and last session he had the foreigner reeling around the ring, suffering from a badly cut left eye. Locatelli's early lead had won him one of the hardest lightweight contests seen in this country.

The supporting bouts were very good, the leading ones ending in draws. These were eight-round contests between Johnny Peters and Phineas John, Ernie Roderick and Tommy John, a brother of Phineas. Georges Carpentier was an interested spectator at the Berg-Locatelli fight and he got quite a big hand from the ring.

Al Brown continues his winning ways in England, his latest victim being Tommy Hyams, who was stopped in the ninth round. Brown showed the crowd what a real champion was.

Johnny Waples, the former amateur champion, started his professional career in lightning fashion when he knocked out Young Stanley (Battersea) in 55 seconds at The Stadium Club, London.

Jackie Brown, the Manchester holder of the world's flyweight championship, suffered his second consecutive setback since he defeated Young Perez last October, when he was disqualified in ten rounds against Dave Crowley (Clerkenwell) at the Belle Vue Halls, Manchester, for repeated low hitting.

Ernie Roderick, the hard-hitting lightweight, outpointed the Scottish lightweight champion, Jim Hunter, on the same program.

Seaman Rowles goes from victory to victory at The Crystal Palace. His latest victim was the promising Welsh cruiserweight champion, Randolph Jones.

Teddy Phillips, the youthful Canadian cruiser, made a distinct impression in the minds of the critics by the manner in which he beat the tough sailor, Seaman Atkey. The latter was so badly punished that the referee stopped the contest in the fifth round.

As I said in this column a month or two ago, when Louis Botes, the South African feather, gets acclimatised he will beat the best. Following his decisive win over the ex-bantam champion, Dick Corbett, he outpointed Jack Garland, the Irish featherweight champion, in a supporting bout to the Rowles-Jones fight at the Crystal Palace.

George Panther, Purchase, the Hurricane fighter from South Africa, is proving very popular over here. His latest win was over the contender for the 135-pound title, Evan Lane of Wales.

Two old rivals, Harry Mason and Fred Webster, both former lightweight kings, met for the third time in the opening show at the Mile End Arena, London. Webster confirmed two previous wins by outpointing Mason, who put up a very good show. This was the first open-air show on the East Side for many years.

David Wilde, the son of the former world's flyweight champion, Jimmy, is boxing very well as a professional. He has won all his nine fights.

Of course the opposition has not been very strong but Young Wilde won in good style.

By the way, his father has returned his referee's license and has applied for a manager's certificate.

Nel Tarleton, the former featherweight champion, outpointed Auguste Gyde, the Frenchman in the top liner of a tournament held at the Liverpool Stadium in aid of the former Liverpool slugger, Dom Volante, who has now been forced to retire from the game owing to bad eyes. Tarleton won easily, but he had two frights, being put down for long counts twice from rights to the jaw. In other contests on the same bill Ernie Roderick beat Herbie Fraser in seven rounds and Billy Gannon gained his revenge on Johnny Peters, outpointing the latter.

Stoker Reynolds, who was knocked out by Jack Hood recently, was very lucky to share honors with Len Saunders, the Dutchman. This was the topliner of a show in which half the proceeds went to Billy Streets, the popular Portsmouth boy, who is now recovering after a motor car smash.

Ginger Foran, the nineteen-year-old Liverpool flyweight, added further to his laurels when he defeated Etienne Mura at Liverpool Stadium, the latter retiring in eight rounds.

At the time of writing, two of Foran's townsmen are now leaving for Australia. They are Nel Tarleton and Ernie Roderick. They will be accompanied by blond Johnny Peters, the Battersea bantam.

Charlie Hickman, winner of the 1932 Crystal Palace open heavyweight competition and heralded by the critics as a future champion, has deteriorated beyond all knowledge. Valiant Tom Tucker stopped his run of success some months ago and since then he has only won one fight. Bill Webster, the brother of Fred Webster, the ex-lightweight champion, forced Hickman to retire, and Webster is only a middleweight.

Johnny King, our bantamweight champion, is improving with his punching. In two successive weeks he k.o.'d Benny Thackray, one round, and Pat Gorman the same.

Mickey McGuire, the lad who came into prominence by knocking out Young Perez while the latter was champion, won well over the former English champion, Bert Kirby. McGuire should have been one of the most colorful fighters in England but there is no enterprise behind him.

Ginger Jones, the Welsh featherweight champion, who was unbeaten last season, left for South Africa. Jones fought Laurie Stevens, the Olympic lightweight champion, a couple of days after landing—and was forced to retire in seven rounds.

Jack Hyams is back into the front as a middleweight as a result of his win over tough Bill Webster. Hyams won this contest easily and appears to have regained the confidence that made him one of the country's leading lightweights a couple of years ago.

Benny Sharkey, the Newcastle lad who came into prominence by defeating the then unbeatable Teddy Baldock, is boxing in fine form, winning his last seven fights.

Jackie Brown followed up his unlucky bout with Dave Crowley by taking on Billy Bryon at the Ring six days later. The latter was no match for Brown.

Johnny Cuthbert, the popular lightweight champion, has discovered a really useful heavyweight in Kid Scott, who hails from Cuthbert's home town, Sheffield.

Harry Crossley, ex-cruiserweight champion of Great Britain, who was picked by the B.B.B.C. Stewards to box the winner of the Len Harvey-Eddie Phillips contest, threw a bombshell into their works when he sent a letter stating that he will, in future, box as a heavyweight.

Tommy Rogers, the young bantam of Willenhall, near Birmingham, who caused a sensation in Paris when outpointing Eugene Huat, the French bantam, was given another chance by Jeff Dickson to show his wares in Paris against Kid Francis, the French crack bantamweight. Rogers has confirmed what Jeff Dickson had said that this lad had a chance to beat the best, on his showing against Huat and drawing with Kid Francis.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

THE Managers' and Boxers' annual convention was held in Manila in a big way. Speeches, elections, a banquet and a pilgrimage to the graves of Pancho Villa, Dencio Cabanela, Clever Sencio, and Archie Lea were the order of the day. As a fitting climax, a boxing jamboree was dished out to the public gratis. The success of the affair was due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Macario P. Rivera, diminutive prexy of the association, who was ably aided by Messrs. Paquito Lituco and A. dela Concepcion.

Young Dumaguilas bested Young Gildo to retain his bantam crown. Ventura Marquez and Jack Sylva battled to a draw. Jack Ricardo, Cavite's pride, suffered a t.k.o. at the hands of Young Frisco, fast-rising Pasay lad.

Kid Vicente, Cebu Caveman, boxed his way to a decision over Alby Roberts, flat-footed Australian Aborigine. Cecil Kid Como at last won a fight here by whipping, Fighting Abordo in Binan. Roberts and Como both are in Australia.

Ventura Marquez lost the nod to Joe Eagle, hard-hitting junior-featherweight. Young Tarley gave Vic Amado a sound drubbing. Elino Flores treated Manila fans to his fourth knockout in as many starts when he levelled off Rush Toledo in the third round of a scheduled six-rounder.

Pete Villanueva, sports editor of the *Herald*, is also the State University football and basketball coach. Pancho Villa, Jr. is now seven years old. Sam Croft is back managing fighters. Francis McArthy left his sports editor's desk at the *Bulletin* to join the Esco Ball Club. Speedy Dado is coming back. Colonel Andreas is thinking of importing some wrestlers to tackle the native bone-crushers.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

THE Forum was the scene of the only two major ring events in Montreal during the month of May and—strangely enough—one of them was an amateur tournament. Alex. Moore, enterprising Forum matchmaker, who is striving valiantly to put the game on its feet here, presented one of the most pretentious cards in years with three ten-rounders, including a Canadian featherweight title bout, comprising a triple attraction. A week later, the St. Lawrence Kiwanis Club of Montreal staged the first of what may prove to be an annual series of gala international and interprovincial amateur ring carnivals.

Moore's card was a pippin, but the apathetic response at the box-office was disheartening in some measure, but not enough to make Moore rig up the white flag. He is determined to give Montrealers the best available, and if the fight game is ever going to be revived here, it will have to be while Moore is at the helm.

Billy Hogan, Gus Wilson's classy young welterweight, got his opportunity for international recognition in the main ten-rounder with Billy Townsend, blond Vancouver dynamiter, and, aided by unusual breaks, grabbed the verdict after an interesting duel. Hogan had a slight edge until the seventh when Townsend crashed a right to the body that just about paralyzed Hogan, then slashed with a left to the head to straighten him up for a finisher. Hogan walked to his corner claiming Townsend's thumb had jammed into his eye and the timer rang the bell for the end of the round, though more than thirty seconds were left. He got a regular minute's rest while Wilson fixed up his eye and recuperated from the effects of that crushing body blow, thus saving himself from a knockout. Hogan gained the verdict though a draw would have been fairer.

Albert Ladou, Algerian featherweight flash, gave a brilliant display to score over Wilbur Chevalier in the semi-final of ten rounds. Ladou was a "Black Ghost" in action and gave the most masterly display he has ever shown here. A return bout is logical, though it is doubtful that Chevalier can best Ladou if the latter repeats his performance.

Bobby Lawrence, popular Toronto boy, is the new Canadian featherweight champion. He earned that title and the "Leo Kid Roy Championship Belt" when he knocked out Alan Foston, classy Vancouver boy, in the fifth of the scheduled ten-round triple attraction. Lawrence fought a smart, cagy battle. Leo Kid Roy refereed and disported himself well.

The prelims were good. Johnny Keller, local lightweight star, cut loose with a tigerish fury to left hook Paddy Doyle, Ireland, into submission in the fourth. Keller is rapidly rising to the top flight class. Harry Gerson, classy local Hebrew bantam, gave the most impressive display of his short career in outpunching the rugged St. Henri slugger, Armand Martin, in the other six-rounder. This was the best brawl of the night and Gerson surprised with his game and rugged display. He's a comer too.

Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, left with his shrewd manager, Sam Gibbs, for Europe, the next day. He fights Jackie King, British champ, in London for the British Empire crown. Leitham will also perform in Glasgow, Manchester and possibly one or two other centers before returning.

Ronnie Headley, Ottawa's welterweight star, may also become an Empire champ. He is back home after a sensationally successful invasion of British rings and is scheduled to meet Jack Hood, British champ, for the crown in July. Headley, who has improved by leaps and bounds, showed his home-town fans his wares to their satisfaction by flattening Lope Tenorio, Buffalo Filipino, in two heats.

STRAY SHOTS—The Kiwanis amateur meet was a huge success . . . . outdid the Dempsey-Schmeling attraction by plenty . . . . fights were good with Montrealers dominating . . . . locals won 7 of 9 interprovincial jousts . . . . too bad for Ontario and Toronto in particular . . . . made clean sweep of three international bouts with New York stars . . . . Battling Sig Tracey in tough spot in Winnipeg on May 22 . . . . was to have met Frankie Battaglia . . . . Tracey has been doing well there . . . . adieu till next month.

LAST-MINUTE FLASH—Al Foreman has another ring feat to his credit. The dynamic Britisher is the first British Empire titlist to recapture his crown after losing it. Foreman dropped a questionable verdict to Jimmy Kelso, Aussie lightweight, in the latter's home town, Sydney, Australia, a few weeks ago, in a fifteen-round title bout. He was rematched with Kelso three weeks later in the same place and regained his laurels when Kelso was disqualified for fouling in the third round.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS
By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

VICTOR BECKMYN, who has always been considered a dangerous French lightweight champion, was soundly beaten by Turiello, a speedy Italian battler, in a bout held in Zurich. The Italian used his left hand in a most useful manner and he managed to keep the Frenchman from getting in close for his favorite style of battling. Jackie Brown, the world's flyweight champion outside of New York State, defeated Billy Bryon, a leading contestant for the British title, in the fourteenth of a scheduled fifteen-rounder.

Al Brown defeated Arthur Boddington of England in the fourth of a scheduled fifteen-round mill. The Englishman was entirely outclassed, and he had the towel tossed in when he was about to collapse.

Tommy Rogers of England is one very classy boxer. He has appeared twice in Paris and he has made an excellent impression. He put up a slashing bout against Kid Francis, and while the judges called it a draw, the verdict should have gone to Francis, who won seven out of the ten sessions.

Rogers is practically a newcomer in the boxing game, but he will bear watching. Guy Bonaugure, the brother of Kid Francis, gave Billy Reynolds so bad a beating for four rounds in the supporting bout to the Francis-Rogers bout that the mill was stopped.

Cleto Locatelli, the clever Italian lightweight, has kept up his fine ring work since defeating Kid Berg. His latest fight was in Geneva, where he knocked out the crack Swiss battler, Gregorio Boffa, in the fourth of a schedule ten-threes. At the same entertainment Anglemann, the French flyweight won over Degand, on points.

At Barcelona, the champion middleweight of Chili, Godon, knocked out Al Roman in the opening round of a scheduled ten-session bout.

Joe Mico, Spanish lightweight, and Roger Siminde of France, went ten rounds to a draw at the Paris Paris-Ring. Both have been defeated by Cleto Locatelli.

John Anderssen, the European light-heavyweight champion, and the champion of Italy, Merlo Precisco, went ten rounds to a draw at the Salle Wagram arena of Paris. Neither fighter showed real championship class.

Young Stanley, the American schoolboy, as he is known in France, put up a really good fight against a Negro named Laroche, at the above entertainment, and he earned a well-deserved decision. Maurice Huguenin, the French "fly," defeated Joe Cavagnoli of Italy in a fast ten-round contest.

Kid Oliv of France defeated the Italian flyweight, Savo, on points in a bout held in Paris. The fight was a hard-fought one, and the decision was just.

Bensa, for several years the French featherweight champion, defeated Di Cea, in a ten-round bout on points.

Ignacio Ara, the clever Spanish middleweight boxer who formerly held the European crown, returned to the ring after a long layoff and scored a brilliant victory over Atilio Sabatino, a Porto Rican battler, in a bout which was held in Barcelona. The Spaniard completely outclassed Sabatino, but he could not put him out.

Jeff Dickson has been giving a lot of time to his London promotions, and also attending to his new stadium which will be erected in the big English town. It will be the biggest sports indoor structure in the world, and it will fill a long-felt want in London.

The Italian lightweight champion Carlo Orlandi, defeated Henri Vuillamy of France in a fast ten-rounder which was fought in Paris. The Italian is a very clever ring artist, and he is there with a good punch in both hands.

In the semi-wind-up, the French flyweight, Maton, knocked out the Italian Young Cassini, in the first round, Maurice Holtzer, French featherweight, defeated on points an Italian named Achille Negri, on points.

Heintz, French featherweight, won over Aldo Linz of Italy, in the seventh of a scheduled ten-threes. The Italian, after being badly punished during the previous round, thought he had enough for one night and he threw up his hands during the seventh as a signal of distress.

Carlo Orlandi, the clever Italian lightweight, who defeated Henri Vuillamy, the French battler, in a ten-round bout at the Salle de la Mutualite, fractured a knuckle in his left hand early in the fight. He also fought against Vuillamy while suffering from the pain of a boil under his right armpit.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

WILBUR CHEVALIAR, Bay City's best fighter, was beaten for the first time since last October, when he lost a hard fought ten-rounder to Albert Ladou, the Algerian Flash, at Montreal. Since January, 1932, Chevaliar has had over twenty fights, losing only four. His conquerors were Hymie Wiseman, Johnny Datto, George Riley and Ladou. His other fights were against Jackie Sharkey, Datto, Bobby Allen, Mickey Genaro, Izzy Thomas, Tiger Kid Walker, Jackie Rodgers, Pete Bat Leno, Joe Pagalina, Frankie Minerva, Tommy Rollings, Harold Stewart and Alan Foston.

The most important boxing show of the month was that at Flint, featuring Wesley Ramey and Roger Bernard. This match had been "hanging fire" for over a year. Ramey outboxed his Flint opponent, and only in two rounds, the second and sixth, did Bernard dominate.

The semi-final stole the show. Ace Martin, Lansing light-heavyweight, won his eighteenth consecutive victory when he knocked out Harold Anderson, of Flint, but only after a hard battle. Martin was knocked down once in the first, twice in the second, and once in the third, and, with blood streaming from cuts over his left eye and one ear, started a stout-hearted rally that culminated in the fifth round, when Anderson was inert on the canvas. Martin dropped Anderson with a looping right for no count, but a moment later crashed a left hook to Anderson's jaw and this time he stayed down for the count.

Scotty Monteith continued to run boxing shows at the Arena Gardens in Detroit. Ernie Maurer scored a sensational two-round knockout over Jackie Stewart, of Louisville, Ky., in Monteith's first show of the month. Stewart was dropped three times before he was finished.

Lefty Louie Mays, middleweight, now residing in Detroit, received an unpopular decision over Fritz Heinz of Saginaw in the other half of a double windup.

Jackie Sherman, Eddie Fletcher's promising welter, is resting. Sherman's last fight was over a month ago, when he defeated Johnny Nardoni. Jackie has had trouble making 147 pounds and will probably campaign as a middleweight in the future.

Wesley Ramey had a hard time beating Tony Sciolino, of Buffalo, at Rochester, N. Y. After beating Sciolino, Ramey fought a return match with Harry Dublinsky at Pittsburgh.

Any idea that Fritz Heinz may have had regarding his superiority over Louie Mays was dispelled when Mays outpunched the Saginaw playboy in a return engagement.

Tony Tassi and Henry Gowatch fought for the fourth time in the ten-round semi-final. A draw was the only appropriate decision.

Doc Simard of Standish is singing the praises of Midget O'Farrell, Bay City 140-pounder. O'Farrell hasn't beaten anybody of note, but the debonaire Simard predicts a bright future for him.

Ivan Harburn, winner of the open featherweight championship in the Golden Glove tournament conducted by the Detroit *Free Press* last winter, came to grief in his second professional fight when he was stopped in the second round by Georgie Quackenbush of Grand Rapids. In Harburn's professional debut, he outclassed Swede Titus of Pontiac.

Ernie Maurer earned the right to meet Midget Wolgast when he defeated Johnny Edwards of Charleston, W. Va., in a vicious punching duel at the Arena Gardens.

In another ten-rounder, Orrie Mosher, Muskegan southpaw, proved his superiority over Eddie Koppy, Detroit slugger. Bobby Thomas, Saginaw bantam, scored over Juan Cruz in six, and Johnny Whiters, colored heavy from Pontiac, whipped Eddie Anderson of Detroit.

Paul Mazer, a lightweight from Cleveland, who defeated Billy Marrone in the amateurs, would like a chance to do it again, writes Manny Robines.

Fritz Heinz defeated Tiger Roy Smith, a classy colored boy from Buffalo, in ten rounds at Arena Gardens. Smith was warned several times for fouling and, if he had made a clean fight, would probably have received the duke.

Johnny Miler is now heavyweight champion of Michigan. Miler is eager to box Martin Levandowski.

Johnny Vorce, of Detroit, is another boy who is after a match with Levandowski. Vorce has beaten the best in eastern Michigan, as well as Stanley Wellise, of Muskegan. During the month, Vorce won by a technical knockout over Eddie Dorian, of Jackson, at Saginaw. Harold Anderson put the rollers under Leon Nichols, of Pontiac, in the third of their scheduled eight-round bout.

Nicky Nelson, Ferndale featherweight, is one of the busiest boys in Michigan. During the month, Nelson twice drew with Juan Cruz, beat Cruz once, defeated Sammy McAuley and beat Eddie Trongo. He is managed by Edgar L. Williams.

Chuck Woods defeated Holmon Williams for the second time at the Naval Armory in Detroit. Woods' victory was clean and decisive. Orval Drouilard outscored Ken Offet in six of eight rounds.

Jackson went on the air with the Harry Fine-Lou Schneider fight. The official decision was a draw, but many ringsiders thought the Detroit Greek was entitled to the nod. Joe Cholak, of Detroit, rallied to beat Flo Glance, of Grand Rapids, and Earl Philbin whipped Frankie Grover, of Kalamazoo, in six-round bouts.

Remember, managers, promoters and fighters, to send in your dope before the fifteenth of each month, if you expect it to get into THE RING. Information about the boxing situation in Michigan may be had from me, but don't forget the stamped envelope, if you expect a reply.

Eddie Koppy, Detroit lightweight puncher, won on a foul from Tracey Cox, of Indianapolis, in the main go at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Frankie Jarr took the measure of Saginaw Bobby Thomas in the semi-final.

Hap Palmer, of Brown City, is now promoting at Port Huron. His first show featured Harry Robertson, with Chuck Murchison in the opposite corner.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Ace Martin has been out on the Pacific Coast . . . . Jack Moore, who has beaten Chuck Murchison and Lyle Blain, and Ken Levi, who defeated Tommy Meeking, are promising Lansing fighters . . . . Nicky Nelson has had fifty-four professional bouts, which were preceded by thirty amateur bouts as a member of Christ Church A. C. in Detroit. He is twenty-one years old and has gone through three years of technical school as well as four years of high school . . . . Bob Strader of Danville, Ind., writes about Pat Murphy of Terre Haute. Murphy is managed by Bud Taylor and is the best 140 pounder in Indiana, excluding Tracey Cox and Willard Brown . . . . Charley Crocker, Iron Mountain 138 pounder, is nursing a broken hand which he received in his last fight with Harry Fine. He has had sixty-six professional fights, winning twenty of them by knockouts. He has met most of the good fighters in the middle-West, including Wesley Ramey, Roger Bernard, Billy Gladstone, Frankie Knauer, Prince Saunders, Mickey Doyle, Joey Thomas and Glen Camp . . . . Another good Iron Mountain fighter is Speedy Trick, a promising bantam . . . . Sammy Goldman, New York fistic impresario and proclaimed by Eddie Borden to be the best fight manager in the business, is singing the praises of Pat Leonard, an amateur bantam . . . . Al Siwicki, Grand Rapids, is a dynamic puncher and will soon be causing the state bantams plenty of trouble.

I now have 1933 lists of Michigan promoters, which I will sell for a quarter. Anyone wanting my ratings of any division of national fighters can get them for a quarter, or records of well-known Michigan fighters at the same price.

TOLEDO, OHIO, AND NEAR-BY CITIES

By JOE GRIFFITH

AT the River View A. C., Al. Abad shaded Les. Ashbaugh, of Castalia, O., in a real slug-fest; Steve Shea, of Birmingham, and Sailor Wilkinson, of Terre Haute, battled to a fast draw; Carl Fosnaugh, the club's flashy featherweight, stopped Cassie Alleo of Sandusky. Joe Parks, of White House, kayoed Joe Rivers, and Joe Scaag and Lee Mesenberg drew.

At Maumee, Young Kid McCoy, of the River View, stopped Bobbie Collins, of the May Coal A. C., four rounds; Frank Bayles, of the River View, stopped Joe Scaag, of Indiana, two rounds; Carl Fosnaugh shaded Battling O'Brien, and Paul Crouse stopped Kid Carpenter, three rounds.

At the River View, Steve Shea decisioned Sailor Wilkins; Carl Fosnaugh won over Tony Valenta, of Fostoria; Joe Parks won over Geo. Munoz, and Jimmie Clarry stopped Steve Nisto.

Each week the crowds at the River View A. C. are increasing. The owners of the club, Walter Hickman and Joe Griffith, matchmaker, are out to put the boxing game in Toledo back on the map.

In a championship bout for the lightweight honors of Toledo, O., and northwestern Ohio, Young Kid McCoy and Eddie Isaacs battled to a sizzling draw.

At the River View A. C., Toledo, Al. Abad, the club's leading middleweight, defeated Rich Wobser, of Sandusky, O., in a very interesting bout; Walter Hallet, of Swanton, defeated K. O. Bracker, of Rosford; Battling O'Brien shaded Steve Sanders; Freddie Kuntz shaded Battling Ski-Hi, and Red McClelond and Whity Carns drew.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

HEADING the southern Ohio territory was the double windup card at the Dayton Fairgrounds, Joe Seykra meeting Tiger Roy Williams and Pee Wee Jarrell mixing things with Nick Nicholson . . . . Bill Powers and Johnny Brown are making good with semi-monthly shows at the Odd Fellows Temple in Cincinnati . . . . rumored that Herman Katz will come through with a few shows this summer . . . . but not at the Parkway. That's a pity, as this is a good spot, but too much rent is demanded by the owners for a promoter to make any money . . . .

Pee Wee Jarrell making easy pickings out of Simon Nebloski . . . . another case of too much rush . . . . it's getting to be a habit with you . . . . this song would sure fit in with Cincinnati managers and promoters . . . . rushing fighters . . . . Koshover, Muchrowski, Nebloski, Stanley and Cox . . . .

Sammy Sandow, former great Cinci scrapper, now hitting the weights at a large figure . . . . Jack Porter's Wednesday night shows at his Pee Wee A.C. in Dayton playing to big crowds, as is Reach Devlin's Dayton Gym . . . . at popular prices . . . . Tony Usas is the big gun at the former, while no favorite plays at the Gym . . . . Smokey Maggard beat Frankie Palmo in the last Gym show . . . . Marty McHale added another kayo to Lee Cox's record, stopping the youngster, as did Jarrell a few weeks previous at Indianapolis . . . .

Dewey Fragetta, former pilot of Bushy Graham, looking for talent from this territory . . . . can be reached through this writer . . . . Tommy McGinty has some ace-high scrappers in his Cleveland stable and is anxious to get started around here again . . . . Middletown going good, after a long layoff from the fight game, with Jimmy Yinella in the matchmaker's seat . . . . This writer is looking for some good boys in southern Ohio territory . . . . would do well to write to 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O. . . . .

Zendon Jacobs, former Springfield manager and promoter, retired from the game and is now farming near his native city. . . . a good spot for a live wire . . . . Hamilton . . . . Bobbie Fernandez, Mexico's thunderbolt 132-pounder, soon to make an invasion of this section . . . . Jack Johnson, Georgia battler, anxious to show in these parts . . . . am missing those good stories from Mac McCurdy, the New Zealand writer . . . . come on, Mac . . . . the one man who has the right idea to bring the game back in Cincinnati . . . . Eddie Gerhardt . . . .

Muchrowski stopped Cole Johns in nine sessions while Sekyra lost to Roy Williams . . . . a neat youngster, Lefty Casey, managed by Tex Blankenship . . . . the big mistake of the Milford Legion . . . . a year ago and before, drawing close to five and six hundred berries under Batsche and Gerhardt and now down to less than fifty . . . . oh hum! . . . . we live and learn! . . . . can still go, under right managership . . . .

Several queries to this writer . . . . what's become of that fighting farmer boy . . . . Franky Zinn? . . . . up in Harrison, spilling ink for a press . . . . speaking of questions, here's some for someone who knows, to answer . . . . the plans of Bob Puthoff and his arena? . . . . Bernie Willen's over the river arena . . . . and Gene Kennedy's Covington ball park where Joe Anderson will operate . . . . and last but not least, who is going at the Red's ball park? . . . .

Freddie Miller, N.B.A. featherweight champion, out on the Coast burning them up with some great battling, expected back in Cinci this summer for a couple of shots . . . . the right man for Pete Reilly is Eddie Gerhardt . . . .

Coming along fine is Young Bundy, Dayton's featherweight flash . . . . Jim Dowling, ex-manager of Cole Johns, predicted several days before the latter's fight with Muchrowski in Cinci, that his old fighter would not go the route with the big Pole . . . .

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

WITH the open-air sports season close at hand and well under way before this article appears in print, Buffalo faces the summer with little prospect of any big boxing shows and only a couple of good wrestling matches. This city has never been a good open air spot, although one summer, the old Velodrome club did a good business when Art Weigand was meeting Mike McTigue, Battling Siki, Jock Malone, etc., and the Queensberry club used Jimmy Slattery a couple of times.

The 1933 season will probably see the birth of one new club and possibly two. But unless boxing takes a boom, the embryo promoters will not finish with anything on the right side of the ledger.

Tommy Paul twice journeyed to Alexandria, Va. last month (May) to fight Pete Sarron, the Birmingham scrapper. Each time the official verdict was a draw. In their last meeting Paul sustained some severe cuts, necessitating the cancellation of other matches already booked. Sarron must be a rough lad in the ring.

Lou Scozza has been decidedly inactive since dropping a decision to the Negro light-heavy, Tiger Jack Fox. Lou would like nothing more than a title match with Maxie Rosenbloom, but their last meeting did not draw enough to make the promoters eager to take a chance.

Frank Eagan, snappy young lightweight from Niagara Falls, won the National lightweight title at the Amateur tournament at Boston, beating down all opposition. Eagan is too young to turn pro and should not listen to incompetent managers who want him to desert the Simon pures. Another year as an amateur will help Eagan develop.

Good boxers with records, who are unattached, should write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo. Wrestlers in the middleweight and light-heavyweight classes should also write, as there are to be some big tournaments staged this summer.

SOME SHORT STUFF—Steve Halaiko is still laid up with a broken thumb, which he sustained in the Wesley Ramey match . . . . Halaiko will be in good shape again about June 15 . . . . Billy Kowalik, the Lackawanna lad, has boxed some good fights in Toronto this spring . . . . Bobby Clary (the old sea captain) is also going strong in Canadian rings . . . . Clary defeated Harry Liebowitz at Ottawa and Cliff McWhirter at Toronto . . . . Snowflake Wright, the belting Negro, carries a wallop but cannot get much work . . . . The Wesley Ramey-Pat Igoe match at Rochester was cancelled when only a handful turned out for the show . . . . Igoe was also reported ten pounds overweight . . . . Tommy Moore intends to open a new pro club at Jamestown . . . . A good town when boxing is in a healthy condition . . . . Joe Savoldi showed in Buffalo but failed to attract a big crowd . . . . The attendance disappointed the promoters . . . . Now matched with Ed (Don) George for May 29 here, the boys look for a bumper house . . . . My personal opinion is that wrestling has hit the skids.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

MATCHMAKER CHARLEY MURRAY of Buffalo has revived professional boxing in Rochester with his good cards and reduced prices, and is drawing capacity houses semi-monthly. On his last show he had Wesley Ramey and Steve Haliako as his headliners.

Mike Christie, local sportsman and boxing promoter, is back in town and expects to promote a big show during the Elks' state convention, which begins on June 4. Christie has promoted several benefit shows of late for different organizations with great success.

Gabe Genevose, Syracuse sportsman and boxing promoter, has applied to the boxing commission for a license to promote in the salt city and expects to run weekly shows there.

Tommy Timlin, of Buffalo, who manages the highly touted Tony Scolino of Batavia, N. Y., claims that he has the next lightweight champion of the world in Tony. Tony recently lost a close line decision to Wesley Ramey in Buffalo.

Some bouts that local fans would like to witness are: Wesley Ramey-Tony Sciolino; Steve Haliako-Tony Sciolino; Joe Lillack-Bill Fogorty; Jimmy Downs-Georgie Polito; Joey Brown-Frankie Wallace.

Boxers who are not tied with managers would do well to get in touch with the writer at 5 Wait Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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Freddie Miller
Al Brown
Fidel La Barba
Primo Carnera
Stanley Poreda

GROUP No. 3—
Young Corbett III
Midget Wolgast
Kid Chocolate
Billy Petrolle
Tony Canzoneri
Johnny Dundee
Dave Shade

GROUP No. 4—
Frankie Genaro
Max Baer
Max Schmeling
Abe Attell
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Jackie Fields
Barney Ross

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Al Singer
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Benny Bass

GROUP No. 7—
Tommy Burns
Joe Walcott
Joe Gans
Jack Johnson
Harry Ebbets
Tuffy Griffith
Tom Heeney

GROUP No. 8—
George Dixon
Sam Langford
Jim Jeffries
James J. Corbett
Jimmy Wilde
Jack Delaney
Bat Battalino

GROUP No. 9—
Jim Londos
Ray Steele
Rudy Dusek
John Pesek
Tiny Roebuck
Steve Znosky
Leo Pinetzki

GROUP No. 10—
Joe Savoldi
Jim Browning
Abe Coleman
Gino Garibaldi
George Calza
Strangler Lewis
Dr. Wilson

GROUP No. 11—
Jack Sherry
Don George
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Sammy Stein
Henri De Glane
Joe Stecher
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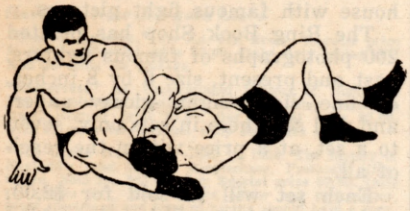

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

TOMMY PAUL and Pete Sarron fought a terrific eight-round draw at the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va. Paul got off to a good start but the Southerner came strong in the latter rounds to grab a draw. Billy Strickler knocked out Sam Finazzo in five rounds and Ken Overlin handed Joe Finazzo the same dose in three rounds.

Jackie Portney took a ten-round duke over Eddie Kid Wolfe at the Ice Palace in Baltimore. Wolfe was unable to solve Portney's awkward southpaw style. Pete Gulotta won over Bobby Burns in the six-round semi-final. Buck Taylor and Young Raspi, two local featherweights, fought a whang of a six-rounder with Taylor a winner. The show was Hen Bletzer's initial promotion in Baltimore and the house was exceptionally good.

Henry Irving and Young Van, Washington middleweights, fought a return ten-rounder at Portner's Arena with Irving an easy winner. Nick Antonelli and Billy Essigner fought a savage six-round semi with Nick taking the nod. Jimmy Reed lost to Roy Manley, Jackie Simpson went out against Harry Groves in three heats and Bob Lowery beat Whitie Graham.

K. O. Burns, promising Baltimore middleweight, gave Sam Finazzo a terrific beating in an eight-round feature at Carlin's Park in Baltimore. Sylvan Bass beat Sammy Britt with ease and Charlie Thompson flattened George Esrick in five rounds.

At Norfolk, Va., Eddie Burl drew with Billy Landers, Dick Welsh beat Leroy Dougan, Sammy Romano and Buddy Grimes halved and Ken Overlin took the measure of Johnny Mays.

Arthur Huttick took an eight-round decision over Dewey Kimrey at Alexandria, Va. Huttick beat Kimrey very badly for six rounds and it looked like a winner by the K.O. when Kimrey hit Arthur with a sharp right hand and put Huttick down for a long nine count. Huttick had his hands full the final two heats, but his early lead won the battle. Jimmy Kid Smith knocked out Harry Kid Groves in five rounds; Bob Lowery beat Whitie Graham in six rounds; and Doug Sweetman and Perry Knowles boxed even.

Jimmy Reed lost on a technical knockout to Lew Raymond in Baltimore when he broke his hand in round four. Reed will be on the shelf for six weeks. Arthur Debeve lost on a technical K.O. to Charlie Gomer when the Frenchman received a bad gash over his eye in round four. Harry Kid Groves surprised by knocking out Izzy Kaplan in one heat in the main preliminary.

Tommy Paul and Pete Sarron fought a return ten-rounder at the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va., with honors again even. The fight was just as fast as the previous one and another match is necessary. Roddy Davis took the duke over Nick Antonelli in the eight-round semi-final.

Midget Wolgast bested Eddie Burl in a ten-round bout at the Ice Palace in Baltimore. Wolgast was at his best against the rough-and-ready Florida boy. Perry Knowles and Young Raspi put on a savage six-round semi-final with Knowles winning the decision.

Eddie Burl rushed in as a last-minute substitute for Benny Schwartz against Leroy Dougan at the Portner Arena when Benny showed up with a badly patched eye. Burl fought his usual aggressive style and appeared to be a winner, but the judges thought otherwise and gave Dougan the duke, much to the astonishment of the fans. Roy Manley put Ray Bowen to sleep in less than one minute of the eight-round semi-final. Harry Kersey put the skids to Bob Lowery after four heats and Ken Overlin easily defeated Walter Kirkwood in six rounds.

PICK-UPS—Many Washington and Alexandria fans think Pete Sarron the best featherweight to come up in some time. Last month Pete boxed two draws with Tommy Paul and stopped Johnny Datto. Les Kennedy, Pacific Coast heavyweight, is after a return shot with Marty Gallagher in these parts. Another heavyweight match in the making is Reds Barry and Marty Gallagher. Tommy Paul and Pete Sarron drew two large gates at Portner Arena during the month. Harry Kersey, young Florida lightweight, now in this vicinity, shows considerable promise. Toney Barbaria and Chris Dundee, Norfolk Promoters, are to open the arena at Virginia Beach about June 15. Boxing is still at a low ebb in Baltimore but in the vicinity of Washington, just as good as ever. This also goes for the wrestling racket, with Joe Turner having a gold mine in Washington.

Goldie Ahearn, former lightweight boxer of Washington, is now managing "Chief" Perry Knowles and making a good job of it. Eddie Burl, Florida bantam, has caught the fancy of the Washington and Baltimore fans with his aggressive style of milling. Eddie got a great hand for his trying endeavor against Midget Wolgast in Baltimore. Three nights later he was called from the stands to pinch-hit in a top spot for Benny Schwartz against Leroy Dougan. Charlie Von Reedon, another Florida boxer locating in these parts, took a hurried trip to Birmingham, Ala., to take a ten-round decision over Joe Teems. Roy Manley's one-minute knockout over Ray Bowen was the outstanding feature of the month. The Harry Kid Groves boxing in these parts is not the Harry Kid Groves of a few years back. The original Kid Groves was a middleweight and hailed from Washington, while the present Groves is a bantam and comes out of Baltimore.

ALABAMA BOXING NEWS

By SAM CARPRI

BOXING is coming back to Birmingham, after an absence of several months. The Birmingham Chapter, No. 4, Disabled American Veterans of the World War, will promote in Birmingham.

Their first card showed Charley von Reeden, of Washington, lost to Joe Temes, Tampa featherweight in a terrific ten-round battle.

Carl Giggino, featherweight stablemate of Joe Temes, showed a world of class in beating Young Hambright in the eight-round semi-final. Hambright was floored several times.

Lee Brand defeated Porky Saab in a vicious six-round welterweight match. It was a real grudge fight. Ivy Johnson and Carl Dizney, middleweights, fought their hearts out in their four-round opener, which resulted in a draw.

A team of amateur boxers was sent to Mobile recently to win a Southeastern title. Marshall Grosso, middleweight, was the only one to come close to winning the title in his class. He lost by a hairline decision in the final to the champion. The boys who made the trip were as follows: Tommy Pouly, flyweight; Eddie Caldwell, featherweight; Forrest Higgins, welterweight; Lee Tinker, middleweight; Jesse Mabry, lightweight; and Sammy Magro, world champion eighty-pounder, who couldn't get a match.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

TONY HERRERA, phantom-like Mexican mittster, is one great favorite in the Smoky City. Herrera has performed in just about every fight club in this sector over a number of years and seldom has waged a poor battle. As a lightweight Tony proved an ideal attraction. The Mexican flash is campaigning with equal success in the welterweight division, and his manager, Ray Alvis, expects Tony to strike championship form shortly.

Jackie Wilson, fast-stepping East End featherweight, opposed Eddie Shea, Chicago veteran, in Motor Square Garden, winning handily, ten rounds. The once formidable Shea joins such worthies as Tommy Paul, Ross Fields and Johnny Pena as victims of the Herrera-like local colored lad.

Pete De Grasse, flashy Indian featherweight, made it two out of three victories over Jimmy Thomas when they clashed at the Arena in a return engagement. Johnny Hinds, Gotham colored featherweight, won from Jimmy Mack, Philly, in 10 stanzas.

Tracey Cox, hard-biffing Indianapolis Irishman, dropped Tony Herrera twice at the Arena but the latter survived Tracey's attack to win handily. The fine battle more than pleased the near-capacity crowd.

George Riley, Detroit dusky featherweight, gained the verdict over Frankie Wallace, stocky Clevelander, in 10 frames at the Arena. The victory was sweet revenge for Riley as Wallace forced the Detroiter to stop in the fourth round of their previous tilt, due to a cut eye.

Alabama Kid, smashing Negro middleweight, came on to defeat Joe Ruggizzoni, Detroit, in a gruelling 10 rounder.

Petey Sarron, southern Syrian featherweight, stopped Johnny Datto in twenty-nine seconds of the first round. It was Sarron's initial performance here.

WONDER WHY—George Panka always manages to get himself knocked out every now and then? . . . . Bruno Sala is kept inactive? . . . . Johnny Risko doesn't fight here? . . . . Mose Butch took that bout with Tommy Paul? . . . . Tracey Cox didn't stop Tony Herrera? . . . . Jackie Wilson is so good? . . . . Alabama Keed tries to maul like the "Dempsey of Toledo"? . . . . Ted Yarosz isn't fighting McLarnin or Corbett? . . . . Frankie Bojorski is so tough-looking? . . . . one Pete Kino picks Baer to topple Schmeling? . . . . light-heavyweights aren't as popular as lightweights? . . . .

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Joe Rice beat Baxter Calmes in ten rounds. Kenny Hill beat Jimmy Owens in eight. Mel Ward beat Earl Bartholomew in six. Frank Kelly beat Chet Atkins in six. Earl Johnson beat Jess Baugh in four rounds.

Chanute, Kans.—George Sherwood knocked out Joe Kmetz in two rounds. Dave Frazer outpointed Kid Zeigler and Pepper Martin, three rounds each. Melvin Bell beat Unk Gillian. Battling Sekra beat Dave Nichols. Bud Jackson beat Clare Wilkins. Billy Hisel beat Red Gravel. Jimmy Stipp beat Bob Slack. Kid Fuller beat Cline Fletcher. Billy Robetzek won over Kid Nixon. This amateur card sponsored by the American Legion.

Topeka, Kans.—Baxter Calmes knocked out Chick Reeves in the third round of a ten-round feature bout. Jackie Charvez knocked out Bulldog Wilson in five. Bobby Raymond knocked out Jack Townsend in five. Bob McKenzie was knocked out in two rounds by Frank Kelly.

Oxford, Kans.—The Oxford Business Men's Athletic Club, sponsoring amateur boxing, is one of the liveliest and best drawing sport clubs in Kansas.

Topeka, Kans.—Baxter Calmes knocked out Jess Baugh in one round. Jackie Charvez knocked out Kid White in four. Frank Kelly stopped Young Tindall in less than six rounds.

Atchison, Kans.—St. Benedicts College won four out of six bouts from Haskell Institute. George Kenefick beat Jerome Chee Haskell. John Drisler beat Henry Halleman. Charles Briggs beat Giles Jarvis. Jerry O'Donnell beat Lester Oliver. Joe Donohue lost to Herman Dick. Tom Stanoschek lost to Fred Catfish.

Kansas City, Mo.—Johnny Owens won an unpopular ten-round decision over Cowboy Eddie Anderson. Frank Kelly knocked out Andy McGinnis in three. Steve Ketchell stopped Denver Kid in three. Jerry Jenkins stopped Dick Robertson in two rounds.

Joplin, Mo.—Baxter Calmes won a T.K.O. over Fred Reese in eight rounds. Jack Charvez beat Alvin Collins in eight. Roddy Arnold beat Reddy Daniels in six. Buck Martin stopped Kid Black in one. Peewee Bob Smith stopped Claude Chrisco in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Pat Kissinger stopped Ray Wilson in two. Keith Cockrell beat Bobby Ames. Fred Ramsey beat Gene Mitchell. Buford Besure beat Duke Hare. Pat Doherty beat Jack Curley. Leo Warfield beat Don Mossberg. Jap Mossbery knocked out Morris Kennedy in one.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results. Pat Kissinger beat Harry Tressler. Gene Mitchell stopped Bob Haggard in one. Don Mossberg stopped Elmer Bell in three. Leo Warfield beat Bud Thompson.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Glen Nute knocked out Peewee Terry in the first of a ten-round bout. Leo Selby beat George Williams in eight. Ike Bayouth and Harold Potts drew in six. Soggy Hammonds stopped Boe Stiffey in two. Kid Young and Bob Pearson bout stopped, no contest. Gene Ellis promoter.

Okla City, Okla.—George O'Brien won on a foul in seven from Bob Williams. Kid Granite and Bennie Herrera drew in six. George Williams and Herman Woolridge six rounds to a draw.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Howard Scott beat Leo Selby in six. Bobby Burns beat Jimmy Craig in six.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Bill Wheatley beat Mickey Mack in six hard-fought rounds. Ike Bayouth knocked out Lawrence in two. Don Lee beat Phillip Bluebird in six. Hoss Glory and Hank Linduff drew in four. Soggy Hammonds beat Curley Francek in four. Forrest Cannon beat Johnny Hull, four rounds.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Harold Potts beat Marvin Yockey in eight rounds. Bob Hamilton and Mexican Joe Evans six hard rounds to a draw. Billy Markham and Freddie Hendricks four fast rounds to a draw.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Howard Scott knocked out Paul Wangley in eight rounds. Mickey Mack and Bobby Burns a toe-to-toe affair to an eight-round draw. Bill Chatfield beat Chief Whitehorse Keel in six. Johnny Pancho beat Jimmy Hyde in six. Forrest Cannon beat Johnny Hull in four. Gene Ellis promoter.

LOOSE AND DRIFTING—The leading light-heavy amateur of the Southwest is Billy Canny of Augusta, Kans.; Canny is clever, fast, a hard hitter and very deceptive in action, ready for Bob Cook and Junior Munsell in return engagements. Les Showers, the middle-West's most prominent amateur boxing director, is now staging a three-day tournament at Reno, Nevada, and states things look great out there. Jack Slattery will begin promoting one-night amateur shows soon. Billy Newton says Joplin is holding its own in the fight business, in which city Billy does the promoting. Pittsburgh is still dormant. M. S. Marshall, promoter at Ft. Scott, will stage a three-day amateur boxing tournament this month. Johnny Husong will be back in the fight game soon, promoting pro shows at Wichita. Leonard Shorts is still operating in Springfield, Mo.; Gene Ellis reports fair success at the Mid Continent A. C. open air shows at West Tulsa. Oxford, Kansas, is the biggest and best little fight town in the state.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

FRANKIE WOLFRAM, rugged Canadian bantam, returned to Sioux City for the first out-door boxing show of the season, and handed Harold Mathews, of Lincoln, Nebr., a licking in eight rounds. Wolfram is showing plenty of class.

Battling Nelson of Belgrade, Nebr., halted the long winning streak of Ray Mann, local welter, in 6. The bout was close. Al Pahl beat Ing Hansen in a good 4. Freddy Penn shaded Harold Rogers in 4. Buddy Short, colored middleweight who is coming along at a fast clip, held Swede Barrett to a draw. Vince McMahon a youngster who shows promise, beat Young King.

Harry Jones staged another great card at his Riverview Park Arena, when he matched a gang of punchers from all parts of the countryside. Jimmy Caffery beat Battling Nelson in 6. Young Rightmeier knocked out Eddie Burke, of Peoria, Ill., in 3. Sammy Mosco beat Harold Rogers in 4. Jimmy Johnson and Merel Cherry drew in 4. Keith Weaver made twenty-two straight knock-outs, when he knocked Art Thomas for a row of ash-cans in 3. Buddy Short, colored, knocked out Paul Dowidot in 2. Vince McMahon and Wayne Berg drew in 4.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Fred Fulton, former contender for heavywight honors, failed in another attempt to stage a comeback when he was knocked out in the second round of a billed sixer at the hands of Kid Fettig, of Grand Forks.

Decorah, Ia.—Ole Youmans and Henry Aschem fought a red hot draw here. Other boys seen in action were Veron and Orrin Gilbertson; Doc Russell, Jack Wright, Ray Thoman, Lloyd Headington and Roy Usgaard. The Decorah A. C. intends to stage some high-class shows this season.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Artie Martin, Des Moines, welter, knocked out Jackie Burns in the third round of a billed 10-rounder; Kid Langford shaded Russ Yedley in 4. Tommy Maroon and Bubby Green drew in 4. Lefty Rolison beat Kid Orman; Richard Nelson knocked out Kid Kardis in 4.

Stuart, Ia.—Slugger Slauson defeated Battling Dexter in 8. Jackie Saunder knocked out Rex Tague in 2. Saber Evans and Vern Reighard fought four to a draw. Wayne Fuller knocked out Charley Duff in 1. Harley Duff knocked out Kid Mapes in 3.

Marion, Ia.—Bean Edwards and Jack Sprat fought 6 rounds to a draw. Kid Biff knocked out Wild Jerineck in 1. Kid Bummy won from Cliff McGuire in 4. Pug Ozburn beat Young Oakley in 3.

Billy Vaughn, Torrington, Wyo., lightweight, and Freddy Tompkins, Mason City, fought 8 slashing rounds to a draw. Irish McKenna knocked out Charley Pettit in 2. Young Rightmeier and Kid Swezey drew in 4. Keith Weaver knocked out Slim Ryan, of Los Angeles, Cal., in 4. Young Rawson and Kid White drew in 4. Kid Jabbo (colored) knocked Lyle Tanner out in 3.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Boxers and managers can reach Harry Jones, care of Riverview Park Arena, Sioux City, Iowa . . . . This in answer to your letters . . . . Frankie Wolfram is making Sioux City his headquarters . . . . Billy Vaughn, another tough boy, will also have headquarters here . . . . Keep your eye on Keith Weaver, a light-heavyweight from Moville, Ia. . . . . Notice the list of knockouts this boy is chalking up . . . . Jimmy Hines is staging some very good shows at Oskaloosa, Ia. . . . . Frankie Pasha, who is Harry Jones' right hand man, can be reached care of Martin Billiard Parlors, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . Carl N. Neidermann will be the matchmaker for the American Legion at Mason City after July first . . . . Tod Morgan is back from a trip in the South where he defeated a number of good boys . . . . Sailor Burke has a real classy out-door training camp at 405 Chambers Street . . . . boxers coming into Sioux City are invited to train there . . . . Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. Out of town correspondents please try and send me your notes before the 16th of each month . . . . Bobby Paul, well-known manager and trainer, is a booking agent for a number of stables . . . . Paul is at Omaha, Nebr., and doing fine.

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January 16, 1933

Mr Nat Fleischer,
Editor The Ring,
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NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

AT this writing boxing once more is beginning to get a stronghold in Hudson County, through the operation of several clubs.

The Jersey City A. A. officials are getting ready for their opening show with Jack Jennings at the helm.

The West New York Stadium is said to be all set to run an all-star show, possibly with Jimmy Braddock and Stanley Poreda on top.

Amateur boxing, which left a strong hold in the hearts of the fight public due to the fact of the Diamond Belt Tourney, is flourishing rapidly with several clubs making preparations to run amateur bouts all year round.

The North Bergen Social and Athletic Club sponsored its first show with success.

Six-Second Powell defeated Bucky Lawless in the star bout of eight rounds in Plainfield. In other bouts Mickey Salem won from Johnny Howard, in six. Jack Enis beat Young Sulkey, five rounds. Butch Lynch stopped Curley Brooks in the first round and in the opening 4 rounds Dick Carter beat George Knippers.

Jack Stanley, under the management of Sally Iacono, has compiled a splendid record since he came here from Ohio. Stanley, a highly educated youth, is also a good entertainer, as he can play several instruments and has composed a number of songs.

Jay Mecadon lost to Tony Rock in an eight-rounder in Plainfield.

Jackie Farrell, former sports writer for the New York *News*, has combined with Jack Jennings in the promotion of professional boxing and wrestling for the Jersey City A. A. Farrell will act as the future matchmaker for all attractions of the J. C. A. A.

Jack Renault lost the duke to Don Petrin in the eight-round feature go in Plainfield. Shorty A'Hearn beat Bob Norton, six. Johnny Canzoneri kayoed Gene Martin, one. Joe Sementi defeated Bobby Magnolia in four, while Sammy Panico did likewise to Maxie Fisher, four.

Barney Williams promoted a wrestling show at his Fairmont A. C. in East Newark with a well-known ex-fighter in each bout, George Godfrey, Paul Berlenbach and Arthur De Kuh being the former battlers.

Herb Stark is to start a boxing school at the Jefferson A. A. in North Bergen assisted by Ed Perry.

The Hudson County Amateur Athletic Union is making progress towards their goal of getting all local clubs into the Association which is governed strictly by the Metropolitan A. A. U. rules, thanks to the hustling ability of little Joe Kiernan, his brother Harp Kiernan, Joe Braddock and the writer of this column.

The Hudson County amateur boxers need no longer go across the river for action, as it is the intention of the local A. A. U. Officials to grant as many shows in Hudson County as is possible.

Lou Lombardi, crack lightweight from Jersey City, is getting himself in shape for a strenuous summer campaign.

All you fight fans, fighters and managers invest fifteen cents for something worth while. Buy THE RING every month and read what's going on in the world of sports.

Send your news to the writer before the fifteenth of each month, at 205 41st Street, Union City, N. J.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY, Trenton Buzz-Saw, got off to a slow start in his bout with Lou Halper, Newark puncher, and earned a ten-round decision for himself by a sharp punching spurt during the last half of a bitter bruising middleweight duel. It seems that both boys were inspired by the fact that the winner will be matched with Ben Jeby in a fifteen-round bout. In a four-round prelim, Jerry Hart of Trenton, and Jackie Cohen of Bloomfield, boxed a draw.

Meyer Goss, promising Negro lightweight of Trenton, surprised even his most ardent admirers, by boxing a draw with the hard-hitting Willie Cubic in a six-round go. In another bout, Mike Ballerino of Trenton won by a K.O. over Lou Manno of Newark in the third round. These bouts were held in Elizabeth.

Because of the lack of a good outdoor arena, I don't believe that there will be any more shows in Trenton until the fall.

Bushy Brooks, who piled up a nice record for himself in his sixty-odd bouts, and who hung up the gloves a few months ago, to enter the floral business, is now back in the fight game as a manager of boxers. At this writing, he is negotiating for a fight club at one of the shore points.

George Barrett, another former boxer, is back in the fight game again. Barrett was doing well selling motor cars, but bad times got him. So now he is back as a manager. Angelo Pelante, Jake Greenberger and Joe Chiarello are the boxers that Barrett expects to make money with. More power to you, George.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By JAMES VACCOLLA

THE New Haven Arena is one of the best fight clubs in New England. Matchmaker Al Caroly has given the fight fans of Connecticut some very good shows and has shown a profit so far, which is something, considering the times.

Since Eddie Moore and Billy Prince have made up again, Moore has been going like a house on fire. He has defeated every fighter since his comeback, outside of Steve Carr, the Meriden sensation. Carr and Moore fought at the Arena in New Haven and Carr won.

The Cocoa Kid, who has become a great favorite among the fighting fans of New England, surprised the wise boys by giving Johnnie Jadick, former junior welterweight champ, a lacing at the New Haven Arena. There is talk of the Cocoa Kid and Tony Canzoneri meeting in an outdoor show this summer, possibly at the ball park in New Haven.

Al Gainer, the Black Panther of New Haven, the New England light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion, scored a sensational K.O. over Trader Horn in the ninth round of a tune-up fight for his coming bout with Georgie Nichols of Buffalo.

At Hartford, Al Weill, of New York, who is promoting there, brought Jack Dempsey and Max Baer. Max boxed an exhibition with his sparring partner and Dempsey was the referee. The bout was a failure, as they drew about $700.

The amateurs are kept busy here. Shows are staged regularly at the New Haven Arena, V.F.W. Hall at Bridgeport, Armory at Danbury, Auditorium at Meriden, New London Arena at New London, and at Norwich. Some of the best amateurs of the state are Pinky Morris of Bridgeport, the state featherweight champ; Johnny Compo of New Haven, bantamweight; Vin Belpedio, of Bridgeport, lightweight, who recently won the Diamond Glove novice championship at New Haven Arena; Joey Sulots, of Hartford, featherweight, runner-up.

Anybody in the state of Connecticut wishing to put in any news in THE RING should get in touch with me at the Puritan A. A. Gym., Bridgeport.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA boxing has improved to some extent, in that the programs have been very much bettered, with the result that the gates have also been bigger than before.

Cerveza Cristal Stadium which opened up with a bang, seems to be drawing the customers, and a good winter season is looked forward to. Aramis del Pino, the manager of the new stadium, together with Luis Parga, as matchmaker, have some good fights in view for the coming months.

Baby Face Quintana, won a ten-round decision over Humert Casals. Both scored knockdowns and the battle was furious. Antonio Fernandez beat Orestes Mendndez, in eight rounds and Kid Sila won over Ignacio Garcia in four. Marzo Fernandez won in eight over Joaquin Jorge, and Guillermito Gonzalez beat Tony Santana. Criso Perez scored over Olayo Nebot in eight rounds on heavy combat.

Antonio Horas, the fast rising Spanish middleweight, scored a sensational one-round knockout over Lucio Morejon, the colored speedster from Camaguay. Alejandro Cordo won over Freddy Peon in four rounds and Joe Coego won from Kid Calixto in eight rounds. Idelfonso Gonzalez won from Kid Lopolati of Italy in the third round. Agustin Carillo won from Kid Lombardo, and Prudencio Arce drew with Cuban Al Brown.

Castor Fernandez came back to wars and easily won from Francisco Rodriguez, the army battler. John Herrera, idol of Adonis Firpo, won in fifteen rounds by a technical kayo over Angel Sanchez. Henry Santos won from Baby La Paz in ten rounds and Luis Fortun won from Marino Diaz in six rounds.